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LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

"One of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky."

EMBOSOMED in Central New York is a chain of beautiful lakes varying from ten to forty miles in length. The region which embraces them was the home of the

Six Nations, and is, therefore, rich in historical associations and legends.

Both shores of the Owaseq were formerly the haunts of the Cayugas, and famous hunting and fishing grounds were they a century ago. Some of the older inhabitants remember the brush fence

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which ran diagonally between the Owasco and Skaneateles Lakes, from six to eight miles in length, and built for the purpose of hemming in deer.

The first settlers found, on the different points which extend into the lake, several clearings made by the Indians for raising corn and other vegetables. I remember to have seen the remains of one of their wigwams there but a few years ago. At the foot of the Owasco is an interesting Indian mound so ancient that a tree of considerable size has grown, decayed, and perished upon it. Its form is that of an oval, nearly twenty feet in length and four in height. Mr. Hubbard excavated one end of the mound a few years ago, and found the skeleton of an Indian of immense size, the skull of which was nearly half an inch thick. Copper implements, much more ancient and elaborate than the rude stone hatchets of the Iroquois, have also been picked up in the immediate vicinity. The mound consists principally of stones, doubtless heaped up in this manner over the grave of a celebrated warrior or chieftain by passers by, as is still the custom of some of the Indian tribes. Beautiful resting-place for the honored dead! where,

"'Neath the sportive wing
Of the 'sweet south,' the leaves are waving,
And shoreward, gently murmuring,
Owasco's waves her beach are laving."

The principal Indian village in the vicinity was Osco, (written Was-kough in the treaty of 1789, by which the Cayugas ceded their territory to the State of New York.) It was situated on the outlet, two miles and a half north from the foot of the lake, where now stands the city of Auburn. The great trail of the Iroquois crossed the outlet of the Owasco, or Osco,* at this point on stepping-stones. The village was situated on Fort Hill, an eminence which, in Mr. Schoolcraft's language,

"Has attracted notice from the earliest times. Its height is such as to render it a very commanding spot, and crowned as it was with a pentagessimal work, earthen ramparts, and palisades of entire efficacy against Indian missiles, it must have been an impregnable stronghold during the periods of their early intestine wars. The site of this work is the highest land in the vicinity, and a visit to it affords one of the best and most varied views of the

valley of the Owasco, and the thriving and beautiful inland town of Auburn, with its public buildings, prison, and other noted public edifices. The ellipsis inclosed by the embankments, (six feet high at the beginning of this century, but now not more than two or three,) with their intervening spaces, has a circumference of twelve hundred feet."

Limited space alone prevents me from giving a more detailed description of the Indian fortifications on Fort Hill. Suffice it to say, that the fortress of Osco was not erected by the Iroquois, but by a race antecedent to them in time, and far surpassing them in intelligence.

Who were the architects?

The traditions of the Mexican nations uniformly assert that the mound-builders of our Western world were a people denominated Alleghans, "who originally hunted south and west of the Mississippi River." It is supposed that in the eleventh century, before the overthrow of the Toltec, and the establishment of the Aztec empire in Mexico, "they removed northward and eastward into the valley of the Ohio, where they subsisted about three hundred years."

The traditions of the Cayugas also state that the Alleghans came from the same region; that very far back in the past the parent stock of the Iroquois were engaged in protracted but successful wars with red men from the southwest, who had irrupted into that portion of their domain south of the lakes, and constructed along the valley of the Ohio, and as far east as the ancient village of Osco, earthen altars for the worship of the sun, mounds for the sepulture of their dead, and embankments for personal defense; and that while they were in the actual possession of these works, and before they had fully completed them, they were forced to acknowledge the rightful sovereignty of the Iroquois over these woodlands and rivers, and to evacuate all their fortified posts east of the Mississippi,* having, however, given their name to the Alleghany range and to an important river in the United States.

The Alleghans, so far as can be learned from traditions and the study of their monuments, were driven from the eminence of Osco during the thirteenth century,

* The name Osco signifies a crossing by means of stepping-stones.

° The curious reader will find a full description of these interesting relics in the works of Schoolcraft, Macaulay, and E. G. Squiers.

leaving behind them their altar and the ashes of their dead. Osco, then, was the terminus of a series of strongholds extending up the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, which, in a state of perfection, had two necessary concomitants, an earthen altar for the worship of the sun, generally situated, as here, in the center of the fortification, and a burial-place outside.*

But the Alleghans, like their successors, the Cayugas, are gone, all gone:

"Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

Osco, according to the traditions of the Cayugas, was the birth-place of Logan, the greatest of the Iroquois. Tah-gah-jute was the Indian name of the famous chieftain and orator. He was the second son of Shikellimus, a distinguished sachem of the Cayugas, and compeer of Ontonegea, whose daughter he subsequently married. About fifty years before the Revolution, when Osco was the principal village of the Cayugas, some two hundred members of the tribe removed to the region of Shamokin, Pennsylvania. This emigration was occasioned by a scarcity of fish and game in the old haunts of the Cayugas. Tah-gah-jute was then about seven years of age. Shikellimus became the friend of the white man, and was soon afterward appointed Indian agent. Having embraced Christianity, as also the Pacific doctrines of the Quakers, the chieftain and his family were received into the Christian Church.

Tah-gah-jute, on the occasion of his baptism, received the name of Logan in honor of James Logan, secretary of the province. Ever the firm friend of the Indian, his name has been rendered doubly illustrious by the noblest of the Cayugas.

Logan inherited the talents and the peaceful virtues of his father, after whose death he became a chieftain. In conformity with the parental wish, he married, the same year, the daughter of a

sachem of great renown. They were united in marriage by the good missionary, Ziesberger.

Alvaretta, the daughter of Ontonegea, and wife of the eloquent Logan, is represented to have been remarkably beautiful. The surviving Cayugas, when relating their legends, still love to speak of her piercing eye, her comely figure, and gentle manners. They say that on account of her marvelous beauty the Indian maid received an English name from an officer at Fort Orange, whither Ontonegea once carried her in her childhood.

But little, however, is positively known of Alvaretta beyond the sorrowful story of her death. But we delight to think of her as the loveliest of the dusky maidens whose feet were kissed by the murmuring ripples of the Osco.

"A gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress;
And dove-like were the tones that breathed
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent."

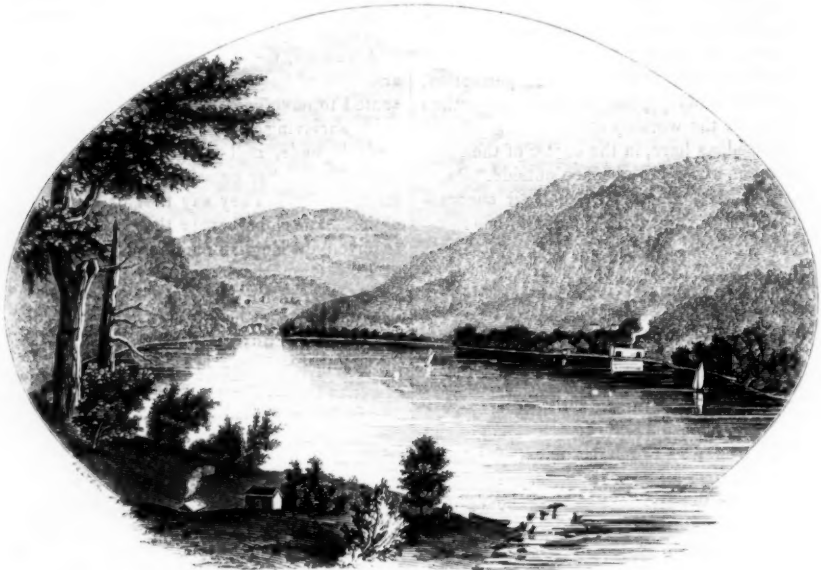
There is a legend among the Cayugas that Alvaretta, after her father's death, was adopted into the family of Shikellimus, by whom she was taken into the sylvan land of Penn. Logan was the child of misfortune, and never was kindness to white men requited like his.

The conversion of Logan to Christianity and the pacific doctrines of William Penn furnishes the key to his character. Mr. Hall says:

"Habitually upright, charitable, and kind, the noble chieftain was unprepared for demonstrations of wanton violence in return. He had befriended white men to the extent of his opportunity and his means; he had opened the door of his cabin to all who were disposed to accept of his hospitality; he had given meat to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; he was the generous, abiding friend even of the pioneers whose axes were demolishing the forests which supplied his table with venison."

Yet Logan was an Indian. Descended from a noble ancestry, and animated by a hitherto indomitable spirit, he could not quietly endure the unprovoked wrongs heaped upon him. His implicit faith in the white man had been shamefully violated; his relatives had been murdered in cold blood. The fond memory of his beloved wife and children, and the base ingratitude of those whom he had looked

* The burial-place of the Alleghans at Osco was about fifty rods north of Fort Hill. For this information, and much that pertains to Logan, I am indebted to B. F. Hall, Esq., of Auburn.



GLEN HAVEN—HEAD OF SKANEATELES LAKE.

upon as his friends, prompted him to action. Forsaken as he thought by God and man, there was no alternative for Logan but revenge, and if his sun went down in darkness and gloom, let us charge it not to him, but to those who should have strengthened and beautified so noble a soul instead of crushing it into the dust.

Who of us has not read that remarkable speech delivered at the treaty of Lord Dunmore and the Indians, immediately after the war in which Logan had greatly distinguished himself against the whites?

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the close of the last long, and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my wife and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his

life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Thatcher says:

"The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that toward the close of his life misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory."

Among the Iroquois, "the Romans of the Western world," there may have been other chieftains as brave as Logan, but tradition says that he was their greatest orator and wisest sage. He was the noblest of them all.

When the inhabitants of Auburn had determined to preserve the antiquities on Fort Hill, by converting its magnificent grounds into a rural cemetery, it was deemed proper that they should exhibit some tribute of respect to the memory of Logan.

On Fort Alleghen, upon the sacrificial mound of earth where the Alleghans once paid adoration to the sun, and the Cayugas in later times worshiped the Great Spirit,

a stately monument has been erected to commemorate the greatest of the Iroquois, bearing upon its marble tablet no modern epitaph, but inscribed with that touching and eloquent sentence,

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

The somber pile of native limestone rising from the earthen altar of the Alleghans, is truthfully represented in our engraving. Since its erection in 1853 delegations from the surviving Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohawks, and Tuscaroras, both in Western New York and Canada, have, at different times, visited Fort Alleghan. After remaining long in solemn and silent con-

templation, they took occasion to express, in various ways, the deepest gratitude to the builders. At the time of its erection Logan's monument was the only one of importance built by white men to commemorate the children of the woods. Proudly it rises among stately forest trees, "surrounded by marks and vestiges" that tell us of an ancient people who dwelt there, and who, wiser, though weaker than the Iroquois, passed away centuries ago.

"Art hovering o'er thy once wild home,
Poor red man's spirit, now,
Where thy free nature loved to roam
Like bird from bough to bough?"



THE OWASCO.

"Who mourns for Logan?" O, not one!

Ah! brave and stalwart chief,
'Twas phrensy to thy soul, that none
O'er thee should bow in grief.

"Sweet, quiet spot, thy spreading trees,
Thy angel-guarded dells,
Thy dappled sunlight—chanting breeze,
Like spirit voice that swells—
Thy throats of song, thy insect hum,
Make this a pillow blest
To lay one's weary head upon
For welcome, heavenly rest."

My sketch of the Owasco would be incomplete without a legend or story of some kind. The good old Dutch grandmothers, in crimped caps, and garments cut in the antique style, love to set aside the spinning-wheel, and taking a chair by the great

open fire-place, tell about the ghosts and spooks they have seen of a dark night in the graveyard, long, long ago. How solemnly and believably, looking over their silver spectacles, they repeat these wild and weird stories of their younger days; and you listen and listen there before the glowing coals on the wide hearth till the pictured remembrance of those olden times becomes more bright and beautiful, and you verily love the good old creature before you, though not precisely as

"Grandpapa loved when he was young."

Seventy-eight years ago there was not a white settler within the present limits of Cayuga County, and there are but few of

the old men now living who cannot tell of personal adventure with the Indians, or relate exciting stories of hunting and trapping among our beautiful lakes. Unfortunately, but few of the legends of the Cayugas, having a local interest, have been preserved. The Indian romance of the Owasco has, however, been woven into a beautiful song by Peter Meyers, Esq., and published under the name of Ensenore. The author will forgive our numerous extracts from his volume, and the reader, we are sure, will wish, from our introduction, to become more fully acquainted with one of the most graceful and beautiful Indian poems in our language.

Ensenore, though an Indian appellation, belonging, originally, to a chieftain in Virginia, is the name of the hero, a gallant young borderman, skilled in war and Indian devices.

"And many a Huron mother wept
For the returnless ones who slept
Fallen beneath his single hand."

The opening scene of the poem is laid at the destruction of Schenectady. Among those who mourned the results of that dreadful tragedy were,

"An aged pair to whom kind Heaven
A pure and sinless child had given.
Sole solace of their failing years,
Sole center of their hopes and fears,
The only light of their lone hearth,
The only tie 'twixt them and earth—
They saw her struggling with the foe,
And borne away they did not know,
If it were given at once to die,
Or a protracted death to live,
But they had heard her last wild cry
Invoke the aid they could not give."

Immediately after the bloody work is done, the warriors, with Kathreen, (the betrothed of Ensenore,) start westward for

"Their chosen hunting ground
Amid the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky:
There, oft, the fervid heat to shun,
What time the lion holds the sun,
The panting deer resort to lave
Their burning breasts within the wave;
There, 'neath the cool translucent tide,
The finny race were seen to glide,
And in the overarching blue,
Circling afar, the wild-fowl flew.
Embower'd within the silent wood,
Reposed each calm and placid flood;
Unknown to them the cumbersome keel,
Unknown the sound of plashing wheel;
Sped not before the evening gale,
As now the light and snowy sail,
And all unheard in glen or glade
The voice or laugh of merry maid.

Unseen by one admiring eye,
The bow of promise spann'd the sky;
And when, at eve, the gentle breeze
From far its spicy treasures bore,
Bow'd 'neath its breath, the graceful trees,
And waves went murmuring to the shore.
Such was the region which they sought,
A fairy land with beauty fraught."

Leaving the Mohawk at the point where it bends northward, they pursued their way through the forest, avoiding the great trail of the Iroquois, for fear that speedy vengeance might overtake them. Kathreen, in her anguish, prayed that the ordinary doom of the captive who fails in strength or speed, might be accorded to her; but when overcome by fatigue, she was borne along in a rude litter made of boughs and leaves. In three days the warriors reach

"Their fav'rite Western hunting-ground,
Upon the shore of that fair lake,
Whose waters are the clearest, brightest,
Whose silver surges ever break
Upon her pebbled margin, lightest:

Owasco's waters sweetly slept,
Owasco's banks were bright and green,
The willow on her margin wept,
The wild-fowl on her wave were seen,
And nature's golden charms were shed,
As richly round her quiet bed,
From flower'd mead to mountain brow,
A century since, as they are now;
The same pure, purple light was flung
At morn, across the water's breast;
The same rich crimson curtains hung
At eve around the glowing west,
But seldom then the white man's eye
Imbued the beauties of that view;
Unnoticed, spread the cloudless sky
Its canopy of spotless blue;
Unnoticed, back to Heaven, the wave
That azure sky's pure semblance gave."

It was evening—the evening of the day upon which the warriors reached their destination—when a solitary canoe might have been seen rounding one of the beautiful headlands of the Owasco:

"A single oar that boat propell'd,
A single occupant it held;
Who saw him as he onward sped,
His cap of fur, his plume of red,
His gaudy dress and painted face,
The trophies of his mountain chase,
His beaded belt compactly tied
With all a Narragansett's pride,
The jewels pendant from his ear,
His oaken bow and quiver near,
His arm of bronze, inured to brave,
Unscreen'd, the summer's burning heat;
The broider'd moccasins, that gave
A grace to his converging feet:
His sinewy frame, his noble air,
His lofty brow and martial frown;

Who saw him thus, might well declare
A sachem he, of high renown.
The scene was such as never night
In all its solemn beauty knew;
Yet fair, beyond the power of pen,
The art of pencil to portray,
In quiet beauty, even there,
Thy silver wave, Owasco! lay.

• • • • •
Their tent had scarce been pitch'd an hour,
Scarcely an hour their fire had glow'd,
Ere fearless toward their merry bower,
That skill'd and rapid boatman row'd.
Silent he moor'd his light canoe,
His bow upon his shoulder threw;
Need it to name, that on the shore,
Beneath that guise, stood Ensenore?
Long on their trail the youth had been,
And that same day had pass'd unseen,
That thus, as from a different way,
He might appear by chance to stray
Near where their evening tent-fires glare,
And seem by them attracted there."

Ensenore, well versed in all the arts and wiles of the red men, was more than a match for them in cunning and deception. With a composed mien and stately pace he entered the wigwam. No one questioned the guest. Their rude courtesies are passed, and the calumet goes round the dusky circle. As his eye falls upon Kathreen, half reclining on a rude couch, a sigh involuntarily escapes his lips. Though slight, it is heard by the maiden, who gazes wildly round, her eye burning for a moment with a brighter luster. Meanwhile the stranger chieftain

"In guttural tone,
In their own tongue, proceeds to tell
Of wandering from his tribe alone,
Who in far Western forests dwell,
As far beyond the tribes that stay
Near the great cataract's ceaseless spray,
As, westward of the Huron, they;
Where, on a shell-strewn island, stands
A bell, not made by mortal hands,
By which, when they neglect to pay
Due sacrifice, their ears were stunn'd.
He could not tell how far the way
The sun went down, but just beyond!
Nipereceans they—a race, he said,
Of whom himself the honor'd head,
Was known afar by friend and foe,
The firm and fearless Ivanough.
'I need not tell the story o'er,
Known well,' said he, 'to you before;
How from the northern water's shore,
Before the Iroquois we fled,
Compell'd to leave the sacred dead.
Now all unhonor'd is the sod
That rises o'er their loved remains;
By strangers' feet their graves are trod,
And much my father's ghost complains.

• • • • •
Meanwhile my royal rights I waive,
And as a pilgrim seek the grave

Where my ancestral relics lie;
And if that name protect me not
From foes who haunt that hallow'd spot,
I am content to die."

• • • • •
With ear attent they hear him tell,
Their only comment, 'It is well.'"

After admiring for a while his rich costume, they relate to Ensenore the incidents of their recent expedition; how their chieftain had rescued from the up-raised knife a dark-haired maiden of surpassing beauty, and bade them treat her as his future favorite wife. Gone on a secret expedition three nights before, he had bidden them encamp by the Owasco, and much they talked of the pastime soon to come:

"When he, the Eagle Eye, should wed
The lost maid of Schenectady."

A few mornings after the events just related, and while the dusky warriors were gone to the chase, the captive maiden was permitted to retire to a secluded spot on the shore of the lake where she might weep alone, and unobserved. Suddenly a strange hunter, whose gaudy dress indicated him to be a chief, emerged from the forest trees, as if he had accidentally strayed from his companions. Having never seen Eagle Eye, she supposed the sachem to be the one who had saved her life:

"Nor were her torturing fears allay'd,
When distant far a pause he made,
And bending to the earth his knee,
A token mute of amity;
With hands ungauntleted he grasp'd,
And backward bent his bow of oak;
Its parent tree, had it been clasp'd
With such a force, had well-nigh broke!
Answering the loud report that rung,
A thousand echoes seem'd to wake,
When rising to his feet he flung
The fragments midway o'er the lake."

Slowly and cautiously he approaches, while the terrified and trembling maiden stands on the shore, knowing not which way to escape:

"He pauses—*speaks*, 'Kathreen! Kathreen!'
She does not hear; her streaming eyes
See but that savage face and mien.
Then with new strength she turns and flies—
'Kathreen! Kathreen! O stay, love, stay!
'Tis I that calls,' cried Ensenore.
He shouts again, but only hears
The elfin echo mocks his cry,
'O love, return, 'tis I—'tis I!'"

Kathreen flies to the camp, and the stranger chieftain hastens to the chase.

At night the warriors return: a feast is prepared, and Kathreen feels some relief in not being noticed by the chief, who joins in the revelry. Yet she doubted whether it could be Eagle Eye:

"Nor doubted long—for even then,
Follow'd by four athletic men,
The sachem enter'd at the door,
And cross'd with stately step the floor.
Kathreen turn'd pale with new affright,
And Ensenore, when his first view
Told him that Eagle Eye was near,
'Twas well his artificial hue
Was fix'd beyond the reach of fear.
Too well he knew each Indian trait,
To show one symptom of surprise;
And seeming still with drink elate,
He quietly withdrew his eyes,
Call'd for the bowl with careless laugh,
And quaff'd, or *seem'd*, at least, to quaff."

Eagle Eye, having merely glanced at the revelers, seated himself for a time apart from the warriors in silence; but after his favorite calumet had been smoked, he rose in quiet dignity, and in the brief, emphatic tones peculiar to Indian oratory, told of the adventures of his daring little band:

"Then pointed with an Indian's pride
To scalps yet reeking at his side,
And counted with a miser's care,
To see that each red tuft was there."

Suddenly, during the long revel which succeeded, a folded billet falls at the feet of Kathreen—from whom she knows not. While the warriors are enchained by a wild speech from their honored guest, she

glances at the contents, and falling in a swoon, breathes the name of Ensenore. Though it is lightly spoken, a dozen warriors start to their feet. Suspicion did not for a moment rest on the stranger. Approaching the spot, he coolly asked the cause of the alarm, and offered to go as a scout in search of any lurking foe. At last, one by one, they retired to rest; passing by the maiden, while looking another way,

"Sleep not, Kathreen!" he whisper'd low,
Then threw himself upon the ground;
And, far as outward signs could show,
None slept more suddenly or sound.
'Twas midnight, and the clouded sky
O'er canopied that darken'd tent;
The bird of night flew wildly by,
The forest 'neath the blast was bent;
Not darker, deeper is the gloom,
That dwells within the rayless tomb;
Came from the lake the sullen roar
Of billows beating on the shore;
And, as the frequent lightning threw
A sudden glory o'er the scene,
The opposing forests rose to view,
And all the watery waste between,
Where crested waves each other chase,
Like snowy coursers on the race."

Kathreen makes the first trial, glides past the dreaming sentinel with spirit-step, and in a few moments stands upon the beach, but Ensenore is discovered. Countless voices rend the air, and the fitting lights of those in pursuit glare like specters in the darkness. The demon yells ring louder and nearer. Bearing



FOOT OF THE OWASCO.



SPRINGSIDE, WEST SHORE OF THE OWASCO.

Kathreen in his arms, he flies, unharmed by random shots and rustling arrows, toward the cove, where he has concealed his canoe in readiness for flight. But, alas! it floats far away from the shore, having been loosened by the billows, or by some designing hand. The foe is almost upon him. They reach the canoe, but are discovered from the shore :

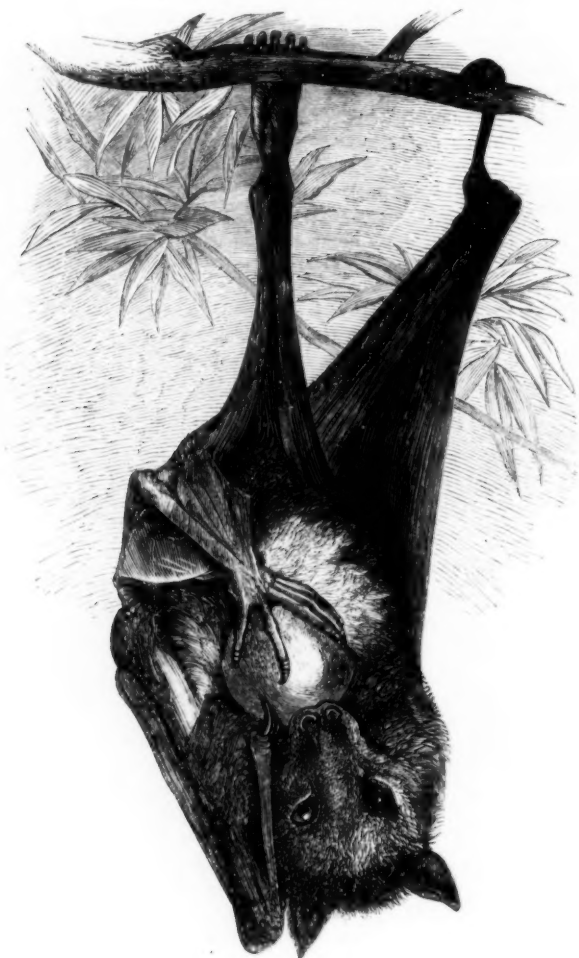
"And soon, well-mann'd, each bark canoe
Across the billow wild is dancing;
While like the mystic lights that glare
At midnight in the church-yard air,
The torches o'er the waves are glancing."

Ensenore turns southward, toward the head of the lake, propelling his canoe with one arm, and sustaining the trembling maiden with the other. Well knowing that he can, by artifice alone, elude his pursuers, he doubles on his track like the fox :

"Now near and nearer comes the foe,
A furlong scarcely lies between,
And the wild-waving torches throw
A lurid light upon the scene.
More near, he sees each scowling brow!
'O heaven! withhold thy lightnings now!'—
Silent he sat with flashing eye,
And watch'd their dark forms flitting by;
And heard, in tones of mutter'd ire,
Himself condemn'd to funeral pyre.
So rapidly they glided past,
He breathed not till he saw the last;
Then dropp'd his oar into the wave,
And to his boat new impulse gave."

They reached home in safety, after a succession of remarkable adventures in the then wilderness of Central New York, and at the hymeneal altar, Kathreen became the happy bride of her brave and well-loved Ensenore.

The shores of the Owasco and the Skaneateles, as may be seen from our beautiful engravings, present some of the most picturesque and romantic scenes. With a few more mountains, the lake region of Central New York would be the Scotland of our country. The Skaneateles is sixteen miles in length, the Owasco twelve, and in one place the two beautiful sisters approach within four miles of each other. At the head of the former, embosomed among forest-clothed mountains as grand as the Highlands of the Hudson, is Glen Haren, where hundreds of invalids annually seek health, and the lovers of wild scenery and woodland sports may find a summer home with our genial friend, Dr. Jackson. Beautiful villas are scattered along the more modest shores of the Owasco. At the foot of the lake are the "Cottage" and "Meadow Farm;" and "Springside," reposing lovingly on the western shore, is the seat of a celebrated school, whose proprietor was formerly a missionary to China, and is said to have instructed the late insurgent Tae Ping Wang in the doctrines of Christianity.



FOX-BATS.

IN this section of the country that bat is deemed a large one whose wings, when measured from tip to tip, exceed twelve inches, or whose body is above that of a small mouse in bulk. In some parts of the world, however, there are members of this well-marked family, the wings of which, when stretched and measured from one extremity to the other, are five feet and upward in extent, and their bodies large in proportion. These are the Fox-bats, a pair of which were lately procured for the London Zoological Gardens. It is from one of this pair that the very characteristic figure of Mr. Wolf has been

derived. There is something very odd in the appearance of such an animal, suspended as it is during the day *head downward*, in a position the very sight of which suggests to the looker-on ideas of nightmare and apoplexy. As the head peers out from the membrane, contracted about the body, and investing it as in a bag, and the strange creature chews a piece of apple presented by its keeper, the least curious observer must be struck with the peculiarity of the position, and cannot fail to admire the velvety softness and great elasticity of the membrane which forms its wings. It must have

been from an exaggerated account of the Fox-bats of the Eastern Islands that the ancients derived their ideas of the dreaded Harpies, those fabulous winged monsters sent out by the relentless Juno, and whose names are synonymous with rapine and cruelty.

Some of these bats, before they were thoroughly known, frightened British sailors not a little when they met with them. Captain Cook, in the narrative of his first voyage, alludes to this; one of the seamen of the *Endeavor*, when that ship lay off the Australian coast in 1770, during his rambles in the woods, told his messmates on his return that he verily believed he had seen the devil:

"We naturally inquired in what form he had appeared, and his answer was in so singular a style that I shall set down his own words: 'He was,' says John, 'as large as a one-gallon keg, and very like it; he had horns and wings, and yet he crept so slowly through the grass, that if I had not been *afraid* I might have touched him.'"

Cook's party afterward encountered this prodigy, which turned out to be a large bat, as big as a partridge and nearly black in color. The ears of the Fox-bat could readily convert themselves into horns to the superstitious eye of one who fancied he saw Satan, as many artists have figured that minister of evil.

Dr. Foster, who accompanied Captain Cook on the voyage round the world from 1772 to 1775, observed Fox-bats at the Friendly Islands, where they were seen in large groups of hundreds. Our traveler even notices that some of them flew about the whole day, doubtless from being disturbed by the wandering crews of the British discovery ships. He saw a *Casuarina* tree of large size, the branches of which were festooned with at least five hundred of these pendent Chiroptera in various attitudes of ease, according to the habits and notions of the bat tribes, who can hang either by the hind or by the fore feet. He noticed that they skimmed over the water with wonderful facility, and he saw one in the act of swimming, though he cannot say that it did so with either ease or expertness; they are known, however, to frequent the water in order to wash themselves from any impurities on their fur or wings, as well as to get rid of the vermin which may be infesting them.

Captain Lord Stokes found the red-

necked species to be very abundant during his survey of the north coast of Australia. As the boats were engaged in the survey, flights of these bats kept hovering over them, uttering a disagreeable screeching noise, and filling the air with a faint mildewy odor, far from agreeable to the smell. The sailors gave these bats the name of "monkey birds," without being aware that naturalists in their systems consider them as following closely the order which contains these four-handed lovers of trees. Captain Stokes observes that the leathern wings have a singularly heavy flap, and that a flight of bats would suddenly alight on a bamboo, and bend it to the ground with their weight. Each individual struggles on alighting to settle on the same spot, and like rooks or men in similar circumstances, they do not succeed in fixing themselves without making a great deal of noise. When first they clung to the bamboo, they did so by means of the claw on the outer edge of the flying membrane, and then they gradually settled.

Among the wild and varied scenery of those groups of islands called the Friendly Islands, the Feejees, and the Navigators', species of Fox-bat form one of the characteristics of the place to the observant eye; while, if the traveler should happen to be blind, their presence among the otherwise fragrant forests would be readily perceived from the strong odor which taints the atmosphere, and which, says the naturalist of the United States Exploring Expedition, "will always be remembered by persons who have visited the regions inhabited by these animals." A specimen of the Fox-bat was kept in Philadelphia for several years; and like most creatures, winged as well as wingless, was amiable to those persons who were constantly near it, while it showed clearly and unmistakably its dislike to strangers.

On its voyage, this strange passenger was fed on boiled rice, sweetened with sugar; while at the Museum it was solaced and fed during its captivity chiefly on fruit, and now and then appeared to enjoy the picking from the bones of a boiled fowl.

Mr. Macgillivray discovered a new species of Fox-bat on Fitzroy Island, off the coast of Australia, when he was naturalist of the British ship *Rattlesnake*. He fell in with this large fruit-eating bat

(*Pteropus conspicillatus*) on the wooded slope of a hill. They were in prodigious numbers, and presented the appearance, as they flew along in the bright sunshine, of a large flock of rooks. As they were approached, a strong musky odor became apparent, and a loud, incessant chattering was heard. He describes the branches of some of the trees as bending beneath the loads of bats which clung to them. Some of these were in a state of inactivity, sleeping or composing themselves to sleep, while many specimens scrambled along among the boughs and took to flight on being disturbed. He shot several specimens, three or four at a time, as they hung in clusters. Unless they were killed outright, they continued suspended for some time; when wounded, they are difficult to handle, as they bite severely, and at such times their cry resembles somewhat the squalling of a child. The flesh of these bats is described to be excellent, and no wonder, when they feed on the sweetest fruits; the natives regard it as nutritious food, and travelers in Australia, like the adventurous Leichhardt on his journey to Port Essington, sometimes are furnished with a welcome meal from the fruit-eating Fox-bats which fall in their way.

Travelers observe that in a state of nature the Fox-bats only eat the ripest and the best fruit, and in their search for it they climb with great facility along the under side of the branches. In Java, as Dr. Horsfield observes, these creatures, from their numbers and fruit-eating propensities, occasion incalculable mischief, as they attack every kind that grows there, from the cocoa-nut to the rarer and more delicate productions, which are cultivated with care in the gardens of princes and persons of rank. The doctor observes that "delicate fruits, as they approach to maturity, are ingeniously secured by means of a loose net or basket, skillfully constructed of split bamboo. Without this precaution little valuable fruit would escape the ravages of the kalong."

We have mentioned that the Fox-bats are occasionally eaten in Australia. Colonel Sykes alludes to the native Portuguese in Western India eating the flesh of another species of *Pteropus*; and it would seem that but for prejudice, their flesh, like that of the young of the South American monkeys, is extremely delicate.

The colonel says, writing of the *Pteropus medus*, a species found in India, "I can personally testify that their flesh is delicate and without disagreeable flavor."

The Javanese Fox-bat occasionally affords amusement to the colonists as well as natives, who chase it, according to Dr. Horsfield, "during the moonlight nights, which, in the latitude of Java, are uncommonly serene. He is watched in his descent to the fruit-trees, and a discharge of small shot readily brings him to the ground. By this means I frequently obtained four or five individuals in the course of an hour."

William Dampier, in 1687, observed the habits of a Fox-bat on one of the Philippine Islands, though he has exaggerated its size, when he judged "that the wings, stretched out in length, could not be less asunder than seven or eight feet from tip to tip." He records that "in the evening, as soon as the sun was set, these creatures would begin to take their flight from this island in swarms like bees, directing their flight over to the main island. Thus we should see them rising up from the island till night hindered our sight; and in the morning, as soon as it was light, we should see them returning again like a cloud to the small island till sunrise. This course they kept constantly while we lay here, affording us every morning and evening an hour's diversion in gazing at them and talking about them." Dr. Horsfield describes the species, which is abundant in the lower parts of Java, as having the same habit.

During the day it retreats to the branches of a tree of the genus *Ficus*, where it passes the greater portion of the day in sleep, "hanging motionless, ranged in succession, and often in close contact, they have little resemblance to living beings, and by a person not accustomed to their economy, are readily mistaken for a part of the tree, or for a fruit of uncommon size suspended from its branches." The doctor describes their society as being generally silent during the day, except when a contention arises among them to get out of the influence of the sun, when they utter a sharp, piercing shriek. Their claws are so sharp, and their attachment is consequently so strong, that they cannot readily leave their hold without the assistance of their wings, and if shot when in this position they remain suspended.



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE Deserted Chambers, in addition to their other horrid attractions, contain some very curious and dangerous pits—the more frightful for the chaos of darkness that hides them from observation.

The shortest branch contains three or four; over one of these projects a rock in the shape of a side-saddle, where, if the visitor is fond of fearful sights, he may

seat himself and view the ragged dome above, or peep into the capless cavern beneath.

Not far from the Side-Saddle Pit is the Covered Pit, alike curious and perilous. It is about fifteen feet in diameter, and covered by a thin plate of rock, which lies on it like the lid of a pot, though it is a lid somewhat too small for the vessel, to which

it is attached only at one point, and by the most trifling support. By placing the ear at the crevice of the lid the dashing of water may be heard below, though it cannot be seen. Should the reader delight in new sensations, he can probably originate one, if when he visits the cave he will take his stand on this scanty cover, and test the strength of its one slender hinge.

But the Bottomless Pit is the chief terror and glory of this division of the cave. Dr. Bird says:

"The explorer suddenly finds himself brought up on its brink, standing on a projecting platform surrounded on three sides by darkness; a gulf on the right hand, a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eyes have yet reached the top of the great overarching dome. Nothing is seen but the flashing of water dropping from above, and smiling as it shoots by in the gleam of the unwonted lamps."

Nothing meets his gaze below but thick darkness, and no sound greets him save one wild, and mournful, and wearying melody. Few visitors care to sit long "on the rock that hangs over the wave," for certainly it is not the place "to dream that we catch through the mantle of shade a glimpse of the dim distant land of the blessed." It will, perhaps, be destructive of the romantic terrors which the imaginative reader conjures up in connection with the Bottomless Pit, to mention the circumstance of its having been sounded by Mr. Lee, with a lead and line, and that he found bottom at a depth of one hundred and seventy-three feet. Nevertheless, it is still supposed by the lovers of the marvelous, to run pretty nearly through the earth, and if the reader please he may discredit Mr. Lee's assertion, for it may neither have a perpendicular descent, nor smooth, continuous walls, and what more probable than that the deceitful lead should have lodged on some projecting shelf of rock? A few feet from the Bottomless Pit is a narrow passage called the Covered Way, terminating in a side pit fifty feet below the platform, as low, probably, as the reader would care to penetrate, however much lower he might be willing to send his thoughts. Those poets who delight in visiting the vaults and walking among the tombs, might profitably descend here, and for once take their fill of silence and gloom.

Mammoth Dome is one of the special wonders, and is so vast and gloomy that the

most powerful illumination brings out its recesses but imperfectly. The roof is three hundred feet above the floor, and in architecture resembles Westminster Abbey.

Pensacola Avenue is ornamented by some singular formations of crystallized gypsum. "But the Mecca's Shrine of the Pilgrimage," says Mrs. Child, "is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the richest and largest dog's tooth spar." One of the most magnificent masses was broken off some years ago, by one of those upright beasts who have not the fear of God before their eyes. To his lasting discredit, he has left his name in place of the sparkling crystals he carried away. Pensico Avenue has a smooth and level floor of sand, which seems to have been washed there by some waters since dried up. Thence descending through a deep arch, you enter the Winding Way, an irregular, zigzag cleft, so narrow that a stout man could barely squeeze through. As you look back, the stones seem to have fallen together, and you are reminded of the waves of the Red Sea parted for the children of Israel to pass through. This tortuous opening has probably been gnawed by some persevering water-course, for of all workers nature is the most patient, being sure of her results. Suddenly, after squeezing, and stooping, and crawling, the cleft rises and widens, and the traveler finds himself in a magnificent hall, called the Great Relief—doubtless to his great relief. This conducts to the River Hall, so called, and this again to the Smoke House; a small, dark cave, hung with projections of rocks very closely resembling hams.

Nothing can be more picturesque than a troop of men and women, bearing torches, and blotching with gleams of intense light the gloomy masses of shadow as they sweep along the solemn defiles, the sublime and numberless wonders of the many-colored domes and ceilings, cornices and pillars, seeming rather to be a momentary creation of glory, than revelation. The press of awe and grandeur made upon the heart by such a pilgrimage can never be effaced by all the fretful trifles that wear upon it subsequently, but the soul, tired of noise and "insolent light," may go back when it will, and be calmed and quieted within the cool, dim grottoes where "heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells" everlastingly.

The Dead Sea is a broad black pool of water, eighty feet below the shelving platform from which you look down upon it. This dreadful stream must apparently keep its secrets to the end of time, and Eugene Aram might have sunk his *unburiable* corpse within it without much fear of its ever floating it up to the sight of humanity, and obliging him to take it up and run. It is a place to make one cry,

"Show me a way out of this stifling place,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going. I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue prattler,
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me
Magnanimously: Go; I need thee not."

As we approach the end of the Grand Gallery we discover a deep hollow cutting across it, and bounded on the farther side by a wall solid and abrupt, and joined to the roof above, along which are a good many great holes, through which water is continually falling; in the time of heavy rains, torrents that shake the foundations of the cave as they pour in, dash themselves upon the rocks below, where they are broken to pieces and lost.

The roof at this point is filled with irregular cavities, from which masses of rocks have tumbled out, and crushed their way through the floor into the cavities beneath, leaving it nearly level.

Some years ago a great rock was tumbled into the mouth of a pit, which, setting other rocks in motion as it crashed from point to point, produced a terrific uproar, and resulted finally in a considerable sinking of that part of the cave.

Through openings in the wall the roar of invisible cataracts may be heard, calling to one another through the darkness.

Lying flat down, and crawling on one's face through a narrow fissure, we enter what is called the Solitary Cave, an awfully grand and silent chamber, where the misanthrope may shut himself out from his fellow-men by walls as thick as he can desire.

Crawling out through another passage in the same manner as that by which we entered, we find ourselves in more comfortable quarters, and surrounded by groups of curious and interesting figures which the action of the water has worn among the rocks. Beautiful stalactites drop from the roof. Some of them reach from the floor to the ceiling, in fluted, solid, and

irregular columns. There is one clump called the coral grove, where the columns are split and divided, and strangely tangled and convoluted one with another, and perfectly representing the roots of trees.

When the torches and lamps have lighted up this grotto with its grim rows of statuary, and its forest of stalactites, no festal hall could be made so wonderfully enchanting, and it is no uncommon thing for parties of visitors to spread their cloth over some rocky table, and "take their little porringers and eat their suppers there."

Returning to the Grand Gallery, and following the majestic sweep it makes where the steamboat sits on her bed of rocks, we come to another wide and lofty curve, from which we see through an opening into the Sick Rooms.

The atmosphere of the cave is exceedingly pure and equable; indeed, "so nimbly and sweetly recommends itself," that travelers are never weary of expatiating upon it. The effects it produces upon the system are said to be quite marvelous; in fact, so wonderfully exhilarating and buoyant, that the most feeble and unaccustomed pedestrian finds the miles slipping under his feet without the least sensation of weariness.

The beneficial effects produced upon the miners by this delicate air, and on the oxen which were stalled and kept altogether within the cave at the time the niter works were in operation, started the idea, some years ago, of erecting within the cave a hospital for consumptives, and some deserted stone huts still stand to mark the spot where the experiment was tried. These are called the Sick Rooms. So far as I have been able to learn, no salutary effects have followed the unnatural experiment of such burial in the cave, though it has been a good many times repeated.

However fat oxen may have become here, I cannot imagine the possibility of a human being thriving so shut out from the sweet external influences of grass and sunshine, and trees and dew. The air is said to smell grave-like, from the absence of that vitality which vegetation gives the atmosphere above ground; and the silence and darkness would surely be bad substitutes for the smiles and comforting kindnesses of friends. Those who have been lost in the cave, and experienced almost the terrors of death in its awful cells, make pictures of their sufferings that are terrible

to look upon. He must needs have a great deal of "light within his own clear breast, who can sit in the darkness and enjoy bright day," for any very protracted period.

Among the many accidents that have occurred in the cave, none, I understand, have been fatal. Doubtless it is very difficult, sitting by one's own fire-side, to appreciate the dark imaginings that rush through the mind and blind its reason when a man finds himself alone and in total darkness that shuts him from every hope of escape without human assistance. Fear is an ill counselor at best, but of all places in the world the Mammoth Cave is the last that should give him a hearing; and if the lost person would only stop to think, instead of running up and down among pitfalls, and calling vainly to the unanswering silence, he would discover that his situation was not extremely dangerous. There is no possibility of hope in any endeavor whatever, and the chance of relief narrows itself, therefore, to one course, which is to sit still, and wait for relief to come, which will probably happen before many hours. The exploring party must discover, sooner or later, that one of their number has gone astray, and of course aid and comfort will be immediately dispatched. But experience proves that the best theory is lost upon a lost man, and that wise and simple, brave and timid, yield to apprehension alike. Some men, it is said, become wonderfully devout during the imprisonment, but that the devotion is generally left behind them with the darkness. The following story is told by Dr. Bird. He says:

"We had the good fortune, when on our way to the Mammoth Cave, to stumble on a worthy gentleman, in a certain city of the Southwest, who, among his many virtues, public and private, was not supposed to lay any particular claim to religious devotion; or, if he did, he took no great pains to make it evident; on the contrary, we heard it very energetically averred by one who was a proficient in the same accomplishment, 'that Captain B. could swear harder than any man on the Mississippi.' The captain, ascertaining whither we were directing our footsteps, congratulated us on the pleasures we had in store, and concluded by informing us that he had visited the Mammoth Cave himself, and with his guide had been lost in it, remaining in this condition, and in the dark, for eight or nine hours.

"Dreadful!" we naturally exclaimed; "what did you do?"

"Do?" replied the captain, with the gravity of a philosopher; "all that we could. As soon

as our lights went out we sat down upon a rock, and waited till the people came in and hunted us up."

"We admired the captain's courage, and went on our way until we had arrived within two miles of the Mammoth Cave, where a thunder-shower drove us to seek shelter in a cabin by the wayside. There we found a man who had been born and bred, and lived all his life, within a short distance of the cave without having ever entered it; in excuse of which deficiency, he told us he 'had a brother who had been in it often enough; had sometimes officiated as guide, and had once even been lost in it. He was along with a gentleman he was guiding, Captain B., of —; perhaps you know Captain B.?' said our hospitable host.

"Yes."

"Well, he was the gentleman my brother was guiding; they lost their lights, and were kept fast in a desperate hole for nine hours, awfully frightened too."

"What! Captain B. frightened?"

"Just as much as my brother; and I have heard him tell the story over a hundred times. They got to praying, both of 'em, as loud as they could; and my brother says the captain made some of the most beautiful prayers he ever heard in his life! and he reckons, if the captain would take to it, he'd make a rare tear-cat of a preacher!"

The River Hall is a gradual slope, with a gray ceiling stretching away before the vision grand as the firmament; but description must fail to awaken anything like the feelings of solemnity and awe with which the visitor descends toward the sunless waters washing along the hollow at its extremity. These waters are black and deep, arched over with rocks, and appropriately bearing the name of the River Styx.

Involuntarily the beholder stands still, almost expecting to see that bad being of whom Milton tells us:

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaze, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
Floating for many a rood."

An atmosphere of superstition so envelops the visitor as he is rowed across these unearthly waters as to make him aptly say:

"Take, O boatman, twice thy fee,
For invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!"

Only two passengers can be conveyed in the canoe at once; and they are required to sit motionless, as any movement might disturb the balance. Two or three lamps are fastened to the prow of the boat, and the beating hearts of the passengers "keep time to the dip of the oar."



THE RIVER LETHE.

If the visitor prefers, there is another mode of crossing the Styx, by means of a bridge, composed of abrupt precipices, and rising some eighty feet above the surface of the water. To reach the bridge he must climb a steep stairs made of cliffs, and pass through a cave about three hundred feet long, when he will again stand on the river's brink. Seen from this position, the canoe, with its silent passengers and row of lamps glancing upon the water, presents as spectral a picture as one may see out of the land of dreams.

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Leaving the Styx behind,

"With its banks all thickly set
With stones that prosper in the wet,"

the tourist soon finds himself on the borders of another stream called Lethe. Mr. Willis says:

"A shallow skiff waited to receive us, and the stream, black as ink, under the dim glare of our lamps, disappeared suddenly around a corner of rock, leaving all that was beyond entirely to the imagination. Dark and gloomy cliffs walled in, and roofed over the entrance: not a weed, nor ripple, nor breath of air, gave

token of life further on. It was to be a launch into blank darkness."

"The passage," he continues, "is like an aisle of a cathedral, a mile long, traversed with a lamp at midnight. The gliding between its gray walls in a boat, silently, and without effort, adds a strange mysteriousness to its effect. The ceiling of arched rock, which roofs it in, varies from twenty to forty feet in height, and half way up runs a shelving gallery, as designedly architectural as anything could well seem; and along under the gallery is a succession of empty niches of the shape commonly constructed for busts, a natural Westminster Abbey."

The voyage is interrupted by an accumulation of sand, passing over which the boat is resumed, but the name Lethe gives place to that of Echo River. There appear to be caves at various distances, which send back very sweet echoes of whatever is said on the river. The guide sometimes sings a song as he rows, and the effect of the mournfully recurring echoes is alike curious and beautiful.

If a pistol be fired, the roar is like the crashing of a thousand thunders, and the continued and lessening reverberations sound like the subsiding of a storm.

But the silence comes at last, and "the grass must stop growing, and the stars hold their breath, to give those above ground any idea of it."

The Echo River is considered to have depth and breadth sufficient to float a steamship of the largest class. The boats in use accommodate a dozen persons, and the novelty of the journey, together with the magnificence of the scenery it affords, call up an ecstasy of delightful emotions, and make the passage one of the highest interest and enjoyment. How the ancient solitary reign of silence must be disturbed by the rowing of a pleasure party down the waters of Lethe. We can imagine it running to hide away from their faces, as once Severn's flood,

"Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank."

The Echo River is some three miles in length. "There is a rise in the water of only a few feet, through which three rivers are united," and after a succession of spring or fall rains they have been known to rise to a height of more than fifty feet, exhibiting an aspect of sublimity and grandeur.

Passing the Lethe, and entering a rocky hall, called the Great Walk, and proceeding for half a mile, you arrive at

another river called the Jordan. In descending this stream, the rocks with which it is roofed drop so low in one place as to oblige the passengers to double down in the boats. The inconvenience is slight, however, as the gap speedily opens to a vault more than a hundred feet high. This stream is subject to sudden and incredible rises, and if one of these happens to take place when parties are on the farther shore, they must be conveyed by the boat to the level of an upper cave, called Purgatory, so low as to oblige them to crawl on their hands and knees.

Not far from this place is Cascade Hall, where a hidden waterfall makes music, and neighboring this is Ole Bull's Concert Room, a name obtained, I believe, from the circumstance of a performance having been given in it, by the musical Norwegian, to an audience fit though few.

Every one has heard of the eyeless fishes to be found in the rivers of the Mammoth Cave. It was supposed for a good while they must possess some organ of sight, but on their being subjected to a scientific examination, no visual provision whatever could be discovered. Nature is wonderfully economical in her disposition of things, as she illustrates in the formation of these fish; having made them to live in everlasting darkness, she has given them no eyes, which would have been a superfluity. To atone for this deficiency, they are gifted with hearing excessively acute. A recent writer says of them:

"We halted on the bank of the River Forgetfulness, to catch one of the eyeless fish. I held the lamp while the pole-net was quietly slipped under the little victim of celebrity. He saw no danger, poor thing, and stirred never a fin to escape being taken out of his element, and raised up to a higher sphere. In size he was about an inch and a half long; his body quite white, translucent, and wholly without an intestinal canal. The stomach (what there was of it) was directly behind the brain, (if brain there was,) and all the organs of the system were forward of the gills, the head alone having blood, or other discoloration. Under the chin he disposed of what was superfluous in his nourishment. He was curiously correspondent, indeed, to the poetized character of the place—like a fish in progress of becoming a fish in spirit-land; his disanimalization having commenced radically at the tail, and working upward. Nothing could be more purely beautiful and graceful than the pearly and spotless body which had heavenlified first, leaving the head to follow."

The rivers of the Mammoth Cave were crossed for the first time in 1840; and

though researches have been made with the most energetic zeal, the mystery of their beginning and ending is likely to keep its secret. In addition to the bats and fish that inhabit the cave, there are, it is said, numberless rats, but our authority appends to his statement the fact that he never *saw* any of them.

In one of the passages a nest was found some years ago, containing some walnut-shells, and resembling a rat's nest, but it may have been brought from the upper world by some stream; and in another branch was found a tooth, resembling a beaver's, which may have been brought in the same way.

Human bones have been dug up in the cave, and numerous Indian relics discovered; and this suggests the interesting probability of its having been, at some remote period, inhabited by them.

It is the opinion of Dr. Bird, that it was actually inhabited by the Red-men, as no frequency of *visits*, however much of a *lion* it may have been among them, justifies the numberless vestiges they have left. "There are," he says, "vast quantities of half-burned, broken canes lying among the rocks of the chief city;" and it appears they are scattered in greater or less profusion throughout the cave. These, Dr. Bird argues, are the remains of torches and fires. Some of the canes are tied together with strips of young hickory bark, into fagots. The interstices of the rocks, he says, are stuck full of them; and though thousands of fires have been built of them to light up the cave, from time to time, there is no probability of their becoming exhausted, and enough for an illumination can be collected in five minutes. These canes, it seems, grow in large quantities on the banks of the rivers in the neighborhood of the cave. Besides the torches, there have been found stone arrow-heads, axes, hammers, and pieces of pottery, with moccasins, blankets of woven bark, and other Indian valuables. There are some remains of artificial walls in the grand gallery, which mere visitors evidently would not have taken the pains to build; and the fact that whole floors have been cleared of rocks and other rubbish, is a strong supposition in favor of its having been inhabited. The walls, in some of the rooms, have been picked and beaten smooth with stone-hammers, and rocks are found entirely separated from

the adhering earth, and carefully heaped up into tables. Every nook seems to have been penetrated, and bears still such memorials as the prints of naked feet and moccasins in the moist clay and sand of the floors; fragments of torches, long ropes, and withes of hickory bark, all arguing in favor of its having once been inhabited.

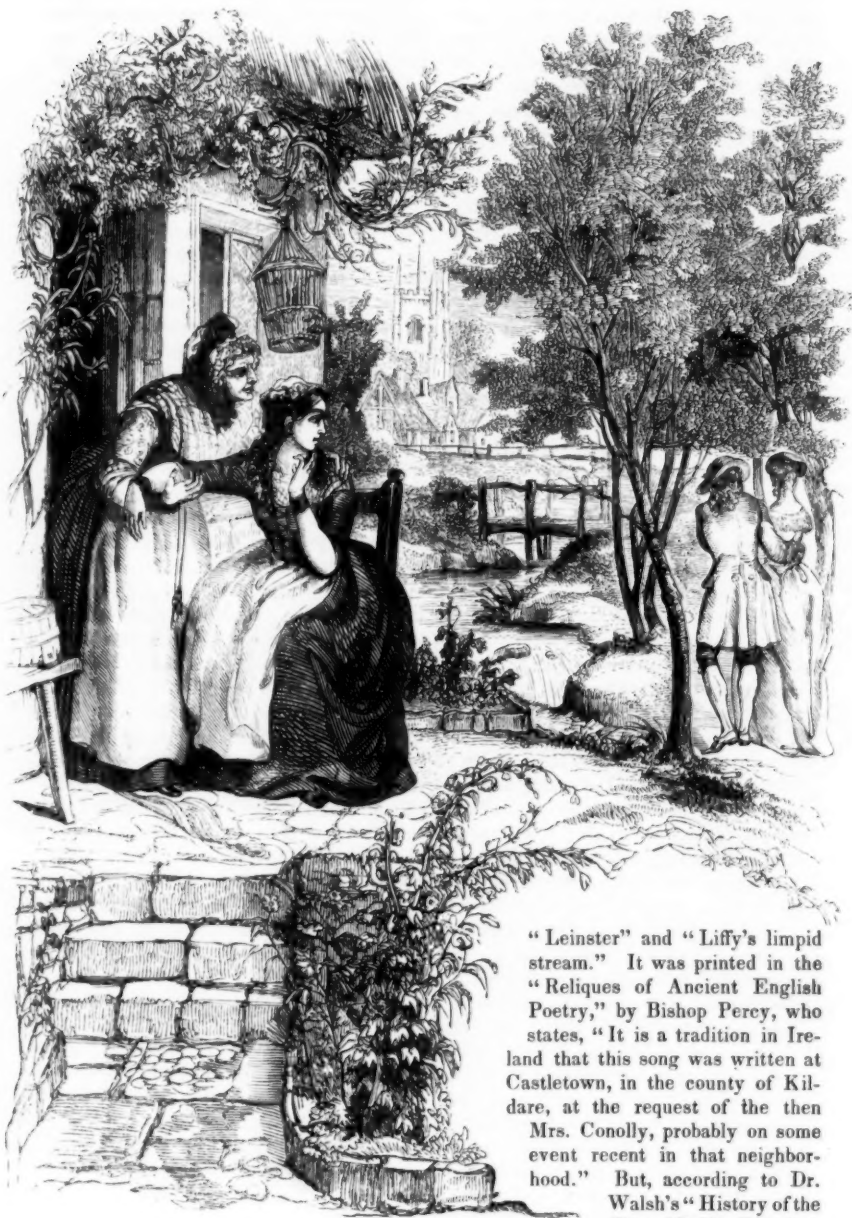
But the torches have long since gone out; and, however interesting the subject they suggest, they throw no light upon it. Perhaps the imagination kindles nowhere so readily as among the pits and caverns of the earth; for fairy people, and awful giants, ferocious animals, and, in fact, all the terrible creatures of the elements, naturally resort to those places where no honest sunshine comes; and the Mammoth Cave has its share of legendary marvels. There are supposed to be in its vicinity caves without number, to which there is no entrance from the upper world; here and there the roof of one has fallen in, and revealed the secret; and sometimes unwary travelers have been precipitated into such of them as are only roofed over by a thin layer of soil. There is a story of one gentleman, who, finding himself sinking thus, saved himself by leaping from his horse, that, sinking to a depth of fifty feet, became wedged among the rocks, and perished. In the same way, a planter, who was riding over his grounds, saved himself and lost his horse, except that in this case the poor animal sank to a spacious cavern, where he walked about until he was starved to death.

But it is time to leave the Mammoth Cave, with all its wonders, real and imaginary, and come back to the sunshine, where

"Murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

And, doubtless, the reader who has accompanied me in my dark pilgrimage, is prepared to say with King Richard:

"I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth! I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears,
And smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth."



COLIN AND LUCY.

THIS ballad, which is the composition of Tickell, the friend of Addison, bears evidence of having been written in Ireland; but it is in no degree Irish, except in the reference it makes to

"Leinster" and "Liffy's limpid stream." It was printed in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," by Bishop Percy, who states, "It is a tradition in Ireland that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly, probably on some event recent in that neighborhood." But, according to Dr.

Walsh's "History of the City of Dublin," the ballad is said to have been composed at Glasnevin, now the famous Botanic Garden adjacent to that city.

This conjecture is by no means improbable, for here Tickell resided; the plans, as they still exist, were formed un-

der his directions; the trees are now flourishing which his own hand is said to have planted; and one of the walks (believed to be unchanged) bears to this day the name of his friend Addison. It is a straight avenue of yew trees crossing the walk which leads to the well. The garden originally formed part of Tickell's demesne, and was purchased for a sum of £2,000 from his representative.

The neighborhood of this garden may truly be said to be classic ground: adjacent to it is Hampstead, formerly noted as the residence of Sir Richard Steele; in the next parish lived Parnell, who was Vicar of Finglas; not far off was the mansion of Dr. Delaney, where the best days of Dean Swift were passed; and in the house of Tickell Addison was a continual guest. It is, therefore, more than likely that here was written the ballad of Colin and Lucy, a ballad that has long been, and continues to be, in high favor with all who appreciate genuine and natural poetry.

Tickell's residence in Ireland was, however, accidental. He was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland. A complimentary poem, which he addressed to Mr. Addison on his grand "Opera of Rosamond," immediately attracted the attention of that distinguished man, and led to an intimacy very beneficial to the one and satisfactory to the other. Their friendship continued during the life of Addison, and was of value af-

ter his death. Tickell had the charge of publishing his works; and received from him a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs, a recommendation which had the effect of continuing him in the office of under-secretary of state, to which Mr. Addison had appointed him. He afterward, however, became secretary to the lords' justices of Ireland, a very lucrative situation, which he held till his death in 1740.

He is said to have been a man of most pleasing and gentlemanly manners, and of unquestioned integrity; his conversation was gay and lively, and he was "at least a temperate lover of wine and conviviality." Literature was his relaxation, and not his business. Through all his poetry, according to the quaint expression of Goldsmith, "there is a strain of pure BALLAD-THINKING to be found;" and probably to this rare quality much of his popularity may be attributed; for in his own time it was by no means inconsiderable. With the exception of his "Lines on the death of Addison," and his pathetic tale of "Colin and Lucy," his works are now generally forgotten. The elegy addressed "to the Earl of Warwick, on the death

of Mr. Addison," is perhaps the finest and most vigorous of his compositions. "A more sublime or more elegant funeral poem," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." It sufficiently negated the



assertion that he was indebted to the tasteful and judicious touches of his friend for much of the merit of his earlier productions. In this tribute to his memory he could have had no such assistance.

Or Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

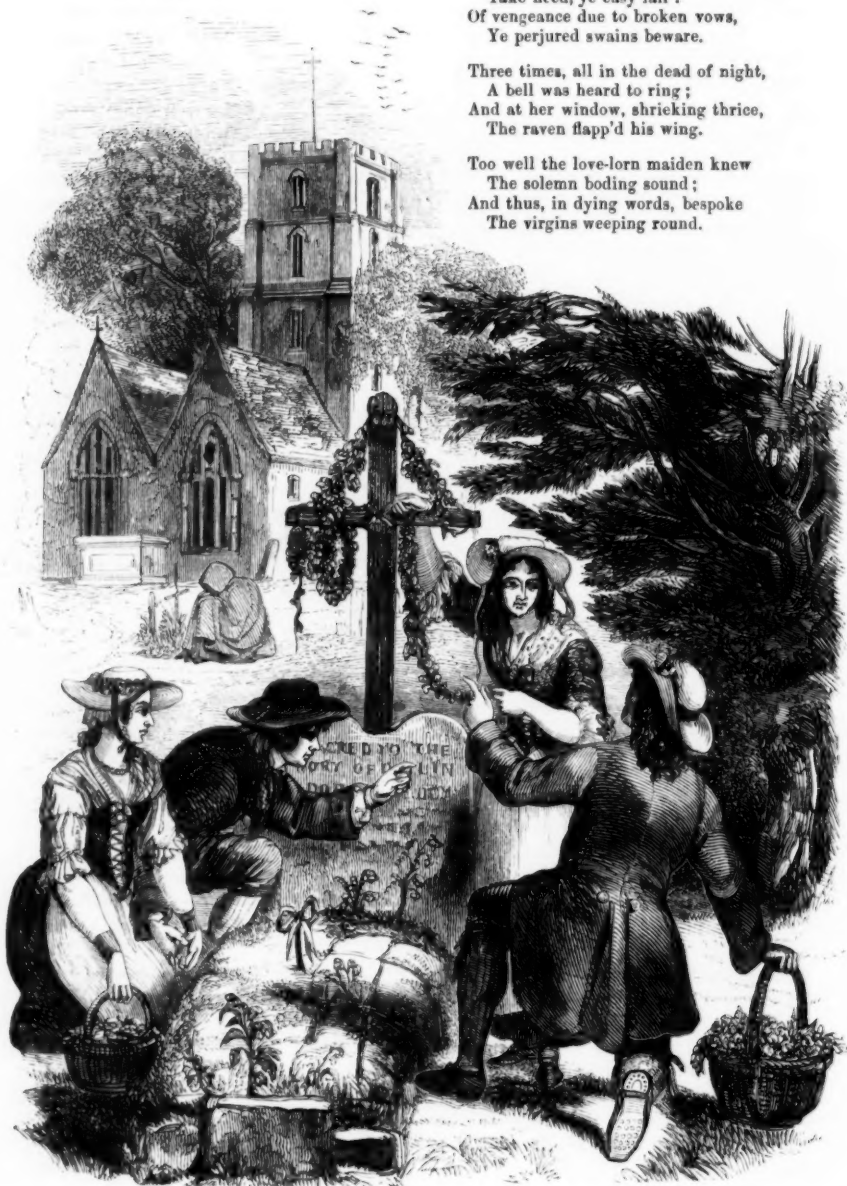
Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.



"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He and his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she died; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her beneath one sod,
Forever he remains.

Of at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

The above lines call to mind the well-known and long-favored ballad of "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," published by Dr. Percy from an old black letter copy. In that case it was the lady who was faithless, and the lover who was broken-hearted. There is, however, more natural painting, a higher poetic feeling, in the ballad of "Colin and Lucy." In its style and imagery, indeed, it is an exquisite example of the comparatively modern ballad; less simply and "naïvely" effective than the ancient method, but equally touching, pathetic, and true to nature.

TREBIZONDE.

TREBIZONDE, the ancient *Trapezus*, spoken of by Xenophon as the spot where the memorable Ten Thousand reached the sea, is one of the principal cities of a mountainous country lying on the coast of the Black Sea, extending from the eastern limits of Anatolia to Caucasia. The surrounding country is delved into steep valleys, or bristled with rugged hills, whose summits are, during a portion of the year, covered with snow, while the coast presents a charming succession of small bays.

Such a configuration of country sufficiently accounts for the difference of climate, perceptible at even a few miles' distance; for, while the temperature of the valleys in winter is mild and agreeable, the hilly country is almost uninhabitable. A succession of snow-storms succeed each other during several months, and the spring is far advanced before tillage is rendered practicable. Wheat, barley, and maize are, however, easily raised; while in the more genial valleys the vine, the fig, and the orange luxuriate in primitive vigor. The hill-sides present numerous forests, under whose shadows roam flocks of sheep and goats, and many a bee-hive is well stored from its richly-carpeted river banks and prairies.

The principal commerce of the inhabitants of the coast consists of fishing, which is more abundant here than on any part of the Black Sea; and with which even the markets of Constantinople are supplied, while in the interior of the country, a considerable trade is carried on in honey and beeswax.

The importance of Trebizonde seems to have been apparent at the remotest period of its history. The agreeable aspect of the hill on which it is built, its peculiar adaptation as a port, and its situation as outlet of one of the most fertile portions of Asia, must have greatly influenced the choice of its first colonizers, who, according to Greek historians, were attracted thither from Sinope. At an early period it fell into the hands of the kings of Pontus, who were in turn conquered by the Romans. For several centuries it was known merely as a commercial city; but, in 1203, after the taking of Constantinople by the French, it suddenly issued from its obscurity by the will of Alexis

Comnène. Alexis made it the capital of a new state, which, under the name of Empire of Trebizonde, reached from the mouths of the Phase (the present Rioni) to those of Hallys, (now Kizel-Ermak.) Its glory, however, lasted but two centuries and a half; when, in 1461, Mohammed II. dethroned its last emperor, David Comnène, and the whole country submitted to the yoke of the Mussulmans.

These diverse phases in the history of Trebizonde reveal the character of the various ruins still in existence there, and which remain as traces of each of the nations who have by turns occupied it. The city, composed of two parts, (the city proper, and the suburbs,) inclines toward the shore, and presents the figure of a *trapezium*, from which its name is primitively derived; now called by the Turks Tarabozan. Two ravines of great depth, and united by a ditch hewn in the rock, protect it on the east and on the west. These natural fortifications are crowned by a line of ancient fortresses, in a decaying condition, having been sadly neglected by the pashas.

The city is entered by six gateways, one of which, surmounted by a Greek inscription, opens in the direction of Erzeroum. The suburbs appear to have been once comprised in the ancient city, as we find there a great number of churches and other edifices whose style recall a splendor anterior to the Mussulman domination.

The modern city, especially the upper part, is built of stone and mortar, and roofed with red tiles, the dwellings being half hidden in the verdure of the rich gardens which surround them. The houses, separated by narrow, unpaved streets, present an arid and uninviting appearance; ornament and luxury, according to Oriental custom, being wholly reserved for the interior. It is only in the lower part of the city, along the sea-shore, that the traveler sees any of the bustle that would indicate a commercial city.

The monuments are chiefly of a religious character. The city contains eighteen spacious mosques, ten Greek churches, and one Catholic church: there are five public baths, and eight markets, those rendezvous everywhere in the East so picturesque, where the passing stranger regales himself on so many peculiarly Oriental traits. A fine aqueduct traverses the valley which separates the city from the suburbs, and

sheds on each the freshness of its waters. One of its most remarkable edifices is the Greek church of Saint Sophia, about a mile from the city, built upon a height which commands a magnificent horizon, embracing rocky heights and precipitous ravines, with a rich interchange of forest and plain, the whole heightened by the panorama of blue waters which unroll themselves beneath. The church is built of stone, and is surmounted by a cupola, supported by four marble columns, and decorated with a peristyle of Corinthian columns of the purest white marble. According to antiquarians, its foundation was laid in the reign of the Emperor Justinian; but its original beauty was much mutilated in 1461, the epoch when the Mussulmans converted a portion of it into a mosque. It contains some very curious paintings, which no European artist has yet copied.

Descending from this spot toward the coast, we reach a narrow peninsula, on which are the ruins of an ancient palace, called Eski-Seraï, which has probably served as the residence of some prince of Trebizonde. On each side of this peninsula, to the east and west, are two small bays. The eastern bay, better sheltered against the violence of winds from either sea or shore, offers a safe retreat to those vessels which choose to wait a favorable moment to enter the port of Trebizonde, situated at Platana, which is about nine miles to the west of Trebizonde. Platana has been chosen because of its spacious harbor, and the security it offers for anchorage. It is here, in fact, that the greater part of the commerce is carried on.

A late writer computes the imports of Trebizonde at ten millions of dollars annually, about two thirds of which are taken by Persia. Several steamers run regularly between Trebizonde and Constantinople. The population is principally composed of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Circassians, Tartars, Georgians, and a number of English.

The heat of the climate is tempered by wind from the sea and the mountains, some of whose summits are shrouded in perpetual winter. The coast and environs are strewn with most picturesque landscapes, formed by the rich vegetation of the forests, the diversity of the valleys, and, above all, by the presence of the ancient monuments which crown the summits of the neighboring heights.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

LAST month we gave a continuous history of the schools for the blind at Paris, without stopping to notice similar institutions for the blind in other countries which have been cotemporaneous with them, but it will be necessary, in order to give a comprehensive view of the subject, to look back to the closing years of the last century.

The asylum for the blind at Liverpool was established in 1791, seven years after Haüy's little school was first gathered. Its principal object, for fifty years after its establishment, was the instruction of the blind in manual labor. Intellectual culture received very slight attention.

In 1792, through the efforts of the celebrated Dr. Blacklock and Mr. David Miller, (both blind men, who had triumphed over the difficulties under which the blind labor, and become eminent for scholarship,) an Asylum for the Blind was opened at Edinburgh. It was the desire of Dr. Blacklock that this institution should devote special attention to the mental culture of the blind, but it did not do so; extensive arrangements were made for their industrial education, but their minds were almost entirely neglected. Subsequently to 1830, however, a change seems to have taken place, and much more attention was given to mental training.

The Bristol Asylum for the Blind was organized in 1793, but was not very efficient or largely attended, until by large endowments bestowed upon it in 1829 and 1830, it received a new impulse; and since 1832 it has been one of the most successful of the English schools. The "School for the Indigent Blind" in London was established in 1799. It is amply endowed, and has accommodations for two hundred pupils; but for many years confined its operations mostly to instruction in industrial occupations.

The "Hospital and School for the Indigent Blind" at Norwich was established in 1805. It combined a school for the young, with a hospital for the aged; but it taught little, except manual labor.

The Asylum for the Blind at Glasgow was founded in 1828, by the benevolence of John Leitch, Esq., who was himself partially blind. It was at first almost exclusively industrial in its character.

The Yorkshire Asylum, at York, was

established in 1835, and the Manchester Asylum in the same year. There are six Asylums for the Blind in Ireland; three of them rather intended as homes for the adult blind than as places of instruction, and in but one of the six is there any considerable instruction, except in those trades by which the blind usually attempt to support themselves.

Indeed, it may be said with truth, that up to the year 1826, there was not a school in England or America where the blind were taught to read by means of raised letters, nor a blind person in either country who could read these characters, although the blind had been instructed to do so in France for nearly half a century. The school for the blind at Vienna was established in 1804 by M. Klein, who commenced by the instruction of a single blind pupil; and at our latest advices, this veteran philanthropist was still at its head. The school had prospered and acquired a high reputation under his instruction; but the amount of intellectual training seems to have been small, and no printing was done in raised letters before 1830 or 1831, nor, indeed, any considerable amount until within the last eight or nine years.

In 1806 the Berlin institution was established by M. Zeune, aided, perhaps, by the presence and counsel of Haüy, then on his way to St. Petersburg; this school has uniformly maintained a high standing. More attention has been paid to intellectual culture than in most of the continental institutions. For some years they procured their books for the blind from Paris; but of late they have commenced printing for themselves. M. Zeune was, at our last advices, still at the head of this institution.

The School for the Blind at St. Petersburg was established by Haüy, under the patronage of the czar, in 1807. He remained at its head till 1817, when, owing to the infirmities of age, he was desirous of returning to France, and resigned his situation, greatly to the regret of the Czar Alexander. The enemies of Haüy have represented this school as a failure; but it seems to have been successful during the ten years of his connection with it, and to have declined only from the incompetence of its subsequent managers. It still exists, though not maintaining a high rank. It has a press, and has issued some books for the blind, but only of late years.

In 1806 a school for the blind was established at Stockholm. In 1808 similar institutions were founded at Prague and Amsterdam; in 1809, at Zurich; in 1811, at Copenhagen, and at Schaffhouse, in Switzerland.

Subsequently the number has greatly increased, till now there is hardly a city of fifty thousand inhabitants in Europe which has not an institution for the blind, and many of the smaller cities even have organized them.

While it is obviously impossible to mention all of these in detail, we cannot forbear a passing notice to one, the institution for the blind at Lausanne, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. This institution unites under one direction an Ophthalmic Hospital and a school for blind children. The school is not large, the number of pupils not exceeding thirty; but the earnest devotion of the director, M. Hirzel, to his work, the care and discretion with which he weighs every proposed measure for the improvement of his pupils, and the conscientious fidelity with which every department of instruction is conducted, are worthy of all praise, and render the institution in many respects a model school. M. Hirzel visited this country in 1851, for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements had been made here in the instruction of the blind.

We shall reserve our account of American institutions to another chapter, merely remarking here that the first was incorporated in 1829, but not organized till 1832, and that at the beginning of 1834 there were three; namely, at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

In this connection it will, we think, interest our readers, if we give the history of the different modes of printing for the blind. As there are many errors in the popular narratives on this subject, we have been at great pains to ascertain the truth, and our readers may rely implicitly upon our statements. We have already said that Haüy was the inventor of the art of printing in relief for the use of the blind.

To render this mode of printing serviceable to the class for whom it was designed, it was necessary that it should be larger than ordinary type, well defined both as to the distinctness of the embossing, and the form of each letter, and that the letters should possess such marked and peculiar forms, that one would not be readily mistaken for another.

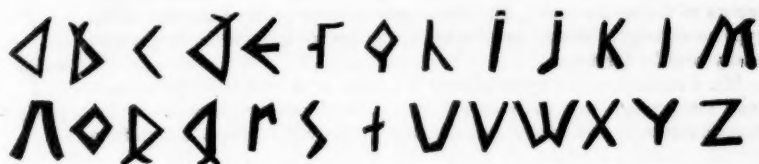
To accomplish these desirable ends, Haüy selected the Illyrian letter, which, being square where the ordinary letters are round, would, he thought, be more easily deciphered by the blind. He was undoubtedly correct in this opinion; but his embossing was faulty in not elevating the letters sufficiently. Dr. Guillié attempted to modify this type somewhat, and congratulated the public on his success; but the greater part of the editions of the twenty-two volumes, folio, printed in his type, were subsequently sold as waste paper, being too indistinct to be read successfully by the blind.

It was probably during the administration of his successor, Dr. Pignier, that the change was made from the Illyrian to a common letter, somewhat analogous to script, of which we give an example. It is certain that this letter was used as early as 1833, for we have in our possession specimens that were printed in that year. This type is still used throughout the continent of Europe, having been slightly changed in order to increase the sharpness of the embossing, by M. Dufau, the present director of the institute for the blind youth at Paris.

With that reluctance to believe that any good thing could come from France, which was so marked a characteristic of the English people in the early part of the present century, this invention remained entirely unnoticed in England until 1826, for no other reason, apparently, than because it originated in France and was invented by a Frenchman.

In 1826 Mr. James Gall, Principal of the Edinburgh Institution for the Blind, commenced a series of experiments with a

*Our father who art in heaven hal-
lowed be thy name thy kingdom come*



GALL'S TRIANGULAR ALPHABET.

great variety of alphabets, including all the common and several arbitrary alphabets, with a view of ascertaining what form of letter was best adapted to be read by touch. On the 28th of September, 1827, he published a "First Book for Teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind." This is a small oblong octavo volume of nine pages, with four preliminary leaves giving some account of the principles of the art of printing for the blind. It was printed from wooden type in very high relief, and is believed to have been the first book printed for the blind in Great Britain.

In 1828 he issued a prospectus for the publication, by subscription, of the Gospel by St. John, in raised letters. He did not succeed in perfecting his type to his own satisfaction, however, until 1831, and did not print the book till 1832. It was not published till 1834.

We give above the form of the letters which he adopted. It is known as Gall's triangular alphabet. He published several other small elementary works in this letter, and in 1837 issued the Epistles to the Ephesians and Philippians in letters of the same form, but with serrated edges. He subsequently modified his alphabet by assimilating it more nearly to the Roman letter, but committed the error of introducing capitals.

He has issued, in this letter, the Gospel by St. Luke, the Acts, and a series of tracts for the blind. Mr. Gall's books have never come into general use, probably from their dissimilarity to the ordinary Roman letters; they are well embossed, and the blind read them quite readily. He is entitled to great credit for his unwearied efforts to call attention to the necessity of a literature for the blind, and to the importance of giving them an education.

About 1830 two blind men, David Macbeath, one of the teachers in the Edinburgh Institution, and Robert Milne, a friend of Macbeath, published a description of a string alphabet invented by them, and

which was used to a considerable extent in the Scottish schools for the blind. The Asylum at Glasgow caused the Gospel by St. Mark, the 119th Psalm, and several small works to be executed in it.

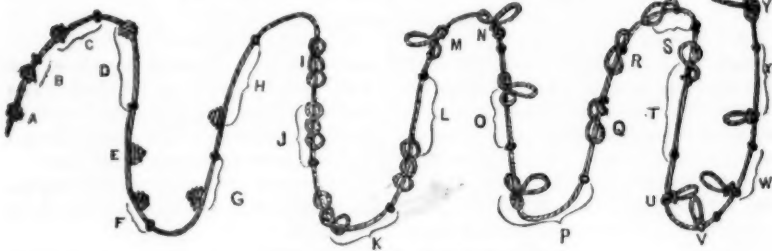
We subjoin an engraving of the alphabet, which will be rendered more clear by a brief description.

The inventors distribute the alphabet into seven classes of four letters each, except the last, which (including the character &) has but three. The first or A class is distinguished by a large round knot; the second or E class by a knot projecting from the line; the third or I class by the "drummer's plait;" the fourth or M class by a simple noose; the fifth or Q class by a noose with a line drawn through it; the sixth or U class by a noose with a net-knot cast on it; and the seventh or Y class by a twisted noose. The first letter of each class is denoted by the simple characteristic of its class; the second by the characteristic with a common knot close to it; for the third the common knot is half an inch distant, and for the fourth one inch distant. This alphabet possesses some advantages for correspondence, the material being cheap, readily procurable, and the letters easily formed under almost any circumstances. We are not aware, however, that it is now used to any considerable extent.

The years 1833 and 1834 seem to have been prolific in alphabets for the blind, no less than three different styles having been adopted in the course of that period. They were all invented in this country, and each, it is believed, at first without the knowledge of the other. Dr. Howe of Boston had been experimenting upon the best form of letters for the blind; and taking much the same view of the subject which Mr. Gall had done, he modified the common English small letters so as to render the form of each as peculiar as practicable, and angular rather than round. His first type contained fourteen letters

upon the square inch, an improvement upon Gall's, which gave only ten letters to the square inch. Dr. Howe subsequently reduced the size of his type so as to give twenty-one letters to the square inch, while it was still easily read by the touch.

Mr. Friedlander, the accomplished principal of the Philadelphia school, took the position that there should be no considerable modification of the Roman letter, and he accordingly adopted a type, which simply differs from



MACBEATH AND MILNE'S STRING ALPHABET.

the ordinary Roman capitals in being deprived of the serups or small strokes at the extremities of the letters. His first experiments were made with a type so large as to render the books too cumbersome; this was subsequently modified till their present type has about seventeen letters to the square inch.

Meantime Dr. John D. Russ, the principal of the New York Institution for the Blind, impressed with the difficulty of conveying to the blind the idea of the various sounds of the vowels in our common alphabet, invented a phonetic alphabet which should represent the different sounds of the language. Of these he made forty-one, each of which was indicated by a different character; to these he added twenty-two characters for suffixes and prefixes. These characters were very ingenious, and retained so nearly the form of the common letters as to be acquired with but little difficulty by seeing persons. They seem to have formed the basis of Andrews and Boyle's phonetic alphabet. Dr. Russ argued that they would greatly facilitate the acquisition of pronunciation by the blind; that they would offer to them no greater difficulty than the common letter,

and that, as many of the characters comprised several letters, they would reduce the size and bulk of books for the blind. This alphabet, however, did not go into general use.

We subjoin specimens of most of these alphabets. To the reader who is blessed with sight the Philadelphia letter (which, being so well known, we have not copied) seems decidedly preferable; but an experience of more than twenty years has fully demonstrated that the Boston letter invented by Dr. Howe is superior to any other for the use of the blind. This is owing mainly to these qualities: the angular form of the letters; the peculiarity of each letter, which does not permit it to be mistaken for any other, and the sharpness and perfection of the embossing. The Jury of the London Crystal Palace on paper, stationery, printing, and book-binding, after a very full account of the different styles of printing for the blind, gave this the decided preference; and in 1854 a convention of superintendents of blind asylums in this country, in which thirteen of the fifteen institutions in the country were represented, by a unanimous vote, expressed their opinion of its superiority.

SR FAAR W ART IN hevn haLoed
B.ki nam ki kπdum Kum ki wil B
Duh on Rk azitiz in hevn

DR. RUSS'S PHONETIC ALPHABET.

SPECIMENS of TYPE.

and i will bring the blind by
a way that they knew not;
i will lead them in paths that
they have not known: i will
make darkness light before
them, and crooked things
straight. these things will i do
unto them, and not forsake
them. isaiah, chapT. xlii, v. 16.

DR. HOWE'S BOSTON LETTER.

In 1837 Dr. Fry, of London, received the prize medal from the Edinburgh Society of Arts, for the best specimen of an alphabet for the blind. This alphabet was neither more nor less than the Philadelphia letter, which had then been in use there four years.

This style of letter was adopted by Mr. Alston, the Principal of the Glasgow Institution for the Blind, who commenced at once the issue of books for the blind, and who has furnished most of the institutions of Great Britain and Ireland with his books. This type requires more surface than the Boston, and the books printed are of course necessarily higher. Since the death of Mr. Alston, in 1846, very little printing has been done by this press.*

* Besides the Bible, in nineteen volumes, Mr. Alston printed the following books: Catechism of the Church of England, one volume; Catechism of the Church of Scotland, (shorter,) one volume; Selections from Eminent Authors, one volume; Selections of Sacred Poetry, with Tunes, one volume; Map of England and Wales; Ruth and James, one volume; First and Second Book of Lessons, one volume; AEsop's Fables, one volume; Psalms and Paraphrases, (Scotch version,) two volumes; Lessons on Religion and Prayer, one volume; Psalms and Hymns, (Tate

In 1835, Mr. T. M. Lucas, of Bristol, England, invented for the use of the Blind Asylum there a stenographic alphabet, said to be founded on Byrom's system of stenography. The alphabet is composed of thirteen simple characters, and thirteen formed from the roots of these, with a crotchet-head to each. There are ten double letters from the same roots distinguished also by the crotchet-head; in all, thirty-six characters. The last ten also represent the nine digits and cipher. The alphabet is said to be simple, speedily learned, and easily read even by persons of no great tactile sensibility. The Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, and John, and the Acts, were printed in this letter at Bristol. In 1840 the types and printing apparatus were removed to Lon-

& Brady,) one volume; Morning and Evening Services, one volume; Epitomized History of the Bible, one volume; Musical Catechism with Tunes, one volume; English Grammar, one volume; Todd's Lectures, three volumes; Description of London, one volume; Meditations on the Sacrament, etc., one volume; Scottish Songs, one volume; Introduction to Astronomy, one volume; Alphabet on card; Outlines of Natural History, Quadrupeds, one volume. In all, forty volumes.

don, and a society formed, under whose direction the Bible has been printed, in about twenty-five volumes, the Psalms in meter, the Prayer Book and Liturgy, a hymn book, Scripture lessons, two class books, two alphabets, maps, &c. The inventor was very sanguine that the abbreviations admitted in his system would enable him to print books in smaller compass and at much less expense than any other system, but his books are in bulk more than twice, and in price nearly three times as much as those printed in Boston.

In May, 1838, the "London and Blackheath Association for embossing the Scriptures in various Languages, and for Teaching the Blind to read on the Phonetic System," was established. Its object is to stereotype the Scriptures in James Hartley Frere's phonetic characters. The characters of this system are similar to those of Gurney's system of short-hand. Soon after the formation of this society Mr. Frere devised a cheap plan for embossing and stereotyping.

Small wires bent and cut to the form of his characters were arranged on tin plates; the plates heated to melt the tin, into which the wire sunk and remained fast when cold. The embossing was done with a common printing press. Mr. Frere's books are read from left to right and back, like the ancient Greek Boustrophedon writing. Besides the New Testament and part of the Old, Mr. Frere has printed in this character, a grammar, a book of morning and evening prayers, hymns from Cowper and Newton, and five addresses to those who wish to go to heaven.

In 1847, Mr. W. Moon, principal of the Brighton Blind Asylum, invented another alphabet of arbitrary characters, which, though larger and more expensive than Mr. Frere's, is read in the same way, and printed by a similar process. In this character he has printed the New Testament and about twenty other small books, mostly of from ten to fifteen pages 8vo. each.

The objections to the processes of Messrs. Moon and Frere are too numerous to permit their books ever to be used extensively; they are read with more difficulty than those in the ordinary letter, particularly by that large class of the blind who have lost their sight after having learned to read; they are more than twice as expensive as the books printed

in the Boston type, and full twice as large. In addition to this, every attempt at enabling the blind to read in an arbitrary letter serves to isolate them from community, and thus making them a separate class, to cut them off from the sympathies of those with whom they are in habits of daily intercourse. This is an evil to be avoided at almost any sacrifice.

The Institution for the Blind at Staunton, Virginia, commenced printing for the blind in 1848, and has issued since that time Parley's History of the United States in four volumes, the Little Story Book in one volume, and several French and other elementary books; in all, about twelve volumes.

We have thus passed in review what has been accomplished in printing for the blind since Haüy's discovery of raised letter printing. The aggregate seems quite large, yet in reality it furnishes a very meager supply for the intellectual wants of a class whose minds are so active as those of the blind. Let us analyze these lists of books a little; and as we have to do mainly with those who speak the English tongue, we will confine our attention to the books printed in English.

It has been estimated, and probably correctly, that there are at least fifty thousand blind persons who speak the English tongue. These are divided something in this way: United States and Canada, fifteen thousand; Great Britain and Ireland, twenty-five thousand; British colonies, except Canada, ten thousand.

At least one fifth of these can now read, or might easily be taught to do so. Now what is the intellectual aliment afforded to these ten thousand readers in raised letter volumes? We must leave out of the account the books printed by Frere's and Moon's processes; as, aside from the few pupils under their own care, it is not probable that they will supply many readers, and the omission is of less consequence, because most of the books published by them are also published in the common letter. Upon examining Dr. Howe's catalogue, we find that, aside from the Scriptures, (which the Bible Society have arranged to render accessible to all the reading blind,) and the text books used in the institution itself, and in other institutions, there are eight volumes of a Cyclopaedia, to be completed in twenty volumes,

and twelve other volumes, of which one is the Book of Common Prayer, and another a collection of hymns for the blind. Many of these are quite small, such as "Sixpenny Glass of Wine," "Dairyman's Daughter," "Harvey Boys," etc. The Philadelphia press has issued twelve miscellaneous books, of which a magazine for the blind, published from 1838 to 1843, comprises six. The Glasgow press has nine miscellaneous volumes, the Virginia Institution five. In all, then, there are forty-six miscellaneous books published for the reading of the blind in the English tongue, or, if those published by Messrs. Frere and Moon be added, there are fifty-five. Of these, full one half do not exceed seventy-five pages each.

Such a supply is evidently entirely inadequate to the wants of persons of ordinary intelligence; and while so meager in quantity, the prices at which the books are necessarily held, place them beyond the means of by far the greater proportion of the blind. The fifty-five volumes would cost at least seventy dollars. It is plain, then, that there is but a single alternative: either printing for the blind must be relinquished, and these unfortunates, already deprived of sight, be compelled to undergo the further deprivation of intellectual culture, or attain it by means of the voices and eyes of others, or some more efficient method must be devised for providing and furnishing to them the literature of the English tongue.

So deeply have the instructors of the blind been convinced of this, that in the summer of 1853 a convention of the superintendents of blind institutions was held in New York, and at that convention a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress for a grant of land, "a portion to be equitably applied to all the states, for the education of their blind, and a portion for a specific fund for printing books in raised letters."

This application has not yet been successful, but it is to be hoped that, under the auspices of a new administration, a favorable ear may be turned to a petition which, if granted, would bring joy to so many desolate homes, and render so many sad hearts happy.

In our next we shall describe the various processes for enabling the blind to write, and also give an account of the efforts for their industrial education.

JOHN FOSTER.

AS a writer, John Foster has had few superiors; as a thinker, few equals. But his crowning praise is, that his splendid talents and attainments were consecrated to the cause of evangelical religion, and that his life furnished convincing evidence of the power of Christianity to dignify and adorn the character. The history of such a man is interesting and instructive. To the young, especially, it presents an example worthy of emulation, while it unfolds some of the noblest aspirations, efforts, and triumphs of the soul.

He was born at a small place in England called Wadsworth Lanes, September 17th, 1770. His parents followed the occupation of farming and weaving. They were persons of sound understanding and fervent piety, and lived to a very advanced age. John assisted them at the loom until his fourteenth year. He was remarkably diffident and awkward, and such were the maturity of his ideas and language, and the gravity of his deportment, that his companions applied to him the epithet of "old-fashioned." Doubtless few of his neighbors had sufficient discernment to perceive that these peculiarities were but the foreshadowings of the distinction which awaited him in after life. He seldom mingled in the sports of his youthful companions, and ever carried about with him a painful consciousness of a want of congeniality between himself and those by whom he was surrounded. He early displayed a fondness for the contemplation of the works of nature, especially those of a grand and impressive kind, and so powerful was the principle of association in his mind, that the very sound of the words *woods* and *forests* was capable of exciting strong emotion. While at home, he devoted his leisure hours to assiduous study. His favorite branch was English literature, although the range of his reading was necessarily rather limited. He was particularly fond of books of voyages and travels, which gratified his love of the romantic. Poetry and theology also interested him much. Young's "Night Thoughts" suited the somber complexion of his mind, and he often perused it with intense pleasure. At the age of fourteen he experienced decided religious impressions, and at seventeen he connected himself with the Baptist Church at Hebdenbridge. The pastor,

Rev. Dr. Fawcett, who observed, with much pleasure, his uncommon intelligence and seriousness of disposition, advised him to dedicate himself to the work of the ministry. He accordingly became an inmate of Brearley Hall, an institution of an academical and theological character. Here he pursued his studies with so much zeal as to excite apprehensions in regard to his health. What he did was done slowly but thoroughly. He daily exhibited the qualities of decision, energy, and perseverance. His biographer says of him:

"One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions was to sit with a hand on each knee, and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call *pumping*."

While at Brearley Hall he preached frequently, and spent much time in visiting the poor, the sick, and the aged. Besides conversing and praying with them, he was accustomed to read the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm. After spending three years at Brearley, he was admitted into the Baptist college at Bristol. Here he formed an acquaintance with Rev. Joseph Hughes, classical tutor in the institution. This acquaintance soon ripened into a warm and delightful friendship.

His letters, written during his stay at Bristol, are charming specimens of epistolary composition. Some of them are quite humorous, but, in general, they are pervaded by that elegant pensiveness which formed so marked a feature of his character. In one of them he speaks of having spent a day at the residence of Hannah More, who lived a few miles from Bristol, and pays a fine tribute to her talents and virtues. The following extract from a letter to his former pastor, Dr. Fawcett, shows how earnest, at this time, were his longings after moral and intellectual greatness:

"I can sometimes grasp the idea of universal and transcendent excellence; and it always excites at least a temporary ebullition of spirit. I cannot doubt the possibility of becoming greatly wise and greatly good; and while such an object places itself in view, and invites pursuit, no spirit that possesses the least portion of ethereal fire can remain unmoved. I despise

mediocrity; I wish to kindle with the ardor of genius; I am mortified, almost to death, to feel my mind so contracted, and its energies so feeble or so torpid; I read such writers as Young and Johnson with a mixture of pleasure and vexation. I cannot forbear asking myself, Why cannot I think in a manner as forcible and as original as theirs? Why cannot I rise to their sublimities of sentiment, or even to an elevation still more stupendous? Why cannot I pierce through nature with a glance? Why cannot I effuse those beams of genius which penetrate every object, and illuminate every scene? I believe the possible enlargement of the human mind is quite indefinite, and that Heaven has not fixed any impassable bounds.

"I am solicitous to cultivate warm and growing piety. I know that on it happiness entirely depends, and that without it intellectual pursuits either cannot be successful, or in proportion to the degree of success will be injurious. That character is the most dignified which reflects the most lively image of the Divine excellence. Heaven is the proper region of sublimity; and the more we dwell there, the more we shall triumph in conscious grandeur of soul. Intimate communion with the Deity will invest us, like Moses, with a celestial radiance. At the same time, I am experimentally convinced that the spirit of religion is extremely delicate and fine, and no moderate degree of vigilance is requisite to preserve it. This vigilance is absolutely incompatible with indolence and thoughtlessness; and these are the evil spirits that most particularly haunt me, and from which I have suffered, and still suffer greatly. O for a mind all alive to religion, completely consecrated to God, and habitually devotional."

From Bristol Mr. Foster removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he presided over a small congregation. While here he lived in strict retirement. He remained in this place only three months. Having spent some time with his friends in Yorkshire, he accepted an invitation to preach statedly for a small society worshipping in Swift's Alley, Dublin. His success in this situation was by no means flattering, and we next find him at the head of a classical and mathematical school, which, however, he abandoned in eight or nine months. During his residence in Dublin he was also connected with an ultra-democratic association, called "Sons of Brutus," a connection which nearly cost him an imprisonment. At this period his religious opinions were in a fluctuating state, and we actually find him requesting a friend to inform him of an Arian congregation in want of a preacher, and proffering his services at the same time, in case such a society could be found. In a letter written about this time, he declares, in strong terms, his aversion to everything *institutional* in religion, and his preference

to regard it as a "grand spiritual and moral element," entirely independent of rites and ecclesiastical corporations.

Upon the recommendation of Rev. Robert Hall, *clarum et memorabile nomen*, Mr. Foster was solicited to become the minister of a congregation in Frome, to which place he removed in the early part of 1804. In a letter to a valued female friend, he complains of a want of a proper warmth and earnestness in his public ministrations. He says:

"My greatest difficulty is to feel the influence of religion in my own mind, a sufficient degree of which would inspire in public a zeal and energy that would easily triumph over a few difficulties, and most of all over that barren, uninterested coldness which I so often feel and deplore. My dear friend, to cultivate individual Christianity is, and probably ever will be, the greatest of all our difficulties. Do you not find it so? With a full measure of this religion in the heart, half the gloomy feelings of life would vanish; for the prospect of its end would be divinely animating, and all the cares of the course would be alleviated by an habitual trust in Providence, and a solid assurance of all dispensations and temporary evils tending and conducing toward final and infinite felicity. Let us then resolve to make more vigorous and constant efforts to obtain a large augmentation of this internal, this infinite and never-failing consolation."

During his residence in Frome, his Essays, upon which his celebrity is chiefly based, were given to the world. They were respectively entitled, "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself;" "On Decision of Character;" "On the Application of the Epithet Romantic;" and "On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." They were in the form of letters, and were addressed to the lady to whom he was afterward married. Before their publication, they were subjected to frequent and careful revisions, and to the critical inspection of Rev. Mr. Hughes. They were very much admired, and scarcely four months had elapsed before a second edition was demanded. In 1806 a third edition was published. About this time he began to contribute to the *Eclectic Review*, a journal whose pages were graced by his productions during a long series of years. Mr. Foster's health now began to suffer, to such an extent, indeed, that he was compelled to resign the pastoral office. The four months following his resignation were spent at Battersea and Margate. On his

return to Frome, he resumed his literary labors, upon which he now became entirely dependent.

In May, 1808, Mr. Foster was married to a lady whose intellectuality and moral worth rendered her a fitting life-companion for such a man. If the saying be true, that some unions are formed as we live, this was certainly one of them. To both parties it seems to have been productive of almost unalloyed felicity. In one of his letters he observes:

"We both every day express our gratitude to Heaven for having given us to each other; and we hope that it will continue a cause of the most lively gratitude as long as we live, and also in a state after death. I most entirely believe that no man on earth has a wife more fondly affectionate, more anxious to promote his happiness, or more dependent for her own on his tenderness for her. In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns, we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments or dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment. Greater trials of our mutual affection and respect than any that have yet occurred will undoubtedly arise in the course of life, if it is considerably protracted; but the experiment thus far has given us a stronger confidence in the perpetuity of tenderness and harmony than it was possible for us to have, previously to any experiment at all."

In 1810 Foster's domestic happiness was increased by the birth of a son. Writing to one of his friends shortly after this event, he says, in his characteristic way:

"If the fellow turns out good, I shall not so much mind about his being extra clever. It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting; and if all were good, none would need to be able. I am willing to hope that by the time he comes to be a man, if that should ever be, the world will be a little better than it is at present, and will have made a perceptible advance toward that state in which talents will be little wanted. It is at the same time needless to say that it would be gratifying that a son should have some qualifications for being an agent in the happy process. Physically the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. The young fellow has not yet been thought worth calling by any name. My sisters-in-law do not approve of either Adam or Cain, and one does not like to expose one's self to a veto a third time. If he is lucky enough to get any name at last, I should not wonder if it were to be, according to your injunction, John."

During his residence at Bourton, where his eldest child was born, four other children were added to his family, of whom

two died in their infancy. His life now flowed onward in an even tenor, diversified by literary labors, in frequent preaching, occasional visits to his particular friends, and domestic cares and enjoyments. He made a second effort to perform acceptably the duties of the pastoral office in Downend, but he soon relinquished his engagement entirely. Many fruitless experiments had demonstrated to himself and others that he was better fitted for a life of literary exertion than for the discharge of the ministerial functions.

In December, 1818, Mr. Foster delivered a sermon in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which he afterward expanded into his essay on the "Evils of Popular Ignorance." The work was published in 1820. It shows that he had long been a careful observer of the moral, social, and political condition of a large mass of his countrymen. His views are expressed with a force, a pungency, and a depth of feeling, which show how keenly he sympathized with the intellectual and spiritual degradation so rife in his native land. The work contains, at the same time, a stern rebuke, and one sadly needed, to the dominant classes, whom he regarded as, in some degree, the efficient causes of that state of things which he deplored. In the autumn of this year he commenced the revision of the work for a second edition, which was a laborious process, and occupied several months.

In 1821 Mr. Foster removed to Stapleton, within three miles of Bristol. Here he wrote his "Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." In October, 1826, he experienced a heavy affliction in the loss of his only son. The youth died at the age of sixteen years. His disease, consumption, had manifested itself some time previously, and had been temporarily arrested at different times, but at length its progress became so rapid that all the resources of art, and all the efforts of affection, could not avert the fatal stroke. He was a boy of bright promise, and was supported in the season of sickness and death by the precious consolations of the Gospel. It is equally affecting and delightful to read the letters in which the father alludes to the sad event, hallowed, as they are, by a spirit of true Christian resignation.

Mr. Foster was far from being an uninterested observer of the passing events of

the religious world. He took a lively interest, at this time, in the Serampore controversy. After the death of Mr. Fuller, in 1815, a difficulty arose between the missionaries at Serampore (Carey, Marshman, and Ward) and the Baptist Missionary Society, which resulted in their acting as separate bodies. In 1826 Dr. Marshman arrived in England, and spent some time under Mr. Foster's roof, engaged in preparing for the press a vindication of himself and his missionary brethren. The explanations of this gentleman satisfied Mr. Foster that he and his compeers had been grossly misrepresented, and that they were men of remarkable Christian devotion. It was not to be expected that Foster's pen would remain idle when so favorable an opportunity was presented of wielding it in the cause of truth and virtue. Accordingly, he prepared an introduction to Dr. Marshman's work, and entered into an extensive correspondence for the purpose of promoting the objects which that gentleman had in view.

The agreeableness of Mr. Foster's residence at Stapleton was greatly enhanced by the return of Rev. Robert Hall to Bristol, and by the settlement of Rev. W. Anderson in the same city, as tutor in the Baptist College. In these extraordinary men he found congenial associates, and many were the happy hours which he spent in their society. Mr. Hall was ever an object of his enthusiastic admiration and respect, and it cannot be a matter of surprise that these sentiments were sincerely reciprocated. He constantly urged that gifted individual, either personally or through his friends, to engage more largely in writing, and thus to extend more widely his influence, and leave behind him a greater number of permanent memorials of his character. On the occasion of his funeral, Mr. Foster was requested to preach a discourse, but, being too unwell to speak in public, he declined. In lieu of this, however, he prepared a tribute to the memory of his lamented friend, which he called "Observations on Mr. Hall as a Preacher."

In the year 1832, Mr. Foster was called to mourn the death of her who had so long been his appreciating and affectionate companion. Her death, which had been preceded by an illness of protracted duration, was calm and serene. His letters

show that the bereavement was mitigated by the reflection that she had gone to a better world, whither the precarious state of his own health led him to believe that he would soon follow her. Not long after this he had to lament the decease of his attached friends, Anderson, Hughes, Coles, Fawcett, (son of Dr. Fawcett,) and his only brother. His parents had died previously. Thus the ties which bound him to earth were being rapidly sundered.

On the 24th of September, 1843, he took to his room, and never more left it. His cough increased, and the slightest exertion produced much exhaustion. When not prevented by extreme weakness, he talked upon religious subjects to those around him, and dwelt with special emphasis upon the evil of sin, and the efficacy of the great atonement. One evening, when he appeared to be weaker than usual, some one said to him, "You are very languid to-night." "Yes," he replied, "I shall languish out of this mortal life some time not long hence."

On October 14th, feeling considerably worse, he requested to be left alone during the afternoon and evening. At six o'clock the next morning, an old and valued servant quietly entered his apartment, and found that he had expired. "His arms were gently extended, and his countenance was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep. Death had taken place but a very short time, for only the forehead was cold." On the next Saturday he was buried in the graveyard belonging to the chapel at Downend, where he had formerly preached.

In forming an estimate of Foster's character, we scarcely know whether to assign greater prominence to his intellectual or moral qualities. In both his proportions were colossal. His mind presented a rare combination of the speculative and the practical. He was not satisfied with superficial views upon any subject, but probed every question to the very bottom. He was an earnest and untiring seeker after the truth, especially in matters pertaining to religion. We have not traced, step by step, the progress of his religious opinions; but it is sufficient to say that he abandoned his early errors, and came at last to hold the tenets of the Christian faith, excepting only the doctrine of eternal punishment, on which point he had

doubts to the last. His heart was full of warm and kindly impulses. He was accustomed to say that he possessed a "convergency of feeling" which would not permit him to have many friends. To those which he had he was devotedly attached. Nor was he deficient in a spirit of enlarged philanthropy. No one deplored more than he the vices and follies of his race. He was benevolent to the poor, and even dumb animals shared his tenderness. In large companies he was not talkative, but among a few of his attached friends his tongue was loosed, and he spoke freely and eloquently. He was passionately fond of music, and took great delight in works of a graphical character, of which he had many in his well-filled library. But the brightest charm of his character was his unaffected piety. He constantly lived under the influence of the things that are "unseen and eternal."

It is unnecessary to enter into any extended remarks in relation to his writings. These are well known, and to the meditative reader must ever prove a rich treasury of thought and feeling. The language in which they are written is an exact exponent of the ideas which it was intended to convey. It is, as it were, the transparent vesture through which can be seen the movements of the mighty spirit which animates it. Of his works, probably the best is that "On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." It is a masterpiece of metaphysical analysis. Among the productions which we have not already specified, as emanating from his pen, are his "Letters to Miss Saunders," his "Letters on the Established Church and Dissent," and his "Letters on the Ballot," which last were addressed to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places.—*Milton*.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

WE give the following strange narrative on the credit of the narrator. At the close is indicated a fact upon which the story may have been founded.

One evening toward the close of a visit to Germany, Fritz and I were sitting alone in the *rauch-zimmer*, chatting pleasantly over our early friendship, and recalling the *burschen* life with all its vanished joys and sorrows. It was a wild night. The wind howled in fitful gusts across the mountains, and came moaning through the old belfry in accents of despair. Heavy masses of clouds scudded rapidly along the heavens, and everything betokened a storm. It was just such a night as the spectral huntsman and his lawless gang would choose for their unearthly glee amid the Harz Mountains—such a night as, if sleeping alone in a certain ruined tower not far distant, I should fully expect about two o'clock the panel of the wainscoting to open with an unearthly sound, and a lady in white to advance stealthily to my side, and imprint *three* frozen kisses on my brow, then, with uplifted finger and a reproachful glance, slowly again retire. In fact, it was one of those nights when, bluster as we will, we are all of us superstitious, and when, for my own part, I would assuredly prefer the society of a boon companion, to being left alone in any ruined tower in any part of Germany. The wind rose higher and higher, and the dismal shriek-owl mingled its notes with those of a dog in the village, baying at the moon. We drew nearer the fire, threw a fresh log on, and smoked hard. My friend was evidently distraught and uneasy; and after an unusually long pause, during which he puffed out enormous mouthfuls of smoke, he turned suddenly round and said:

"Harry, since you have been here, you have often wondered how I became possessed of my present fortune. I know it. I could see it in every look. I enjoyed mystifying you; but I never intended letting you depart without telling you how I made my money. You remember a Wert-erish sort of letter I wrote you a year or two ago. About that time I was in considerable trouble. Our regiment had been stationed for some months in a small town on the Bohemian frontier; and, as I had nothing else to do, I managed to fall in love, veritably over head and ears in love,

with the daughter of a neighboring nobleman. At first all went on prosperously enough, and I had already constructed some very magnificent *châteaux en Espagne* for our future abode. My love was amply returned; and the confiding innocence of a young country girl, fresh and pure as one of her own mountain flowers, contrasted so favorably with the artificial graces of the great ladies I had recently left in Vienna, that I felt a tremulous rapture, difficult to describe, in possessing the affections of so pure a heart. Matters went on in this happy way for some time; but 'always to woo and never to wed,' although good in a song, becomes a bore in reality; so I screwed up sufficient courage one afternoon, as we were sitting alone chatting, to ask the count's consent to our marriage. He seemed perfectly astonished, and asked me what fortune I had to support a wife upon. Here was a knock-down blow to all my hopes. Fortune—my fortune! Surely it must be a joke for any one to ask Lieutenant Fritz von H— what his fortune was. But I resolved to use no deception; so I gave the old gentleman a minute and graphic account of my worldly possessions. As I concluded, he rose, saying very quietly:

"I wish to avoid all recriminations. If you have been wrong in playing the rôle of an adventurer—pardon the expression—I was equally to blame in encouraging your visits; therefore I cast no reproach upon your conduct; it was what men of the world and romance writers would applaud. Now, let there be no further doubt on this subject. You are a suitor for my daughter's hand; her affections, you say, are already yours, and I believe your general character to be fair and honorable. I therefore will not raise any unnecessary obstacles in the way of your union, (I was ready to embrace the old fellow for joy,) but there are conditions (my face fell immediately) which must be fulfilled before my consent can be obtained. I consider that it would not be prudent for two young people in your station of life to marry much under a yearly income of 6000 florins. My daughter's marriage portion will not exceed the moiety of this sum. Therefore, my young friend, you will see that, until you can make up the difference, I should not be doing my duty were I to yield to your wishes; and ringing the bell, he bowed me out with perfect courtesy.

"I left the house mechanically without saying a word. I was quite stupefied, and continued so for the next few days. I have the recollection of writing a letter to the dear girl I was losing, but what about, it would puzzle me much to tell. At length the colonel, seeing how ill I looked, gave me a month's leave of absence, and advised me strongly to travel. Caring but little where I went, I found myself, after a week's ramble, deposited one afternoon just outside the pretty village of Homburg, where I engaged a quiet lodging for a few days. The neighboring scenery pleased me; and that was lucky, for I cared nothing just then, as you may believe, for sociality of any kind. That evening I read part of *Zanoni*, took a stroll in the Frankfort road, and returned to bed at an early hour. When I awoke next morning, the first object that met my eye was a large heap of gold carefully piled up on the dressing-table. Strange that I had not observed it before. I must have mistaken my bedroom, or made some confounded blunder; so I immediately rang the bell, and demanded an explanation of the mystery. The landlady could not solve it; I was in my own room; no money was left there last night; the servants had neither seen nor heard any one moving about the house; consequently, I must have placed the gold on the table myself.

"Unable to get at any explanation, I carefully counted the money, which amounted to the large sum of ten thousand florins, and locked it up in my portmanteau, fully expecting to have a claimant for it in the course of the day. But, to my great surprise, no such person appeared, and I went to bed that night with these riches still in my possession, previously taking the precaution to lock my door and place the key under my pillow. The following morning, a similar heap of gold and bank-notes stood on my table. I sprang out of bed, unlocked my portmanteau, and found the money I had deposited there untouched. I next examined the room: there was no entrance but through the door, and this was fastened, and the key safely stowed away under the pillow. I now called the landlady, and somewhat sternly rebuked her for permitting these practical jokes in her house; but the poor woman's face too plainly showed that she at least was innocent of all participation in them; so that I again

counted the money, and placed it with the other sum.

"That night, before going to bed, I made a minute survey of the premises, carefully hasping the window and locking the door; but the good fairy who supplied me so liberally with gold, was not to be shut out thus easily, and I found, on awakening, a larger sum than ever on my table. It was perfectly useless asking the landlady or servants any further questions—they only stared at me; and the other lodgers were by no means persons of affluence. Unable, therefore, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I rambled about the promenade in a somewhat dreamy state of mind that day. I thought people seemed to look at me in a peculiar manner as I passed along, but this was probably mere fancy on my part. Toward evening, I received a letter from my darling girl, saying that she had at length succeeded in inducing her father to accept me as his future son-in-law, and that they were now on their way to Homburg. The count added a few lines, wherein he stated that this decision was caused partly by his daughter's entreaties and failing health, and also by the excellent character my colonel had given him of me. You can easily imagine my joy at this unexpected announcement; in fact, it was almost greater than I could with safety bear in my then excited state of mind. Brimful of happiness, I ate a light supper that evening, smoked two or three pipes, and was sound asleep long before midnight; but although I went to bed at an early hour, I felt unusually lethargic in the morning, and when I awoke, it was ten o'clock, and the count was waiting for me in the adjoining room. I sprang out of bed to embrace him.

"'Hold, sir!' said he, drawing himself up proudly. 'I promised my daughter's hand to a poor but honorable man; it shall never be given to a wealthy blackleg;' and he pointed scornfully to the table, where, as usual, lay a mass of bank-notes and gold.

"I felt the blood mount to my head as he uttered these words, but I made a grand effort to be calm.

"'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I know you do not wish to add insult to my other misfortunes, and therefore I attribute those harsh expressions entirely to misapprehension. I never was a gambler. I have

no wish to deny or even extenuate my many transgressions, but I solemnly assure you that I never was a gambler. Let me know the name of your informant, and he shall either eat his own words or bite the dust before another day is over.'

"The count shook his head, and pointed to the heap of gold.

"I most solemnly protest that I am ignorant of how that money came here!"

"The count still shook his head, and smiled ironically.

"In the name of God, here on my bended knees, I protest I know not how it came there; and as a soldier and a man of honor, I pledge my life that what I have said is true.'

"The count still shook his head, and his lips wore the same incredulous smile.

"If, sir, you neither believe my word as a Christian, nor my word as a gentleman," said I, rising indignantly, 'I have nothing further to add, save merely this—that had any other man but the Count von S. insulted me in this manner, his conduct should not have passed with impunity. For your daughter's sake, for the deep love I shall ever bear toward her, I am content to suffer this indignity unavenged; and I rang the bell for the servant to open the door.

"You renounce all pretension to my daughter's hand?" said the count, perfectly unmoved.

"Never!" cried I, passionately—"never at the bidding of a fickle and remorseless tyrant! never until she herself renounces me."

"She has done so!" calmly replied my visitor, opening his pocket-book and delivering to me a letter.

"I clutched the paper frantically in my hand; I fastened my eyes on the well-known characters. It was too true—she discarded me! In a few calm but decisive sentences, blotted with tears, but not otherwise evincing any grief, she acquainted me with my doom. The missive fell like a stone from my grasp, and an icy chill shot into my heart.

"You no longer refuse my request?" asked the count, moving across the room.

"I do not, sir," replied I, with a great effort at self-control, all my pride coming to my temporary assistance. 'I willingly renounce every claim to your daughter's hand, and hope she may enjoy the happiness she so fully deserves. With the

greatest imaginable pleasure, count, I renounce *your friendship*, and trust that your chivalrous conduct on this occasion will ever continue to be a subject of self-gratulation. I have the honor to wish you a very good-morning, Count von S.;' and so saying, I most courteously attended my visitor to the door.

"When he had gone, I staggered back to my chamber, and fell almost senseless into the arm-chair. How long I continued there, I cannot say. The hours passed without my taking the slightest heed of their rapid flight. Breakfast was brought to me, and I ate it; the same with dinner and supper; I ate them heartily, I believe, but without the slightest appetite. I smoked, I drank wine, but all mechanically, as it were, without enjoyment, and yet I was not positively ill. One single thought, the thought of my mysteriously acquired wealth, preyed upon my mind with the morbid tenacity peculiar to an over-strung nervous system. It haunted me like a specter, that heap of gold; and I would have willingly given the whole of it to learn by what stealthy means it came into my possession. But fruitless were my endeavors to solve the enigma; and I finally determined, by way of quieting my mind, and at the same time convincing the count of the injustice he had done me, to state the entire case to the municipal authorities, intrust the money to their care, for the benefit of the poor, in case no one claimed it within a certain period, and then to leave the place. After forming this resolution, I felt much relieved, and took up my hat for a stroll. It was a lovely evening, and groups of gay promenaders were out enjoying the balmy summer air; and at a short distance from the village, I met the count, his daughter, and an elderly gentleman, who was talking to his companions in an unusually grave manner. As I approached, the stranger gazed at me with much apparent interest, the others passing by with a very slight mark of recognition. I observed, however, that the poor girl looked pale and much dejected; and cut to the quick by the spectacle of her unhappiness, yet smarting under a sense of her cruel conduct, I returned home, fully resolved to depart in the course of the following day, and by active employment in some foreign country, endeavor to forget my past misery.

"To my infinite surprise, however, I was awakened next morning by a loud rapping at the door, and on opening it, was warmly embraced by the count, who, with many apologies for his harsh conduct, begged that I would dismiss all recollection of it from my mind.

"I started back, rubbed my eyes, and stared at my companion in perfect amazement. Was he mad? or was I dreaming? or were we, both of us, a couple of lunatics? I felt my head wander, and knew not what to say.

"'Forgive me, my dear boy,' said he, pressing my hand; 'forgive me for my unjust suspicions yesterday; and if you can so far forget what then transpired, my daughter may still live to be a happy woman.' Here he gave me a letter from her, full of repentance, of joy at my innocence, and of passionate love.

"I was more amazed than ever. The usual heap of *rouleaux* and bank-notes, my fairy gift, lay on the dressing-table; nothing was altered; why, then, this violent change in the count's conduct? I began to suspect that his mind was slightly disordered, and that this was the real cause of his eccentric behavior. He evidently guessed at my thoughts, for he said, with a quiet smile:

"'No, no, my boy; it is not so; but I will at once explain this strange story. After you left V., my daughter's health appeared to be in danger of breaking down; and hearing Colonel von Stein speak so favorably of your character, I determined on waiving all further objections to your union; but no sooner had I arrived at Homburg, than I heard every one talking of the extraordinary luck of a young Austrian officer, who had for the last week been a nightly visitor and large gainer at the rouge-et-noir tables. I listened attentively, struck by the resemblance this young officer bore to yourself; and, on further inquiry, learned that it was no other person than my accepted son-in-law who was becoming so notorious. At first, I could scarcely credit this tale; but hearing it confirmed on all sides, I was compelled to believe it. From your landlady, I gathered that it was your habit to retire to bed at an early hour, then to get up, dress, and leave the house; that you usually returned about midnight with a bag of money, which she was informed you had won at the Kursaal.

"'Ah, sir, I fear the poor young gentleman is touched here,' said the woman, pointing to her forehead, 'for in the morning he will call me up, and ask a hundred questions about how the money came into the room.'

"'As there could be no further doubt concerning your identity, I informed my daughter of the result of my inquiries; and the poor girl, although with a breaking heart, saw at once the infamy of marrying a blackleg; for it was the general opinion that your invariable success did not proceed from mere chance. The scene that took place yesterday was in consequence of these discoveries; and although no one can regret it more than myself, I still think the circumstances that had then just transpired at all events serve to palliate my conduct. However, to proceed, for I observe you are eager for the *dénouement*. At the table-d'hôte, I sat next to a celebrated physician from Berlin; the same gentleman you saw with us last evening; who, among other things, told me that he was then watching a curious case of somnambulism, and that, if I felt any interest in such matters, he would be happy to show it me. I accepted his offer; and we were talking the matter over, when you passed by us, and the doctor, to my great amazement, whispered in my ear:

"'That is the young man; he frequents the *salon de jeu* every night at a certain hour, and wins large sums of money.'

"My curiosity was now highly excited, and I accompanied my friend to the gambling-rooms, where I anxiously awaited your arrival. At length the door opened, and you entered the apartment, took your seat at the table, opened your pocket-book, and drew out some notes with the most perfect coolness. I confess I was astonished, for, after your violent protestations of innocence, I did not expect you would have had the effrontery to ply your black art before my very eyes. As for the somnambulism, I frankly confess I did not believe a word of it: your eyes were wide awake; you even surveyed me quite unabashed; and your fixed look and rigid manner I attributed to trick. The game proceeded: a crowd of eager spectators flocked round the table; you played heavily, and constantly won. At length, after a pause, you laid the highest stake permitted by the laws of the establishment

on the *zéro noir*. There was a stir of excitement among the bystanders; the croupiers looked grave, and the banker took copious pinches of snuff. At length the ball was sent whirling round the cylinder.

"*Le jeu est fait*," said the croupier with unusual excitement, and immediately the ball fell.

"An exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of all present. By one of those rare chances in the game, the zero had won, and the manager had prepared to pay you thirty-five times the amount of your stake; at the same time informing the company, that in consequence of the run of ill-luck it had sustained, the bank was broken for the night; whereupon you quietly gathered your money together, and rose from your seat. Our eyes met, but you showed no mark of recognition; and boiling over with indignation at this unparalleled charlatanry, I was on the point of openly accusing you of your barefaced trick, when the doctor suddenly pulled my sleeve.

"*For God's sake, do not speak to him at present*," said he in evident alarm. "If you awake him now, he will probably never leave this room alive;" and he held me back.

"We followed you out of the building, and saw you walk steadily home with your bag of gold, take out a key, open the street-door, light a lamp, and mount the stairs to your bed-room. From a gate on the opposite side of the road, we could see you arrange your money on the table, then quietly undress, get into bed, and extinguish the light.

"That young man's case is, one of the most curious I have yet met with," said the doctor.

"And do you seriously believe that he has been asleep all this time?" asked I incredulously.

"Most assuredly. I am as convinced of the fact as that we two are now awake. In the course of a pretty long practice, several strange instances of sleep-walking have presented themselves to my notice, and, as you are possibly aware, I enjoy some little reputation in this branch of the science. Had you startled that young man, the probability is that he would have dropped down dead at your feet. So you now see, my dear sir, the peril you have just avoided."

"But, doctor," said I, becoming greatly alarmed, "do you think you could cure him?"

"Of course I do," replied he with a good-humored smile. "In a couple of months, I will guarantee that he shall have no trace remaining of this peculiar habit, and, with proper care on his part, that he shall not be subject to relapse."

"So, my dear Fritz, I hope you will make my daughter a happy woman, by putting yourself under the doctor's care for a short time."

"With the utmost pleasure," replied I, perfectly bewildered at these strange revelations.

The physician now entered the room, and his pleasant, cordial manner, soon removed all feeling of uneasiness on my part. After half an hour's friendly gossip, the count proposed that I should pay my *devoirs* to another friend; and taking my arm, he hurried me along to his hotel, where I found Bertha, full of self-reproaches and generous affection, ready to welcome me. We spent a happy day together; and the kind-hearted physician removed all alarm by again assuring me that my case would soon yield to proper treatment; so I counted my involuntary gains, which amounted to the large sum of 100,000 florins, and accompanied the doctor next day to Berlin, where I continued to reside, under his hospitable roof, for a couple of months, at the termination of which period he dismissed me as perfectly cured.

The rest is briefly told. I resigned my commission, and married Bertha, who has since proved the greatest treasure of my life. For some time we rambled about the continent, until an opportunity presented itself of purchasing this old property, then in a sadly tumbledown state. I immediately began to busy myself with its restoration; and, occupied with my farm and blessed with a darling little wife, I have been ever since one of the happiest fellows in the world. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I now sleep peacefully in my bed, without disturbing honest people at untimely hours by any further nocturnal prowling propensities. So you see, my dear boy, that there are more ways than one of making money, and that what I never could do when awake, became an easy task when under the influence of somnambulism."

[In the year 1853, there occurred a similar instance of somnambulism in Wiesbaden. A young man frequented the Kursaal, in his sleep, for several nights, and won considerable sums of money at the gaming-tables. The singularity of the case created some excitement, and was duly chronicled in the continental press.]

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

IT was toward the close of the reign of Louis XIV., when that monarch imagined that he was establishing the decrees of his government upon the obligations of religion, that theology and metaphysics became fashionable studies; the various parties at court imagining that in them they found inexhaustible arsenals whence they might select their weapons for attack or defense. The law of the Church had become that of the State, and crowds of distinguished persons, who had hitherto complied with the ceremonials of worship from habit and the accident of education, without being at the pains of inquiry, suddenly became skeptical in matters of religion, through motives of policy; for, according to the current notions, to establish the errors of the believers in Christianity was to attack the fountain of authority at its source, and convict the throne of tyranny and injustice.

At that period (says the narrator of the following scene) I was living at Paris. It was one of the hottest days of summer; the sun, pursuing his course in mid-sky, shed such intolerable radiance upon the waters of the river, the roofs of the palaces, and the tops of the trees, that my vision was oppressed with the glare, and I sought relief in the shade. Desirous of solitude and meditation, I repaired to the umbrageous avenue of the Cours-la-Reine; there, in lonely reverie, I was reflecting on the power and benevolence of the Creator, and the innumerable incentives which man has to the exercise of gratitude and praise, when I heard myself accosted familiarly by an acquaintance—a self-constituted metaphysician and professor of logic, whose passion was reasoning, and who wanted but reason to make him an adept in his art.

All his motions seemed actuated by a satisfaction which he could not contain;

his eye sparkled with joy; and so soon as I had caught sight of him, he entered at once into conversation, like a man who, bursting with impatience to impart great tidings, has no time to throw away in the empty formalities of ceremony. "My friend," said he, "congratulate me; I have been engaged in a most interesting work upon the *soul*. I have made a grand discovery, and am at length in the condition to prove that what men call the soul is but a word—an empty word—void of signification, and that neither you nor I, nor anybody else, ever had a soul!"

"Stop a moment," said I, recoiling from his proffered embrace; "empty words and void of signification, are those you have just pronounced; you may rank yourself with the brutes, if you choose; permit me to decline that honor."

"Calm yourself, my friend," said he; "I knew you would not surrender without proofs; but, thanks be to philosophy, I can furnish them. Let us reason coolly, for I am going to combat this ideal existence of the soul, not by vain declamations, too common at the present day, but by triumphant arguments derived from the perpetual contradictions of a host of learned, and, as you esteem them, wise men, who have treated of this subject. Now, as Quintilian says, 'When men of intellect, acknowledged as such, cannot, after entire ages of impartial discussion, agree concerning a cause or an effect, we are justified in denying both;' and as this is a recognized maxim among philosophers, who by its means have settled the question of ghosts, phantoms, and specters, in asserting a negation, which negation is the sole truth; therefore I set out with this principle, and hasten to put my first question: What is the soul? 'A nature always in motion,' says Thales; 'A self-existent quantity,' says Pythagoras; 'A subtle air,' says Plutarch; 'It is rather an active fire,' says Aristotle; 'You deceive yourselves,' says Hipponius; 'it is an ethereal fluid,' 'You should rather say it is a composition of earth and water,' says Anaximander; 'Silence, you are all partly wrong,' cries Empedocles, 'it is a mixture of all the elements.' Whereupon a thousand voices are babbling at once: 'It is a simple essence,' says one; 'No, it is a compound,' says another; a third declares it is a 'celestial flame,' a fourth, that it is a 'mere harmony,' a fifth, that it

is a 'cohesion of infinitesimal atoms; while a sixth will have it that it is 'a portion of the Divinity; and a seventh contends that is 'nothing but a conflict of the senses.' Then, where is its seat? Hippocrates places it in the vestibule of the brain; Epicurus in the stomach; Erasistratus makes it serve for an envelope to the head; while Strabo contents himself with placing it between the eye-brows. 'It is in the blood,' says Critias; 'Yes, in the heart,' adds Empedocles; 'Say rather in the diaphragm,' contends Plutarch; 'Stuff!' says Descartes, 'it is in the pineal gland.' Now, after so many evident contradictions, and centuries of doubt, I invoke the principle of Quintilian—I apply my negation, and declare boldly that the soul is but a dream of our good ancestors, which the full light of reason will banish forever, with the philosopher's stone and the histories of hobgoblins."

While he was thus speaking, we had wandered from the green alleys under which my logician had found me meditating, and the river ran lazily at our feet in an unclosed spot exposed to the burning rays of the sun. "My friend," said I, seizing him forcibly by the arm, and constraining him to remain immovable before me, to shield me from the more oppressive influence of the sun, "I very much admire your mode of reasoning; in thus striking at the foundations of a contested subject, You have got rid of so many serious difficulties, that really I am tempted to experiment in your way of thinking and reasoning. Really you and Quintilian are two very clever fellows."

"You flatter me," said he; "but permit me to take a more convenient position to receive your compliments; for I assure you I feel as though I were frying in the sun."

"What, the sun! You, the foe of prejudice, can you not free yourself from such a simple one as that? You believe in the sun?"

"The sun a prejudice! My good sir, I am forced to believe in it; it is burning me up."

"Let us reason coolly," said I, fixing him in his former position. "I had hitherto believed that this admirable harmony of nature—the grandeur of man, the might of his intellect—the marvelous spectacle of an entire creation submitted to his industry—his reason governing the tempest

of his fiery passions—all sufficiently indicated the distance which separates him from other animals; but now that, by the law of contradictions, you have demonstrated that his intellect is naught but base matter, and that his existence is without an object, permit me in my turn, by the same arguments, to cure you of your error relative to the sun.

"What is the sun? Is it a cloud inflamed, a burning rock, a fire that extinguishes and renews itself, a mirror, a fifth element, a composition of different fires, a spiritual flame, a globe which transmits rays of light, or receives them, as Xenophon, Metrodorus, Democritus, Philolaus, Aristotle, Plato, Antisthenes, Pythagoras, and Newton, have in their turn averred? Then, how large is it? Heraclitus gives it a diameter of one foot; Anaxagoras extends it to the size of the Peloponnesus; Anaximander makes it the size of the earth; while Eudoxis believes it nine times, and Thales sixty times as large as the moon; Lucretius says it is just the size it appears to be; and Anaximenes reduces its circumference to that of a leaf; and, lastly, Cassini pronounces it a million times bigger than the whole earth."

"Agreed, agreed! but it burns me."

"It cannot burn you if it does not exist, of which I am going logically to convince you. Let me proceed. Xenophon asserts that each zone has its particular sun; Empedocles admits two; thus you see contradiction on every side; I invoke, therefore, the principle of Quintilian and your own, and declare boldly that the existence of the sun is but a dream of our good ancestors."

"Believe what you like," cried my enraged reasoner, bursting violently from my grasp; "but your negative has damaged the membranes of my brain by keeping me here in the heat."

"Go and recover yourself," said I; "and, sage logician as you are, endeavor to comprehend that the immortal soul is to the moral creation what the sun is to the material: man and sovereign of the earth, cease to pride yourself on treading your glory under your feet, and renouncing your immortality."

He who is catching opportunities because they seldom occur, would suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return.—*Johnson.*

ADVICE EXTRAORDINARY TO A
YOUNG PREACHER.

LETTER FROM ANOTHER OF THE FATHERS.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—Doubtless you were edified by the letter of the venerable O. P. Q. in the last number of *THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE*. As was the custom in former days, I propose to exhort a little after him, and I begin by saying that I was forcibly struck by the fact that most of the old man's advice seemed to be founded upon the Decalogue. "Thy commandment," says the Psalmist, "is exceeding broad; and the breadth of the moral law is, indeed, wonderful." For instance, I presume you had no difficulty in tracing his remarks about swearing in the pulpit to the third of those prohibitions which were given amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai. It expresses the idea perfectly: "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." There is no provision, you perceive, for clergymen. Steamboat captains and the managers of railroads may be willing, out of respect to the cloth, to abate one half of the severity exercised toward other travelers; even occasionally to overlook ministers, as irresponsible dead-heads, when the cry is made to come to the captain's office and settle. But this exceedingly gratifying partiality appears not to have been thought of when the moral law was enacted; and it is too late now to apply for an amendment.

Then, as to plagiarisms, against which our venerable friend deemed it not out of place to warn you, there is a very short but exceedingly nervous prohibition. Until you can make it appear, by some kind of sophistry that will pass for sound logic in heaven, that stealing a man's sermon is not just as really theft as stealing his spoons, it will be safer, to say the least, not to pilfer in this direction. The plea that good may be done, by thus appropriating the property of another, does not avail the ragged pickpocket at the bar of the police justice; and it is questionable, if he who has worn fine broadcloth all his days, will find it any more satisfactory at the judgment-seat of a higher tribunal. Let it be noted, too, that the ordinary thief is not under any greater delusion in hoping to escape detection, than the minister in the pulpit. There are unseen hearers in every congregation. Saint Chrysostom's eyes were

opened once, and he saw them crowding the communion rails. They were not members of the star-police, but belonged, nevertheless, to the detective service of Him, whose unqualified commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal!"

It will need no great sagacity on your part to perceive that what is said in the decalogue about covetousness, could not have been more pointed if the Lawgiver had had distinctly before him, as undoubtedly he had, the practice of spunging upon tradesmen and shopkeepers with hints about small salaries and large families. The prohibition is not merely against coveting thy neighbor's ox, and his ass, and his wife, but against coveting anything that is thy neighbor's; his superfluous chickens, his wasting corn-crib, or his unnecessary accumulation of manufactured articles, which would enhance your comfort wonderfully.

So, too, all indelicate allusions are manifest violations of the seventh commandment; and laboring, after a week of laziness, to get out a sermon on Sunday morning, is forbidden by the fourth; for on the day hallowed by the Almighty, a clergyman has no more right to cobble sermons, than a cordwainer has to cobble shoes.

But these things are too plain to need an argument, and I will not dwell upon them. There is one point, however, wherein I differ a little from our sagacious friend. I refer to his remarks on the subject of extemporizing. Like all other general rules, there are exceptions to it. You remember father Kife? The good old man was very apt to taper off his sermons by a narrative of his own religious experience. It was a common saying among the less reverential portion of his hearers, that if he gave them little novelty in the substance of his discourses, they were always sure to hear something new when he related that. It was at best a doubtful compliment, and the elderly people shook their heads and sighed. They said the old man's memory was failing.

If you do not yet see the point at which I aim, let me tell you a little piece of my own experience. I went, last Sunday night, to hear a celebrated revivalist, whose name I need not mention. As soon as he gave out his hymn, I knew what was coming. It was that terrible sermon of his about Procrastination. I had heard it twice before, but with variations, for

my friend is always extemporaneous, and adds and retrenches according to circumstances. The gift of volubility was strong upon him that night, and he amplified wonderfully. In the peroration we had, as usual, that awful story about the young lady who went to a ball. I remember, when I first heard it, two years ago, it thrilled me with unutterable horror. The second time I listened more composedly, and detected, as I thought, some little variations; but last Sunday night he so piled up the agony, that I was driven to the conclusion that some of his facts were, in reality, mere flights of his exuberant imagination. It is unnecessary to detail the discrepancies. There was certainly a mistake somewhere. If he told the story truthfully on the first occasion, and he related it as a veritable matter of fact, it is clear that last Sunday night he gave us particulars which could by no means be reconciled with the original narrative.

Now I do not suppose there was any intention to deceive on the part of the eloquent preacher; he fell into the very common error of extemporizing matters of fact; and facts are such stubborn things, that the ingenuity of an angel cannot bend them into imaginary shapes.

I am free to admit, also, that in the embellishment of a story, or an anecdote, the preacher may have a very good motive. He draws upon his imagination to make the thing more thrillingly impressive. I admit, too, that very frequently he may be successful. Tears may attest his power, and resolutions on the part of his hearers to become Christians, may be the gratifying evidences of his success. Could truth itself do more? Probably not; and yet I am not aware of any passage in the Bible that authorizes even a minister to do evil that good may come. If a lie would save the souls of an entire congregation, it is far from clear that you would be justifiable in telling that lie.

This, then, is the exception to the rule about memorizing your discourses. In your illustrations, which may be made up of stories, brief narratives, or even anecdotes, keep always to the facts. Write them on paper, if you cannot write them upon your brain; and never allow the father of lies to succeed in tempting you to swerve from the truth, even for the sake of heightening the interest, or increasing the effect.

Indulge me now in a few remarks upon some contingencies that may, or may not, be found serviceable in your future progress. And, in the first place, it is possible you may be tempted, at some time or other, to give up your commission as a minister, and seek some other field of labor. If you are thus tempted, do not think that some strange thing has befallen you. On the contrary, it would be strange if it were otherwise. It will be optional with yourself to yield to that temptation, or to resist it. On the supposition that you conclude it best upon the whole to yield to it, as many hundreds have done before you, let me advise you to be honest about it, and give the true reason.

Don't try to cheat the devil by alleging temporary attacks of bronchitis, or an anxiety to be more useful as a pedagogue, or a providential opening in a line of business where you can do more for the Master's glory than in the pulpit. I could give many reasons for this advice; but content myself with the simple fact that whatever may be the case with you or your good wife, old Nick is too shrewd to be humbugged in this way. In fact, his patience has been so often tried by such shams, that I think it must be pretty nearly exhausted.

No! my friend. If the real reason be a desire to get money faster, avow it boldly. If it be envy at the greater popularity of those around you, or uneasiness at the mill-horse round of duty, or an evident consciousness that you have lost the life and power of godliness, and really do not want it back again, out with it. Tell the truth and shame the devil. We shall all know all about it one of these days. You may as well tell us now as leave us to learn it when the books are opened. It will be far more pleasant when we meet in our walks through the golden streets of the celestial city, to remember, in heaven, that here you told the truth on this subject, than to be perpetually reminded that you had the ineffable meanness to lie about it. I say this on the hypothesis that you do expect to be welcomed into the abodes of the blessed as a good and faithful servant. But if you have forever abandoned all hopes of that, why then my argument, I confess, loses somewhat of its strength.

There is another sore spot somewhat akin to the last mentioned. If you are in the habit of dressing neatly, and tie

your white neck cloth gracefully, more especially if you can read prose tolerably well, it is more than probable, with the smattering of Latin that was beat into you at the grammar school, that you will have overtures to enter another inclosure. Visions of silk gowns and linen surplices will dance before your imagination. Respectability will loom up like a fog bank in the Gulf stream. Now it is far from me to say a word that will discourage you from gazing in that direction, or to hint that it is impossible to do as much good in one Church as in another. I should belie myself to make the assertion, for I don't believe it. The good old Dr. Bond, when taken to task by some overzealous members of his own Church, for preaching in the pulpit of another denomination, replied: "I have preached to prisoners in the penitentiary, and if the fellows over there are worse than they, so much the more do they need my preaching."

But this is a digression. The point I aim at is this: when you leave your own Church, the people among whom Christ found you and you found Christ, and seek to become a minister among another people, don't give, as a reason for the change, doubts of the validity of your ordination. I say this not because it cannot possibly be true, for by the time you are ready for the leap, I dare say you will doubt, not only the validity of your ordination, but of your conversion. At any rate, if you don't, others will. Nor do I thus advise, because of the implied insult to the people you leave. There is something in one of the old prophets about forgetting the hole of the pit whence you were digged, but nothing, so far as I remember, about despising it. Assumed contempt will be the best counterpoise on your part to real contempt on theirs. But my object in cautioning you against giving this reason for changing your ecclesiastical relations may be gathered from a little episode in the history of a man I once knew, and of whom, in all probability, you never heard. His name was Pigeon, Philander Percival Pigeon.

He was the only son of a very poor widow, who denied herself many comforts in order to clothe and educate this darling boy. Philander repaid her anxious care by dutiful behavior and diligent attention to his books. In the summer he assisted

in the labors of the neighboring farmers, and the winter was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. He studied geography and history, astronomy and algebra. He could translate the easier parts of Cæsar's Commentaries, and knew all the letters of the Greek alphabet. He was, indeed, the brightest boy in his native village, and his good old mother regarded him as a prodigy. One of the fondest wishes of her heart was answered; but kind Heaven had in store for her an infinitely sweeter cup of bliss.

At a protracted meeting in the school-house, Philander sought and found the Saviour. Ministering spirits seldom bear sweeter tears to heaven than those she shed that night, upon her knees, when giving thanks to God for his wonderful goodness. As everybody expected, Philander, now in his twentieth year, believed himself called to the ministry. The little Church, made up of a few poor, simple-hearted Christians, endorsed the call, and the young man was regularly licensed. In all honesty, I must say, that his first attempts were not remarkably promising. He broke down two or three times; and when he did come to a regular conclusion, at the end of twenty minutes, it required some little charity on the part of his hearers to dignify what they had been hearing with the name of a sermon. But they said he would improve, and they called to mind many precedents of similar failures, among them Robert Hall, for instance, who afterward rose to eminence.

Time passed on. Philander did improve. He was regularly ordained, was popular and successful. Each new scene of pastoral labor was more important than the preceding. He began to pay more attention to his personal appearance. He bought himself a gold-headed cane, and assumed a decidedly clerical air.

At the end of his fifth ministerial year, his services were earnestly sought by a wealthy congregation, who worship in a new church where there is an organ. They said he was just the man they wanted; in fact, the only man that would at all suit them in their emergency. Of course, Philander thought so too; but some others, who had a word to say upon the subject, and who had the responsibility of deciding the question, thought differently. Hardscrabble, a village so little that you will scarcely find it upon any map, was

designated as his field of labor. The announcement fell upon Philander's ears like a clap of thunder; and then, strange, wasn't it? his friends heard him for the first time express doubts of the validity of his ordination. His old mother did not hear his lamentable wailings upon the subject; or, if she did, they failed to disturb her calm spirit as once they would have disturbed it, for the fact is, she had gone up home, shouting, three months before.

Of course, with these doubts upon a point so vital, the Rev. Mr. Pigeon could not think of ministering in holy things to the little flock at Hardscrabble, more especially as just then the road to another ordination was made plain to his vision. He took that road, and after some very humiliating steps—before honor is humility, you know—his unctuous hair was pressed gracefully by graceful hands, and all doubt about validity oozed out, like perspiration from the pores of his skin.

A happy hour that for Philander, you may be sure, although there did seem something slightly savoring of satire in some of the compliments paid him by his new associates; and there was upon his cheek the slight semblance of a blush, as the hint fell upon his ears that, during all the period of his ministry, even in those places where sinners had been converted, he had been doing that which he had no right to do. But then it was intimated that repentance, though it could not undo the wrong, might make pardon possible; just as he who robbed hen-roosts in his boyhood has it not in his power to restore the chickens, but may, nevertheless, repent of his predatory propensities.

But now an unforeseen difficulty stared him in the face. He found out that something more was necessary to his comfort, and, indeed, to his usefulness, than a valid ordination, and that was a valid claim to the bread and cheese essential to keep up the requisite clerical rotundity. Ordination did not imply installation, and, valid as it was, it gave no title in fee, nor even a leasehold of a comfortable parsonage. I know not how it may be now, but just then very few flocks of the finest fleece happened to be in want of a shepherd. The hands that conferred upon Philander the undoubted right to re-preach his old sermons, appeared to have sufficient employment without manipulating a comfort-

able nest for him. So he took his stand in the ecclesiastical market-place, and hawked his wares, if I may use that expression, meaning by it that he gave samples of the provender he had provided for hungry sheep, whenever an opportunity was afforded him.

But I must hasten. After months of diligence, and when the poor fellow's best coat began to look seedy—like Franklin's fisherman, he had had several nibbles, but never a bite—he was invited to give a sample to a vacant church which had afforded its former minister quite a comfortable support.

The impression produced by Philander was quite favorable. The leading female singer called him a love of a man, and at her special instance he was invited to dinner by her mamma.

In these specimen discourses, and in his social visits among the wealthier members of the church, Mr. Pigeon was especially severe, caustic, indeed, upon his former religious associates. He harped continually upon his reasons for quitting them, among which he made prominent, that against which I wish to warn you when you determine to follow his example, namely, doubts of the validity of his ordination.

In due time the leading sheep had a meeting to consult upon the question whether Philander had the requisite qualifications to become their shepherd. They discussed his merits with all the ability of which sheep may be supposed capable, and were on the point of deciding the question in his favor, when one of the older members, a bell wether, I might call him, speaking figuratively, arose and upset all Mr. Pigeon's prospects by repeating an old adage. It was this: That is a foul bird who fouls his own nest!

Now whether the mere truth of the sentiment, or the evident pun upon the name Pigeon, or both together, produced the effect, I am not able to say. It was, at any rate, a stunner for Philander Percival Pigeon. It not only barred his entrance to that nest, and left him no hope of incubation there, but it stuck to him everywhere like the poisoned shirt of which we read in profane history. The result was, that after fruitless journeyings from one place to another—Paul was in journeyings often, you remember—and the repetition of trial-sermons, until the paper upon which they were written was almost worn out, Philander esteemed himself fortunate

in being permitted to gather a new church in a little village, somewhere, if I mistake not, on the east end of Long Island. There, with an annual stipend of a hundred dollars from a missionary society, and the emoluments derived from teaching a little school, he is enabled to preach every Sunday, when the weather is pleasant, to a few rustics, none of whom, I believe, doubt the validity of his ordination, nor crack cruel jokes about the foul bird who fouled his own nest.

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE TEMPTATION AND FALL.

AS it is written in the Book of Genesis, (ix, 3,) *The Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?* What a question was that! Full well God knew where he was and what he had done, but the question brought vividly to the mind of Adam his guilt, and showed him that that guilt was known to his God. Conscience, with her scorpion sting, had already been at work, and we see him and his wife attempting to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden. Is this Adam? Is this he who yesterday delighted to meet his Maker, rejoiced in his presence, and found his happiness increase by communion with him? Does he now shun his God? Is this he of whose knowledge the last lecture gave us so high an idea, and is he already so ignorant as to hope to hide himself from the all-seeing eye of omniscience? Yes, it is he, but O, how fallen! How is the glory departed! Let us turn our attention to his fall, and its consequences. Man fell, the Scriptures teach, through the power of temptation, and in considering his fall we are led to notice the tempter, his artfulness, and his success.

The tempter is called the serpent. By this phrase we are not to understand merely a beast of the field, but an intelligent and malignant being who had entered into the serpent for the purpose of effecting man's destruction. St. John explains this matter by telling us that this tempter was Satan, called in other parts of Scripture the Devil, the prince of darkness, the leader of that rebel host who revolted from their allegiance to God, kept not their first estate, and were thrust down to hell. Very strik-

ingly is his cunning manifested in the mode of his temptation.

In the first place, he chose the most intelligent of the brute creation as a medium of access to the ears of our first parents. Whatever may now be the form or shape, or intelligence of those serpents with which we are acquainted, it is evident that he was very different in his original state; he was more subtle or wise than all the beasts of the field, and the creeping motion which has since been a characteristic of his nature is a part of the curse entailed upon him by the Almighty.

It is of course unknown what may have been his form and appearance originally, but from his known intelligence, his addressing Eve in the manner he did, was likely to cause less surprise than if any other animal had been employed for the purpose. Then, again, he selected a time when Eve was alone, separated from her husband, and, of course, without the benefit of his counsel. Had they been together, it seems very probable that their mutual strength would have repelled those insinuations which were sufficient to prevail over one. He commenced his address to her with a question which appeared to indicate merely curiosity and surprise, and not calculated to excite any alarm or suspicion:

"Yea," said he, "hath God said, *Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?*" Is it possible? Why not? What are the trees for? For whom do they bear fruit if not for you? Is there not some mistake about this? His questions, while they were artfully calculated to effect his object, were framed in a manner least likely to excite suspicion. In the native simplicity and honesty of her heart Eve replied, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, *Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.*" Thus was the subject brought to the point at which the tempter aimed, and thus an opportunity was given him to seduce the heart of his victim without a direct denial of the Divine prohibition.

He replied accordingly, "*Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods,*" or angels, as it might have been rendered, "*knowing good and evil.*" Two or three causes will show the artfulness of the

tempter here in a still stronger light, and, at the same time, if they do not palliate her guilt, may serve to account for the apparent ease with which Eve fell into the snare laid for her. And first, she had never before heard a falsehood. A lie was to her a thing unknown. Of the rebellion of the angels she probably knew nothing, and of the character of the tempter she had no suspicion. Then, again, the lure held out to her was a thing in itself desirable. It was not wealth nor pleasure; of them she had a sufficiency; but it was wisdom, knowledge. She should be like an angel, like one of that higher order of intelligences whom she had doubtless often seen, and with whom she had probably conversed. The declaration of the tempter may have led her to suppose, too, that it was by means of this very fruit that angels became possessed of their superior knowledge and glory. It is not difficult to believe, moreover, that, as Milton has it, the serpent may have alleged that *he* had eaten of the fruit, and that it was owing to its happy influence that he was thus raised above the brutes around him. Further, it was not probably a difficult matter to persuade Eve that she should not die, although God had expressly declared death to be the penalty of transgression. Death was an evil which she had never seen; of which she could form, consequently, but a very vague idea. At the same time, the fruit was pleasant to the eye; of its beauty, and probably of its fragrance, she had before her ample demonstration. In this frame of mind, and revolving, probably, such thoughts as these, the language of the serpent was eminently calculated to effect his object. "God," said he, "doth know that in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods;" thus insinuating that the true reason why the tree was forbidden was that God knew this to be its nature and efficacy; that the prohibition was therefore insincerely and unkindly made; and that the whole proceeding on the part of God was ungenerous, arbitrary, and oppressive. Thus an entirely new aspect was given to the character of that being to whom Eve had hitherto always looked up with feelings of veneration, gratitude, and love. The temptation was gradual; by listening at all she prepared the way, step by step, for her own ruin, and at length the fell design of the arch adversary was accomplished;

she reached forth her hand, plucked the forbidden fruit, and sin entered and blasted the blooming paradise of God.

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost."

How long after this it was before Adam followed her example we are not told; probably, however, but a short season. She gave unto her husband, and he did eat. This is all that the sacred writer says on the subject, and the odium thrown around the character of Eve, when she is represented as seducing Adam to be a partaker of her guilt, has no foundation in the language of the inspired record. "The woman," says the apostle, "was deceived," but Adam was not deceived: he sinned with his eyes open.

And where, some will ask, where was the great harm in all this? Infidelity has, in every age, sneeringly proposed, in amount, the same question, but to infidelity all sin, unless it call down the human laws, is of trifling magnitude. I argue not with infidelity; but to those who sincerely seek truth, I shall offer a few considerations that have a tendency to show the heinous and aggravated nature of this transgression.

And first, it was a violation of an express command. God had said, Thou shalt not eat of it. The sin, therefore, is not to be estimated by the value of the fruit, nor by the injury done to the Almighty. It matters not what the prohibition is; it is the violation of God's law that constitutes sin. It is precisely of the same character in this respect as it would have been if the act had been one which in human estimation had been a thousandfold more flagrant.

Further, the apparently trivial nature of the transaction aggravates the guilt of the transgression. Do you say, it was a small matter to pluck and eat the forbidden fruit? Would it not have been a very easy matter to let it alone? Was the commandment a grievous one? If the Divine wisdom saw, as doubtless he did, that it was necessary to lay them under some restraint, could he have done less than prohibit the fruit of *one* tree, when he had freely given unto them all the rest? Do you not see in their conduct also apparent ingratitude and discontent? Surrounded as they were by so many blessings, with such a rich profusion of every-

thing lovely and estimable, why could they not rest content? Was it not ungrateful to act thus toward that bountiful being from whom they had received so much? May we not also see pride and ambition in their worst forms exemplified by their conduct? They should be as gods, they would aspire to and reach a higher state than that in which the Creator placed them. Finally, as the crowning evil principle of the whole, and as the source of all the rest, their conduct showed that *unbelief* had full possession of them. God's most solemn threatening was disbelieved, and the voice of the tempter, "Ye shall not die," was listened to and accredited.

I made some observations showing the craft of the serpent, and tending, in some degree, to account for the apparent ease with which he succeeded in effecting his purpose. Do not let it be supposed, however, that God left them at all in the power of the tempter. With all the power of which he was possessed, he could not have compelled them to sin. Sin is always voluntary on the part of the transgressor. Freedom enters into its very nature, just as it does into the nature of holiness. No man sins, no man is holy by compulsion. When he is compelled, the merit or demerit of the act is not his, but that of the compelling power.

There can be no doubt, too, that had not our first parents at this time forgotten God, they had not fallen. A prayer to him, a whispered aspiration, would have been heard; strength would have been received, and the tempter baffled. It was true then, as it has been ever since, and will always continue to be: Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. By multitudes Eve is severely censured for yielding to the persuasions of the adversary, for being overcome by the finished cunning and insinuating address of the father of lies; yet how many of her descendants, even with her example and her fate before them, are led away by less ingenious sophistry and by more gross solicitations. I may not apologize for her guilt, nor attempt to cover it up, but I will say, Let no man cast the first stone at our first parents, unless he have the consciousness that he himself has not yielded to similar temptations, and in like manner violated the commandments of his God.

Let us consider now the consequences resulting from this transgression; and first, with reference to themselves. They lost the original glory in which they had been created. This, as we have seen, consisted in knowledge, holiness, and happiness. How did the mind once so clear become confused and darkened? "*Where art thou, Adam?*" Attempting to hide from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden, he answers, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." Afraid of what? Of the displeasure of his Maker? No. He does not say this; but because "I was naked I hid myself." What could have induced the supposition that he might hide himself from God? and what but the loss of innocence, conscious guilt, could have led him to desire such concealment? Alas! he needed no voice from heaven to tell him that he had fallen.

An inward monitor, whose voice had hitherto whispered naught but peace, now thundered in his ear his guilt with all its horrors. An emotion heretofore unknown took possession of him, *fear*; not that filial fear which once distinguished him, but a fear that had torment, a fear that has been ever since the constant companion of guilt. He was afraid of God. He was consequently unhappy, wretched, and miserable. In this state neither of them manifests any sign of contrition or penitence. The woman, when questioned as to her guilt, instead of frankly confessing it, refers her Maker to the serpent, who had beguiled her, and Adam seeks to palliate his transgression by charging it upon Eve. This was sufficiently unmanly, but not the worst. It was the woman, said he, the woman *thou* gavest me. As if he had said, it was altogether the woman's fault, and then, *thou* thyself didst give me this woman by whom I was led into this transgression. He is willing the blame should rest anywhere, even upon God himself, so he may roll it from his own shoulders.

Having thus fallen from their high estate, the next consequence of their guilt was, banishment from the garden of Eden. God, it is said, drove them out, and placed cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way to prevent their reëtrance. A melancholy hour was that when they went forth from that loved abode. It had been the scene of peace and pure enjoy-

ment, and now they leave it, their home, to enter upon an unknown world, a world, too, against which they had just heard God's curse denounced. "Cursed," said he, "is the ground for thy sake. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field."

It is probable, too, that this curse fell also upon the brute creation. They were certainly harmless previous to the fall. Then, they neither shunned man through fear, nor threatened him through hate; but ever since the greater portion of the animal world have looked upon man as their direct enemy. Almost incessantly at war among themselves, they seem to have an instinctive hatred to the human race.

In addition to this, man was doomed to a life of toil. Originally, indeed, he labored, but without toil. His faculties were firm and undecaying; his labor was a delightful privilege; he knew no weariness; he was incapable of fatigue. Now, how changed his condition in this respect. "In the sweat of thy face," said God, "thou shalt eat bread; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." In sorrow! and what is sorrow? What a fearful amount of meaning is there in that word! a word unknown and unheard before, but soon by bitter experience to be fully appreciated. Fear, pain, sickness, disease opened their bitter streams, from which man was doomed to drink until he should reach his final doom, the fair fabric, his body, be dissolved, and the denouncement of his God be accomplished, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Thus much with reference to the immediate consequences of the first sin, so far as relates to the transgressors themselves. The Scriptures open to us a far more extended view of its lamentable results. They teach very clearly that the curse has descended through *them* to all their posterity. However reluctant men are to receive and admit this doctrine, however mysterious it may appear, facts clearly establish, first, that all men are liable to pain, and sickness, and death; and, secondly, that the human heart is naturally prone to sin. They who reject the Scriptural teaching on these subjects, are equally bound to account for these facts with those who receive it. Let them throw aside the Bible; let them believe that the whole account of man's creation and fall is an allegory or a fable, will they tell us

how it is that the human race universally is subject to pain and sorrow? why fears of danger and distress haunt him every day and everywhere? why he is subject to disease from the air, the earth, the ocean? from his birth, his food, his exercise, and his rest? What has made this earth one vast hospital, filled with tears, and groans, and lamentations to such an extent, that no dwelling-place is an exception, and no family exempt? Are these questions too difficult, too extended, too vast? Take the case, then, of one infant who has just opened his eyes upon this world, and why does he suffer? Instances, not rare nor few, are to be found where the sufferings of a helpless babe have been such as to wring the mother's heart with anguish, and force from the father's soul a prayer that God would take the child away. These, I say, are facts of every day occurrence. It becomes him who denies that they are the result of the original curse, to account for their existence in some other manner.

Equally clear is it, that men come into this world with a natural and instinctive proneness to sin. You see it in the first buddings of infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood. It is perceptible in all lands, in every climate; in the tasty dwelling of civilization, in the tent of the wanderer upon the desert, in the wigwam of the savage of the wilderness. I know it has been said, that all this is the result of parental example: but this does not, even were it true, remove the difficulty. Why is parental example always bad? If it be not always bad, why are there not some exceptions? Why is it that the man, nay, the child who has arrived at years of accountability, cannot be produced who is not conscious of having chosen evil when good was present? that the human being has yet to be found who is not sensible of being prone to sin; who can lay his hand upon his heart and say, I am guiltless before God of actual transgression? If these be facts, and they cannot be successfully denied, how are they accounted for? Philosophy has no answer. Unaided, human reason is incompetent to the task. The pure light of God's own revelation comes in and tells us that, after the fall, Adam begat a son in his own fallen likeness; that by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and *so* death passed upon all men, for all have sinned.

Sufficiently gloomy, indeed, is this representation of the dire consequences of the first transgression. Gloomy as it is, however, it is not the whole, nor yet the worst. Loss of Paradise, pain, sickness, death, and all these entailed upon millions of the race, what are they all when viewed in connection with the fact, that although man's body molders into dust, his soul is destined to exist *somewhere* forever? whither shall the disembodied spirit wing her flight? where find a resting-place? Unholy, defiled by sin, and bent on sinning, it cannot endure the bright and awful purity of God's presence. Self-condemned, like Adam when the Almighty called him, it would seek to hide from his presence; but, alas! in heaven there is no hiding-place; all there is the effulgence of unsullied light. The gloomy caverns of the damned, the midnight murkiness of hell, are the only places in all the universe congenial to the defiled, polluted soul.

Just here, while all was the blackness of darkness; the present, wretchedness; and the future hopeless, a voice of mercy is heard like the glory of a meridian sun flashing upon the gloom of midnight. The promise of a Redeemer is made; the means whereby man may be made alive from spiritual death, and being thus restored escape death eternal, are through the boundless goodness of God spread out before him.

The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, is the declaration of Jehovah; and doubtless He who had thus provided a remedy, informed them of the means whereby the great atonement could be rendered available in their behalf. Did they avail themselves of it? Were they saved?

These are thrilling questions. They are not answered definitely in the Bible; but the presumption is, the hope, if we go no further, that they became penitent and were accepted of God. If so, one thing is clear: They were saved only by faith in the promised Redeemer. They looked forward to that same Jesus, to whom we are directed to look back; without faith in whom there is for us nothing but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. But while we may not definitely answer the question, "Where art thou, Adam?" there is one to thee of infinitely more importance: Where art thou? Upon which side of the dividing line that separates the

friends from the enemies of God, dost thou find thyself? It is not the part of wisdom to shun that question. It is manly rather to look it full in the face, and prudent not to give thyself a moment's rest until it is answered to the satisfaction of thy soul.

A LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE is good common sense, and not unfrequently sound philosophy, in the poetry of Whittier. The following, from his pen, appeared originally in the "*National Era*:"

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit,
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit,
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretch'd away.

They heard the air above them fann'd,
A light step on the sward;
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise!" he said; "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind
Your loss may yet restore?"

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go cheerful as yon humming bees,
To labor as to play!"
White-glimmering over Eden's trees,
The angel pass'd away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth,
Obedient to the word;
And found, where'er they till'd the earth,
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit,
And blush'd with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Eden's sworded gate,
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves.

GUINEA-MEN.

THE reader is about to peruse one of those articles of which the title gives no clew to the subject. Who and what are Guinea-men? To a late number of the *Journal of Popular Literature*, conducted by William and Robert Chambers, and published simultaneously in London and Edinburgh, we are indebted for all our own knowledge upon the subject, and having received freely, we freely give.

The writer commences by gravely reminding us that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The remark may be extended over a far wider range of society than that to which at first sight it appears applicable. As generally intended, it comprises only those waifs and strays of humanity whose position is most anomalous, and subsistence most uncertain. It comprises those wretches who, upon some three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, rise in the morning without knowing how or where they may break their fast; and see the sun set without knowing how or where they shall spend the night. These unrecognized members of our social body—these Bashi-Bazouks of society—pass their existence in a manner, and obtain a subsistence by means, which "respectable" people can hardly understand, even when explained and depicted with minutest fidelity by our literary daguerreotypists. Their modes of life and resources of livelihood are altogether subterranean. When successful, the members of this class may repose during the night in the common lodging-house, whose hospitalities are purchased at the rate of 2d. or 4d. *per noctem*, according to the magnificence of its decorations; and fare sumptuously upon savory viands purchased with the shilling, of which, if you inquire how it came into his possession, the only possible reply must be that he picked it up "promiscuously." In unlucky times, the night is passed under a dry arch, and the day's hunger appeased, if at all, by an eleemosynary crust.

But at present we have no intention to write a history of the "wild tribes of civilization;" our immediate subject relates to a far more exalted class in the social scale; to men who live in respectable districts; who pay rates and taxes, and have a vote for the borough; whose credit is good with the butchers and bakers

of their vicinity; above all, whose names pass current in "city circles." Of these there are many, of various classes and pretensions. "My dear Alfred," says the knowing captain in one of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's sparkling comedies, "I am now forty-five; I had run through my whole fortune at twenty-five; I never inherited a sixpence since; I never spent less than four thousand a year; and I never told anybody how I did it." But the captain enjoyed the *entrée* into exclusive clubs, was the recognized cicerone to rich greenhorns at their entrance into fashionable life, and was a prime hand at *ecarte*. How he contrived to "do it," could be a mystery only to the uninitiated. The class with whose fortunes we are more particularly concerned belong to the same genus, but cannot aspire to rival these members of the "highest flight." They cannot spend their four thousand a year, nor sport their cabs, nor hire operaboxes and ballet-dancers by the season. Their arena is more limited, and their operations more innocuous; yet they still belong to that singular species of human beings, of whom it must be said that nobody knows how they live. In numbers, they are, on the other hand, far more extensive, especially in seasons of commercial activity. Their sphere of action is found almost exclusively in the city of London, where they are received with a kind of silent tolerance and negative respect, which might seem surprising to any one who did not know the important part they really play in the great system of metropolitan enterprise. The class we allude to is commonly known as that of the "Guinea-men."

The Guinea-man obtains his designation from the circumstance that, while his functions, his profession, and his duties, are of most various, and sometimes indescribable character, the remuneration for his services is almost invariably fixed at one guinea on each occasion. Although he may subsist partially, if not wholly, on these guineas, they cannot be said to be earned by a profession, for the Guinea-man has often no profession; nor by trade, for he has still more rarely a trade. He seldom embarks in mercantile pursuits, and, on the whole, dislikes speculation, even though indirectly he lives by it. The Guinea-man, in short, is the dummy director of public companies, the "silent

member" at commercial boards, the item among the managing committee who takes no part in the management of the concern. His duties, as may be supposed, are not very laborious. He is commonly attached to several companies; indeed, the Guinea-man, in order to obtain a respectable income, must have a rather extensive connection in that line. In his note-book are entered the days and hours appointed for the meetings of his several "boards." These are commonly held by each company once a week; or at longest, every fortnight. Punctuality is the soul of the Guinea-man. True to the minute, he enters the board-room, where, of course, business has not yet begun. He signs his name in the "attendance book," which is all he can be said actually to "do" in exchange for his guinea; passes some small joke to the secretary; and may occasionally venture to pry so far into the mysteries of the company he "directs," as to inquire how they are getting on, and whether there is anything new. He then subsides quietly into his own chair at the long green baize table, behind his own inkstand, blotting-case, and quire of foolscap for notes; listens silently while the secretary reads over the "minutes" of proceedings at the last meeting, and brings forward successively the "agenda" for the present one, and duly holds up his hand when the chairman puts any resolution to the vote. This ceremony over, the Guinea-man departs in peace. In very genteel companies, he finds, on withdrawing, that his guinea, neatly wrapped in tissue-paper, has somehow been smuggled into his hat. In such circumstances he takes up the packet carelessly, as something for the amusement of his curiosity at a leisure moment—having, of course, no idea of what it contains—and walks out with the air of a man who had performed an important service "free, gratis, and for nothing." Ordinarily, however, he takes the money as he passes through the outer office, from the clerk at the counter, who pays him out of the till, without any disguise about the matter.

To explain the origin of the class of Guinea-men, we must trace the working of the "association principle." Association, as we are told nearly every day in leading articles, is the great fact of the age. It has given extension to commerce, impulse to enterprise, profit to small capi-

tals, and cultivation to many fields of productiveness, which must otherwise have remained barren. These, and many more, are the virtues incessantly, and not unjustly, ascribed to the association principle. But in developing this principle, a very cumbrous and complicated organization is rendered necessary, partly by the provisions of the law, and partly by the exigences of commercial caprice—we can call it by no other word. Without a long list of directors, no company can command public credit or capital; yet the business of even the largest undertakings can always be better managed by a few than by many, and not seldom better by one than by a few. The matter, so far as regards the companies, is most commonly settled by a compromise. For exterior considerations, it is found expedient that the ostensible number of directors should be large; the internal and absolute direction must, on the other hand, be confided but to one or two. To meet this difficulty, the Guinea-man has been invented. He swells out the list of directorate to respectable dimensions, and he fills a seat with equal respectability at the board, but never hampers the operations of the real managers. Content with his position and his guinea, he does not look beyond; he has learned the value of the old proverb, and will not spoil the associated broth by endeavoring to meddle in its cooking.

The ranks of this class, of course, extend as the list of public companies becomes larger, and it is already tolerably capacious. Yet, although figuring only as a sort of fifth wheel to the great association machine, the Guinea-man is harmless, if not very useful. There are hundreds of companies enjoying a very sound prosperity, whose administration is entirely committed to an astute chairman or active secretary, and half a dozen Guinea-men. In starting a new company, again, the agencies of this class are highly beneficial. Say that some inventive genius or pushing man of business has hit upon some new branch of enterprise, or novel development of an old one—has got together a connection—has discovered a new machine, become owner of a valuable patent, or obtained the hypothetical proprietorship of a mine, and wants to form a company for the *exploitation* of the opportunities so afforded—how is he to set about it? Such men rarely enjoy access to a circle of individuals fit to bo-

come directors in the projected association. But if he can get introduced to a single city firm, especially a legal firm, who are acquainted with a few good Guinea-men, his business is accomplished at once. Thus have innumerable railway companies, assurance companies, mining companies, steam-navigation companies, and trading or manufacturing companies of all sorts and sizes been launched, often not unsuccessfully, upon their career of commercial enterprise.

We say nothing of the bubble schemes, whose promoters trade upon public gullibility, and which are started with the view only of securing some illicit profit upon the first issue of shares, and then disappear, leaving their shareholders in the lurch. The Guinea-man abhors such nefarious and evanescent projects. If he can help it, he would not be associated with a company whose shares afford scope for speculation, or when any temptation can be offered to the "knowing ones" to rig the market. It is not his game to play for a great stake. He never wants to throw the trading dice with £30,000 or the Bench depending on the hazard. He prefers quiet and steady-going concerns, where there is little risk, and where the profits are safe, even if small. Well is he contented if he can earn his guinea regularly, with the chance possibly of gaining an odd fifty-pound note occasionally by way of bonus upon the issue of preference shares. Fortunately for him, such companies are numerous; their names appear thickly in the *Commercial Directory*, though quite unknown upon 'Change, and their shares bear a steady value among a small circle of friends, although—or perhaps because—they are never quoted in the stock-list. What is more important, their affairs flourish; the profits paying a handsome and regular dividend, besides affording his modest fees to the Guinea-man.

Periods of great speculative activity are eminently perplexing to the Guinea-man. The bubbles from which the common mass of adventurers derive such enormous plunder are a nuisance to him, and too often his ruin. During the railway mania of 1845, for example, the class of Guinea-men sustained disasters from which it was long ere they recovered; so many new railway companies were started, and invited his coöperation, among which it was absolutely impossible to distinguish the

sound from the unsound, the bad from the good. The Guinea-men fell victims by hundreds to these solicitations. When the collapse came, and writs fluttered down as thickly as snow-flakes upon every one whose name had figured upon a railway board of directors, the members of the class suffered quite as severely, though far more innocently, than many of their partners in misfortune. The population of Boulogne was actually doubled in the succeeding autumn, and house-rents rose cent. per cent. through the multitude of refugee directors. But among the covey of birds of higher flight and gayer plumage than their own, there was a considerable colony of Guinea-men, who gave an unwonted respectability to that place of voluntary transportation for the debtors and black-legs of England.

In personal appearance and domestic habits, the Guinea-man is respectable and inoffensive. He must maintain his credit and character, for these are his stock in trade, and for the same reason he avoids everything approaching to dash or eccentricity. Being necessarily attached to the metropolis, he resides generally in some respectable, but not fashionable suburb; around the Regent's Park, for instance, or at Notting Hill. The Surrey side is rather objectionable. A private residence is, indeed, indispensable to his status as Guinea-man; and if he can give his address at some Park Villa or Laburnum Lodge, his value will rise in the company market. He will also sacrifice much in the way of personal comfort for the sake of keeping a gig—not in the spirit of ostentation, but as an index of respectability. Almost always, moreover, he is married, and has given hostages to fortune in the shape of children. The loose, fly-away habitudes of bachelorhood, would almost unfit him for the peculiar place in commercial society which he is required to fill. It will also be commonly found that he either has or has had some means of independent livelihood. He must almost perforce have been "independent" to some degree before he could have been eligible for the function of Guinea-man. The enjoyment of half-pay and a handle to his name in her majesty's service is an immense advantage. A captain "R.N.," or "R.M.," or "R.E.," if qualified in other respects, may almost pick the market as a Guinea-man.

To a member of the general public, the very idea of a company conveys some grand and mysterious meaning. The weekly board-meetings are especially considered with a sort of awe—much as a Venetian citizen might be supposed to regard the colloquies of the Council of Ten. In these secret conclaves it is believed that vast projects are matured, enormous capital handled, and irrevocable resolutions taken. Some persons who have been introduced at one of these meetings on business—as when wishing to insure their lives, or to effect some delicate arrangement with their joint-stock bank—have brought away a life-long impression from the awful gravity and solemnity of the spectacle. But the effect is due entirely to imagination. Any knowing city-man, on reading the names of the grave and reverend councilors whose demeanor had been so impressive, would say at once that nine tenths of them were Guinea-men. An acquaintance who happened to be initiated in the affairs of the company, might whisper the additional information that the bland chairman at the head of the table, or the secretary, who sat apart at a little desk, in reality “had the board in his pocket.” Like many another mystery, the mechanism of the joint-stock company system ceases to be mysterious when looked at closely.

The part played by the Guinea-man in that mechanism is a very slight one, although, from his position, somewhat conspicuous. According to certain harsh judgments, he must be designated a humbug; and no doubt he occupies an ostensible position, whose duties he does not and cannot fulfill. But we are not disposed to judge him harshly. His position is rather a matter of accident than choice; and if he does little, he is contented also with little pay. He does not pocket for years a large salary on account of work left constantly undone, and at the end expect to retire with a handsome pension and the order of C.B. On the whole, he is honestly intentioned. He never thinks of swindling himself, even under its modern and polite name of “speculating;” nor would he allow others to swindle. He could not, for example, quietly sit by at the board while the chairman and his more active colleagues helped themselves wholesale to other people’s money. This, at any rate, is something in his favor. As

a director himself, the worst that can be said of him is, that he is a nonentity. Nor is it his fault. If he possessed the genius to plan a new company, or the energy to push and extend its operations over a wider range of enterprise, he might become a better director—or perhaps a worse—but he would then cease to be a Guinea-man.

THE DRY SEASON OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the many peculiarities of the most peculiar state in this very peculiar republic, are its seasons and their attendant phenomena. It might be said that the whole year is divided into but two seasons, the rainy and the dry; and that the latter, commencing with May, ends with October, for, though showers are not unfrequent near its commencement and close, no heavy storm is expected between the two periods mentioned. Flowers of many hues and various shapes grace the opening of this season, and the pure, exhilarating air may rival that of far-famed Italy, whether we gaze into its sapphire depths or receive its soft pressure as it steals along in its affectionate sportiveness. But as the season advances, flower after flower bows its head and drops its petals, and in a few weeks the ardent sun has, with the assistance of the heated blast, deprived the stems of moisture and left scarcely a trace of Flora’s beneficent donations. The trees and some few shrubs still retain their greenness, but in all the interior country, save some spots where gurgles a stream or oozes a spring, presents a most desolate and uninviting appearance.

The soil itself becomes literally baked, and is generally dried to the depth of many feet, so that during the greater part of the season, save in the rich bottom lands of the rivers and creeks, it is impossible to raise vegetables without copious irrigation. Cereals, however, planted in the fall, or rather at the commencement of the rainy season, arrive at maturity in the most arid positions, and the hay is of the finest quality. Perhaps no state in the Union can produce better or larger crops of grain than California, and she certainly has a great advantage in the “merry-harvest time,” from the fact that the crops can be cut and left for days or weeks in the fields without fear of being injured by rain,

a greater part of the grain being prepared for the mill without being carried under a roof.

The roads become intolerably dusty from the long drought, and stage coaches being the chief means of locomotion, it is anything but a pleasure excursion to travel, especially if the direction be with the wind which prevails in all parts of the state with a greater or less force at certain hours of the day. Starting from San Francisco, where the wind blows a gale the greater part of the day through most of the dry season, the currents of air spread out in a fan-like manner, and ascend the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and San José valleys. In the latter valley, as it lies near the coast, and has at its entrance San Francisco Bay, the breeze is generally cool and refreshing; but in the two others, as it blows over a large heated surface, the breeze comes like the blast of a furnace, and in some localities is almost as scorching as a sirocco.

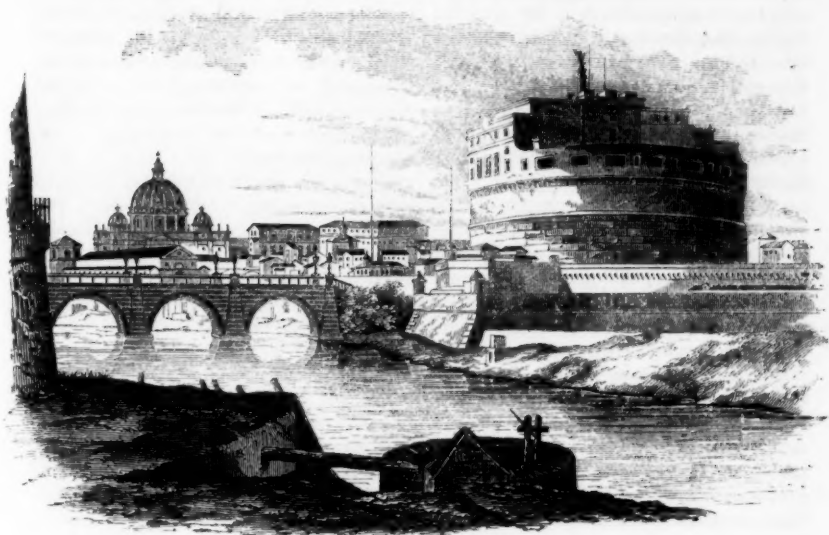
Long, clear, and bright are the days of our dry season, and many succeed one another without a cloud being seen. The air becomes very dry as well as warm, and greatly affects many articles of household furniture, and the houses themselves. Chairs, bureaus, etc., are ready to fall to pieces from the severe shrinking which they undergo, while leather book-covers curl up like birch bark. The sides of houses, which in many instances are constructed of boards placed perpendicularly, though nicely conjoined in the rainy season, are contracted by the heat, and display large interstices, while the same is the case with the floors, doors, and partitions.

While, however, the effects of the dry season are so injurious with respect to these things, the animal frame seems to suffer much less than in the older states. Man and beast can here perform much more labor in a given time without feeling any ill effects, and fatal cases of *coup de soleil* are very rare, the writer having heard of but one since his residence in the state, the subject being a Chinese. Still we think that this intensely dry heat is detrimental to severe mental exertion. With the philosophical cause of the exemption of manual labor from the lassitude which so frequently attends it elsewhere, we are not acquainted, though it may be owing to the lack of humidity in

the atmosphere, the presence of a large quantity of electricity, or the coolness of the nights, a remarkable feature of this season, which materially tends to sound slumber, and thus enables one to fully recuperate. The night air is dry also, and powder may be left exposed a week without losing any of its inflammable or explosive properties.

But while we thus write let it not be supposed that we are giving a description of the climate in all parts of the state, though it be a truthful statement with regard to its great interior; for on the east the Sierra Nevada, rearing themselves as a great wall between us and our far away homes, pierce the clouds with pinnacles which always retain some of the snowy treasures of winter. And then, on the other hand, the coast country differs considerably from the interior, the most remarkable difference being observable at the metropolis of our state, San Francisco and its vicinity. In this locality, as we have intimated, a sea breeze prevails with greater or less intensity during most of the dry season, owing to a depression in the coast range of mountains. It does not prevail all day, but rises generally just before noon, and continues, perhaps increasing, till sunset, when it subsides. A fog usually accompanies it, and this, added to the coolness of the breeze, renders the climate there quite wintry, and oftentimes disagreeable; so that while the interior is sweltering in the heat, the Bay City, donning her winter cloak, furs, and mittens, warms her feet at a grate full of glowing anthracite. This difference of climate is frequently a source of great annoyance to the thoughtless. "The gentleman from Pike" starts from his home to see the city clad in a suit of nankeen or linen and a straw hat. In going down the river he finds it becoming cooler and cooler, and when he arrives at the city he perceives that he is the "observed of all observers" on account of his *thin habit*, and is uncomfortably conscious of a great want of caloric.

This difference will also account for the great disparity there may be in the statements regarding climate contained in letters written from this country on the same day. Taken altogether, this is a strange, a singular State, yet no less noble, and wealthy, and healthy, than her older sisters.



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT ROME.

FLORENCE "had been done up," to use the phrase of continental tourists. Its beautiful environs had all been visited. Its treasures of sculpture had been studied, and its inexhaustible wealth of paintings. Nor had the ancient palaces, so illustrative of mediæval life, been neglected, or its beautiful environs, and still we lingered at Florence, unwilling even to commence our journey toward the Eternal City. Christmas found us at the midnight mass of the Annunziata. The *veturino* that had been engaged for the journey to Rome was dismissed, as rumors were in circulation of banditti upon the road. At last we paid our final visit to the Bello Sguardo, and watched for the last time from this point the rich light of the setting sun falling upon the towers and domes of the city, and changing the flowing Arno into a river of gold; took our last drive in the Cascine, our last walk along the Arno, wandered for the last time through the glories of the Tribune and Pitti Palace, received at the railway station the parting bouquet of our pretty flower girl, and were off for Siena.

We left Florence by railway, and the same evening arrived at the picturesque old city of Siena. The place was quite

full of strangers, on account of a fête which was about to be celebrated there. But we succeeded in getting comfortable quarters in a quaint rambling old inn. The bare brick floors looked cheerless at first, but a wood fire was soon kindled in a capacious fireplace, which shed an air of comfort about us. The cathedral of Siena is the principal object of attraction. This magnificent pile was completed in the early part of the fourteenth century, and although it exhibits the work of various periods, yet the *ensemble* may be said to be of the thirteenth century. Immense and elaborate as is the present structure, it was designed to form only one of the side naves of the grand edifice which was originally projected. The interior is singularly impressive; the walls, incrustated with black and white marbles, present a striking contrast to the lofty roof of azure studded with golden stars. The whole is surmounted by an open hexagonal cupola, giving to the structure a singularly sublime and beautiful effect.

The people of Siena have the reputation of being a merry, industrious, and honest race. A traveler relates that on entering a bookseller's shop on his first arrival there, he inquired for the best description

of the town. "The worthy bookseller," says he, "told me that there was a better edition than the one which he had for sale, and sent his man with me to the shop where it was to be found."

From Siena we proceeded in a singular lumbering diligence toward Rome. The appearance of the country, after passing the line of the papal states, is not as thriving as in Tuscany. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived near the Lake of Bolsena, upon the shore of which is the little town of Bolsena, greatly celebrated for its malaria. This small town is all that indicates the least life upon its borders; not a cottage, not a peasant was to be seen. The stillness of death reigned upon the expanse of waters. Not a boat was there, or anything upon the shores to break the dreary monotony and silence which prevailed.

It was near evening when we arrived at Montefiascone, one of the most picturesque towns upon the whole route. Situated upon an isolated hill, its fortifications and cathedral present, as approached, a bold and pleasing outline. This place is quite celebrated for a wine that is produced in its vicinity. We were shown here, in the Church of St. Flavian, the tomb of the German Bishop Fuger, who died at Montefiascone, as it is said, from drinking too freely of Moscatelle wine. This prelate is represented in a recumbent posture upon the tomb, with a goblet on either side of his miter. One might almost fancy that the place selected for the tomb of the bishop had some reference to his propensities. It is a dark, chilly spot, not unlike a wine cellar. The epitaph upon this tomb, "*Est, est, est, et propter nimium est Johannes de Fuger dominus meus mortuus est*," has been explained as follows by a learned Roman:

"The bishop, a lover of good wine, sent his secretary on before him when traveling, to ascertain where the wine was good, and to apprise him of the places by the word *est*, (it is here.) It is this fatal *est*, thrice repeated at the door of the tavern of Montefiascone, that the secretary has engraved on the tomb of Fuger."

Continuing our journey through the night, we arrived at about nine o'clock, the next morning at Viterbo. A breakfast at Viterbo is one of those experiences of Italian travel, which is likely to become as indelibly impressed upon the mind, as many of the glories of Italy. A journey

by diligence of some twenty-four hours, including the whole night, is not likely to conduce to a very philosophical frame of mind. But, however, after an unsuccessful attempt at breakfasting and paying for what we did not eat, some four or five times more than the usual charge, we concluded to make the best of it, and started out in search of some of the curiosities of the city. Viterbo was in the Middle Ages a place of some considerable importance, and has been called "the town of fine fountains and of handsome girls." We, of course, made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Viterbo Helen, of the twelfth century, who, as tradition says, was the means of kindling a war between Rome and the Republic of Viterbo. The fair lady reposes in an ancient Roman sarcophagus, ornamented with a boar hunt in *basso relievo*. It is related that the Romans were defeated, and, as a source of consolation, they *only* demanded in their capitulation that they might be allowed a last sight of the fair Galiana. The people of Viterbo consented to this, and she was accordingly shown to them from the window of a tower which is still pointed out.

It was growing dark when we arrived upon the Roman Campagna, and near ten o'clock when we found ourselves crossing the *Ponte Molle*, the Pons Milvius of the ancients. Who that has ever visited the Eternal City cannot call to mind the flood of associations which crowd up from the depths of memory as one finds himself for the first time crossing the Campagna, and actually approaching the "lone mother of buried empires?" How intense is the eagerness with which one stretches forward to catch the first glimpse of the seven-hilled city. We entered by the Porta del Popolo, the most magnificent entrance of modern Rome. The *piazza*, or square, which is approached by this gate, is of circular form. It is surrounded by imposing edifices. The center is occupied by an immense obelisk. Upon the left as we entered, the gas lights reflected upon the magnificent marble staircase which leads up to the Monte Pincio. Its splendid marble balustrades and lines of statues, standing out in bold relief, conveyed to the mind an impression of something worthy of the seven-hilled city even in the days of her glory.

We had but little trouble with the offi-

cers of custom, whose duty it was to examine our luggage, as a few pauls seemed readily to satisfy them, and we proceeded to the Hotel d'Angleterre with very slight detention.

Nothing can be more bewildering to the mind than the effect of the first few days at Rome. One of the first places to be visited is necessarily St. Peter's. Then the Vatican opens its treasures of art. The three hundred churches, many of them rich in art and association, claim their share of attention. While at the same time ancient Rome seems from day to day more and more inexhaustible in its treasures of architecture and lessons of history.

Having entered the city by the Porta del Popolo, we found ourselves in the morning in the midst of modern Rome, which is for the most part built upon the ancient Campus Martius, and quite removed from the remains of the original city of Romulus and Remus. The traveler, particularly if he arrive during the night, will be disappointed at the appearance of the city as the morning light develops it to his view. Surely this is not the Rome of his imagination. He looks in vain for the gigantic shadows of the past. Here are no clustering columns or ruined temples,

"With two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity."

All about him seems modern. He passes along the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo, and so by the Babuino to the Piazza di Spagna. In these streets he sees nothing characteristic of his ideal Rome. He sees English signs upon the shops about him, and hears English spoken constantly in the streets. He sees a succession of buildings which might be those of Berlin, of Vienna, or Paris, and were it not for an occasional Contadina costume, he would scarcely realize that he is not in some one of these cities. He drops in upon Peali's book-store and circulating library. Here he finds the *New-York Herald*, *Times*, etc., besides stacks of English and American books. He may here purchase Harper's cheap edition of the "Improvvisatore," and many other novels. He speaks to the master of the shop in English, and is responded to in the same language. The English mail has just arrived, and seated about the reading-room are

many gentlemen in whose faces he distinctly traces the Anglo-Saxon lineaments, to say nothing of the heavy *dreadnought* coats and red-covered guide books of one John Murray, which in themselves are sufficiently indicative of the race. These guide-books are, by the way, such tell-tale affairs of one's nation, that I have known persons who have had them rebound in some different color, whether only as a matter of taste, or partly with reference to economy, I am unable to say. I think there may be decided economy in this change of cover, as the Anglo-Saxon race, known to all hotel-keepers, *commissionaires*, etc., by the color of their guide-books, are liable to be cheated in accordance with it, as the wealth of the *milords Anglais* and *Americaine* is so exaggerated in the eyes of the continental *sharpies*.

From this quarter of the city the first view which the traveler is likely to take of Rome and its surroundings is from the Pincian Hill. This he approaches by way of the magnificent staircase leading up from the Piazza di Spagna. At the foot of these stairs he is struck by the various costumes of the people lounging about. Here are presented all the different costumes of the Campagna. These persons are employed as artist's models, and here all the varied and picturesque costumes so associated in the mind with the landscapes of Italy, are to be found. Here is the pointed conical hat, adorned with gay feathers and ribbons, with the goat-skin breeches, just the figure for a brigand picture; an old man with flowing robe and pilgrim's staff; a boy with fanciful hat and long shaggy goat-skin breeches, who might do duty as a juvenile Pan. A young mother, with a scarlet bodice and snowy-white, *contadini* head-dress, holding in her arms a dark and bright-eyed infant, reminding one of some of Murillo's pictures of the Madonna and Child, who always have a peasant look. These varieties of character, and often many others, may be found of a fine morning in winter upon the first landing of this magnificent staircase, basking in the sun, and waiting, like the hackman in the square, for orders ready to appear in almost any character upon the canvas; now giving life to a scene among the ruined arches, tombs, and towers of the Campagna, or again appearing in some rural fête or vintage scene. Some of these faces and costumes

have been so often copied by artists that the stranger in Rome feels at once that he recognizes many countenances about him, as though he had indeed known them before, or that they had appeared to him in his dreams. This staircase, consisting of one hundred and thirty marble steps, with its several broad and spacious landing places, combining as it does with the Church of Trinita di Monti and the Egyptian obelisk immediately at the head of the stairs, presents altogether one of the most picturesque and imposing features of modern Rome.

While the winter lasts, and up to that time when the crowd of strangers have

taken their flight, there is one well-known character always to be found upon the upper landing of this staircase; here he has a broad space for his perambulations, which he seems to monopolize to the exclusion of all others of his craft. This well-known beggar is the original of Uncle Peppo in Anderson's novel of the "Improvisatore." It is by no means an easy matter to pass up this staircase without paying black mail to this most importunate of beggars. In spite of his torso form, being destitute of legs, he manages to hobble about upon wooden clogs, serving both for his legs and hands, with wonderful activity. A recent writer says:



THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT.

"He is a living torso; his figure from the hips upward being vigorous and manly; but at that point the creative energy of nature has paused, and to this sturdy trunk are appended the feeble and boneless legs of a new-born infant."

From his elevated position on the stairs he marks his victim at a distance; it is useless to attempt to escape him; his disagreeable and stereotyped grin, with the universal "*Buon giorno, eccellenza*," spoken in a whining tone, are sure to greet one.

It is said that Uncle Peppo may be bought off by paying him one or two scudi upon one's arrival here, and that this will secure the stranger a season ticket. There are numerous rumors in Rome of

the wealth of this man. At all events, he is known to ride every day to his business, and clambers up and down from his donkey with great ease and dexterity. I one day amused myself somewhat by questioning him upon the character that Anderson has given him in his work. Uncle Peppo replied that he had "heard of some one who had written a book about him, and that it was all a lie."

Monte Pincio, (the Pincian Hill,) the favorite promenade of modern Rome, presents but little extent of surface. The general plotting of the grounds is stiff and formal. The effect of the whole is greatly enhanced by the fountains and numerous busts which peep out here and there amid



THE MARCIAN AQUEDUCT.

a variety of foliage and flowers. Here are plots of ground devoted entirely to plants and trees of tropical climes. The stately palm, the cactus, and numerous plants and trees of tropical vegetation, present a pleasing contrast to the native trees and shrubs about them. Rome is emphatically the city of strangers. Here congregate the people of all nations, and on a fine afternoon of winter, under the genial sky of Rome, the variety to be met with here is most remarkable. Among the equipages a close observer will detect the neatly appointed English, the German, the French, and the Russian. Sturdy Englishmen stride up and down the walks in their coarse, loose clothes, which they style morning dress. Broadway exquisites, in their fine and closely fitting habiliments, glossy hats, and light kid gloves, which render them so marked all over the continent. Here are English matrons and English maidens, with fair complexions and fully developed figures, nurses with English children, frolicsome boys rolling their hoops, intent upon their sport, forgetful of all the glories of Rome, ancient and modern. Here is a German party, there a Russian, and many delicate figures pass along with which we have been familiar in the United States. In the conversation the ear catches the sound of all the European languages. Here are superb military costumes; a French mil-

itary band is playing; artists pass along with long beards, fantastic hats, and velvet sacks; cardinals in their red carriages: ecclesiastical students in their long black robes with cocked hats, and monks in the various costumes of their orders. Altogether it is a strange and motley assemblage which collects upon the Pincian Hill on a fine afternoon near sunset.

The beauty of Monte Pincio is rather in its surroundings than in itself. On the one side is the Villa Borghese, with its magnificent grounds, costly fountains, and varied ornamental structures, its splendid oaks and pines, with statues peeping out from among the trees. And still beyond is the Campagna, with the storied Sabine and Alban Hills, forming the line of the horizon. In the opposite direction the bold outline of Monte Mario strikes the eye, with its dark and picturesque line of cypresses; near it, the classical Tiber wends its way through green fields. To the west, looking from the bold terrace, is the principal part of the modern city, with the Janiculum, the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, and the immense range of the Vatican palace and museums. Immediately at your feet is the Piazza del Popolo, with its fountains, its magnificent surroundings, and its ancient obelisk of the time of Moses. Still beyond all these objects the eye catches occasional glimpses of the

Rome of the Cæsars, and stretching far away in the distance, the Campagna, looking like a rolling sea.

The sunsets from Monte Pincio are world renowned. In midwinter the sun, as viewed from this spot, disappears immediately behind St. Peter's. The bold outline of its dome, relieved by a crimson sky, with the gigantic pines of the Pamphili Doria on the one side, and the cypresses of Monte Mario on the other, present altogether a combination of rare beauty.

FEATURES OF THE CAMPAGNA.

THERE is nothing in or about Rome more impressive or peculiar in character than its Campagna. This vast tract stretches a distance of ninety miles along the sea, its greatest breadth being about thirty miles. It includes considerable portions of ancient Latium and of Etruria.

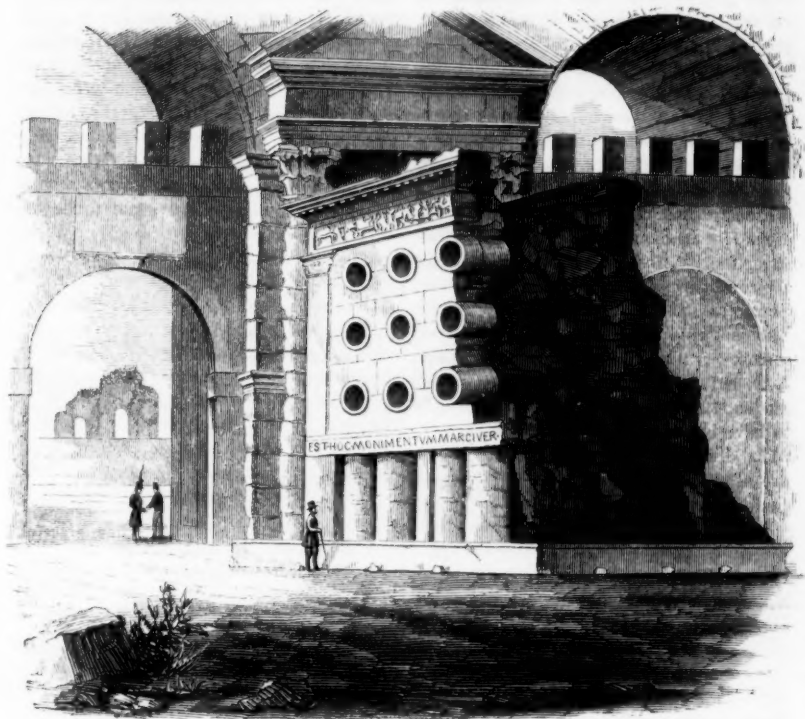
That portion known as the Roman Campagna is usually applied to the lowlands of the Tiber or territory of the city of Rome, which comprises about four hundred and fifty thousand acres. This region has been compared to "a green and motionless sea, of which the Sabine and Volscian Hills are coasts, and in which the Alban Mount is an island." In the vicinity of other cities we find farm-houses and suburban residences stretching for a considerable distance from them, so that the change is more or less gradual, from the pulsation of life which beats in the city to the solitude of the rural districts. But once outside the walls of Rome, the waste of the Campagna extends in all directions, and there is upon it scarce anything which bears evidence of life. It is a scene of singular and desolate beauty. For there is a subdued and dreamy beauty in this vast expanse which one can scarcely realize who has never viewed it. It is the silent and majestic beauty of the Sphinx, or the strange beauty which at times enchants us in the solemn repose of the dead. Here is no throb of life, and the wanderer over the Campagna lives not in to-day, but in the past. The flitting images of buried ages people, with shadowy forms, its desolation. No cheerful sound is here heard. The shepherd, clad in goat skins, seems to imbibe the solitude and dreariness of the spot, and wears a countenance as solemn and as dark as the shadows of the ruined tombs and arches about him. Lean-

ing upon his shepherd's staff, with his long mantle, he seems like a statue in a deserted garden, to be a part of the scene of desolation. Now a ruined tomb is passed, which exhibits in the vastness of the structure the pride of the ancient Romans in erecting such an edifice to guard the shrunken and decaying remains of mortality. Here a tomb has been changed to a fortress in the Middle Ages, and the more modern portion of the structure is scarcely discernible from the original edifice; ages have swept over it, and yet it stands, impressing the mind with the nothingness of man's life compared with his works.

The Campagna presents nothing at once so grand and impressive as its ruined aqueducts. The long line of arches belonging to the ancient Claudian and Marcan aqueducts form a series of ruins at once stupendous and beautiful. The quick perception of the beautiful in form, of the ancient Romans, doubtless contributed to the erection of these splendid monuments of the greatness of the Imperial City, as nothing could be more picturesque in landscape than these lofty arches, stretching away for miles over a surface like that of the Campagna. And now, in their ruin, broken here and there, with the clambering ivy struggling to hide their imperfections, and the wall-flowers peeping out from broken clefts, they present a feature of beauty in the landscape which, in their perfection, they must have fallen far short of.

The Claudian aqueduct, a sketch of which I have presented, was founded by Caligula, continued and completed by the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 51. The whole length of this stupendous work was forty-six miles. Of this distance, thirty-six miles were subterranean, and the remaining ten miles were carried over arches. Of this great work there still remains a line of arches more than six miles in length bestriding the Campagna. This, it will be remembered, was only one of the nine principal aqueducts which supplied the Imperial City with water.

The Marcan aqueduct was completed B.C. 145. Its source was between Tivoli and Subiaco. It was more than sixty miles in length, and entirely subterranean, with the exception of the last six miles, which were carried over arches. The arches, now standing, are built of peperino,



THE TOMB OF EURYSACES.

and some antiquarians claim that a great portion of that which remains was built in the time of Augustus.

The Campagna is by no means, as many persons imagine, a vast plain like that which extends around Munich and Berlin, although it has that appearance when viewed from a considerable eminence. But here is an undulating surface slightly broken like the waves of the sea, here are streams of water and deep pools. There is a depth of green in the verdure of the Campagna throughout the year, with the exception of a short period during the months of July and August, which adds greatly to its charms. There is, indeed, no season in which the botanist will not be repaid for a ramble over it by a multitude of flowers. But in the spring and early summer, after the crowd of strangers have taken their northern flight, then the Campagna puts on her bridal apparel, as if unwilling to disclose her beauties to the descendants of the northern barbarians whose ancestors have so robbed her of her

architectural glories. Then it is, that she displays her "snow banks of daisies," and that the sweet-scented honeysuckle and numerous wall-flowers look out from the clefts of the ruined arches, and shed their fragrance upon the whole atmosphere.

ROMAN TOMBS.

Among the gigantic remains of the city of the Cæsars nothing impresses the mind so much as the ruins of its tombs. The taste of the ancient Romans seems to have been to render their mausoleums as conspicuous as possible. Upon the Appian Way the origin of the old epitaph, commencing "Traveler, pause as you pass by," would strike the mind as having been Roman, for here upon a great traveled road, one of the principal outlets of the Imperial City, for a distance of some twelve miles, there was a constant succession of tombs, built like the houses upon a street, and were evidently originally equally compact. The tomb of the Emperor Augustus now serves as a theater. Upon the Appian Way is the

Casal Rotonde—so large, that upon its top are now a house, a barn, and an olive grove. The mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian now serves the purpose of the great fortress of modern Rome, the Castle of St. Angelo.

This massive structure, of which I present an illustration, was erected by the Emperor Hadrian about A.D. 130. It is a circular tower of one hundred and eighty-eight feet in diameter, built of peperino. After the time of Hadrian it was used as a place of sepulture down to the time of Septimus Severus, A.D. 211. Here Lucius Verus and the Antonines were interred. Antoninus Pius was buried here A.D. 161. Marcus Aurelius, 180; Commodus, 192, and Septimus Severus seems to have been the last interred here, A.D. 211. The tower stands upon a substructure of two hundred and fifty-two feet on each side.

The portion which seems to have been originally designed for the place of sepulture in this vast pile consists only of two small chambers in the center, which are approached by spiral passages. These passages are thirty feet in height and eleven in width. They are built of very solid brick work, and have evidently been faced with marble.

The tomb of Eurysaces, sometimes called "the tomb of the baker's wife," is upon the outside of the Porta Maggiore, and is one of the most unique and remarkable remains of ancient Rome. This was for a long time inclosed in the work of the gateway and walls which adjoin it; its existence until a recent period was unknown. This interesting tomb possesses peculiar value as illustrative of the domestic life of the ancient Romans. It is of quadrilateral form, the sides unequal, consisting of different divisions or stories. The substructure, as will be seen in the engraving, is plain. Then comes a series of stone mortars of the same description as those used by the ancients for kneading the dough. This is separated from the next division by a band, on which is the following inscription: "*Est hoc monumentum Marci Virgilii Eurysacis pistoris redemptoris apparatus.*" Above this band are again stone mortars, placed upon their sides, so that their mouths front the spectator. These are said to have formerly contained each a stone ball to represent the dough. The frieze represents in *basso*

relievo the various operations in making the bread, carrying the corn to the mill, grinding the flour, kneading the dough, molding the loaves, heating the oven, baking the bread, and so on to the weighing of the loaves. The form of the whole monument is said to typify the ancient *panarium*, or bread basket. This work is generally attributed to the first age of the empire, and supposed by some to be of the time of Augustus.

"PAIRED, NOT MATED."

The wedding procession is passing this way,
The church-bells are merrily ringing;
The young peasant-maidens, in festal array,
Sweet flowers on the footpath are flinging;
And o'er the clear stream that flows tunelessly

by,
The sunbeams soft radiance are shedding.
O! surely no proud city pageant can vie
With this lovely and gay village wedding!

The bridesmaids—I note them—how graceful,
how fair!

The bridegroom—mine eye hath descried
him—

How gallant his bearing, how noble his air,
As he bends o'er the matron beside him!
I guess, by the smile that his whisper has won,
That his loving and age-stricken mother
Rejoices to witness the bliss of her son,
Though that bliss be derived from another.

The bride—is she near us? My question, in
sooth,

Derision and jest has excited.

Amazement! they say that the vows of the
youth

To that old feeble dame have been plighted!
Yon mansion is hers; and her tenants are
ranged

Around in obsequious attendance:
For lands and for gold has her bridegroom
exchanged
Peace, honor, and free independence.

O! shame, that he forfeits such bounties to gain
The vain tinsel gauds of existence.

Hath he force in his arm? hath he power in his
brain?

Could he toil not for dayly subsistence?
He hath lost the esteem of the good and the
wise;

He shall turn from the base adulation
Of a sycophant crew, who in secret despise
His self-sought and deep degradation!

The joy-bells are tuneless and harsh to me now;

They seem as pronouncing a sentence
Of chastisement meet for a false, heartless vow,
Of long, bitter years of repentance.

I willingly seek the vast city again,
Since Mammon its empire is spreading
O'er calm, sylvan scenes, and has dared to
profane

This lovely and gay village wedding!

MILK AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

FEW of the substances suitable for the food of man, afforded by either the animal or vegetable kingdom, are of more extensive and universal advantage, and add more to our comforts and luxuries, than milk; and there is not one which, in itself alone, so sufficiently supplies the various elementary principles necessary for the building up of the animal frame.

That it should contain all the necessary materials for the support of animal life might be inferred from the fact of its being a provision of nature for the nourishment of the young of all animals belonging to the class called Mammalia.

On analysis, milk is found to be composed of albumen, oil, sugar, various salts in a small proportion, and water. And these are in themselves sufficient to support the animal body by affording the materials required for the nutrition and renewal of the tissues.

The caseine, or albuminous portion of milk, goes to form the albumen, and subsequently the fibrine and gelatine of the animal tissues; the oil and sugar supply the fat; the various salts contain phosphorus, iron, soda, and sulphur, with one or two more elementary substances in a small proportion; these are necessary for the formation of the bones, and enter into the formation of some of the tissues. The iron is an important element in the blood.

The animals whose milk is used as an article of human food are tolerably numerous. Among the Bovidae we find the cow, the buffalo, and the yak, and among the Capridae the sheep and goat. Of these, the sheep and goat may be looked upon as belonging peculiarly to the temperate regions of the earth. The inhabitants of the cold North are supplied with milk by the reindeer, which finds scanty, yet sufficient means of sustenance amid the snows of Lapland and Siberia. In the parched deserts of the torrid zone the patient camel affords nutritious milk to the wandering Arab of the Sahara, and the milk of the mare is used to a great extent by the wandering Tartar tribes. The Chinese, always peculiar in their choice of comestibles, are said to use sow's milk. In Great Britain asses' milk is considered to have restorative qualities, and is sometimes taken on this account by persons in delicate health.

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Most of the animals whose milk we use for food, have been domesticated from the earliest times. In the Sacred Volume we read of oxen, camels, and asses, in the enumeration of Abraham's riches; and earlier still, Jabal, a descendant of Cain, is spoken of as the father of those who "dwell in tents and keep cattle." Abel is stated to have been a keeper of sheep, which may perhaps favor the conclusion that the sheep was domesticated at an earlier period than the ox or camel. The goat is first mentioned in Genesis xv, 9, where Abraham is commanded to offer a goat, as well as other animals, in sacrifice. Jacob was desired by Rebecca to go and fetch two kids of the goats to make the savory meat wherewith he was to deceive his aged father; and goats are also mentioned as forming part of the hire Jacob was to receive for his third period of service to his uncle Laban.

We find also milk spoken of as an article of food in these same early times. Abraham set butter and milk before the strangers whom, while hospitably entertaining, "he entertained angels unawares." Again in Deuteronomy xxxii, 14, we read of "butter of kine, and milk of sheep." And the excellence and desirableness of the promised land, were expressed in its designation, "a land flowing with milk and honey."

From what original wild stock our domestic ox has sprung is a question on which naturalists are quite undecided; and there is much doubt as to whether any of the races of oxen, called wild, are really so, or whether they have not rather been derived from the domestic race, some individuals of which have accidentally escaped from man's control. This we know to have been the case with the immense herds which roam the llanos and pampas of South America, oxen having been introduced into that country by the Spaniards, shortly after its discovery. The soil and climate of the New World were peculiarly favorable to them, and their numbers increased with great rapidity. And notwithstanding the multitude of oxen that from time to time have been destroyed when the great rivers have flooded large extents of country, in some districts almost totally destroying the herds, in a very few years after such devastating visitations they have increased to their former numbers.

In Scotland there is a celebrated breed of wild cattle, namely, the Chillingham white ox, which by some naturalists has been considered as specifically distinct from our domestic ox. The differences in structure, however, do not seem to be greater than are to be found between the different breeds of domestic cattle. Professor Bell, the talented and observing author of "The British Quadrupeds," is of opinion that our domestic oxen and the wild white cattle of Chillingham are of the same race, and that the fossil bones of oxen, found in this country and on the continent, belonged to the original stock of our domestic breed. He considers it, however, a matter of doubt, whether the Chillingham cattle be descended from domesticated individuals which have accidentally become wild, or whether they be the actual remnants of the original stock.

All the Bovide, in their wild state, show peculiar ferocity of disposition, which domestication does not wholly eradicate.

Two species of the family are natives of North America: the Bison and the Musk Ox. Neither of these has ever been brought under the dominion of man. They are both fierce animals, and the bison especially is remarkable for its very powerful make. Enormous herds of bisons used to roam over the prairies of the far West, and the musk ox used to abound in the more northern latitudes of the continent, but both have for many years been rapidly diminishing in numbers. The European bison, which is a larger and heavier animal than its American congener, is nearly extinct. Formerly it had a wide range, but is now only found in a swampy forest district of Lithuania.

The bisons are exceeded in sullen savageness of disposition by some of the buffaloes.

The Cape Buffalo is a most formidable beast, and it is extremely dangerous to come in contact with it. It will with wanton fury attack the traveler who may unfortunately chance to come in its way, and will never be satisfied but with the utter destruction of its victim. Happily, its ponderous size interferes with great celerity of motion; and its activity of pursuit is further lessened by the enormous size of its horns, which, bending downward, greatly impede its sight.

The domestic buffalo of Europe and Asia is derived from the Arnee, or wild

buffalo of India, but centuries of domestication have but very partially altered its naturally morose and sullen temper.

Instances, however, are given, which afford evidence of some kindliness of feeling on the part of these animals to their keepers. Buffaloes in India and Sumatra have been known to attack a tiger, which had seized and carried off their herd, and to deliver him from the deadly gripe of the savage foe.

The Gour, a noble-looking animal of great size, and which in appearance bears more resemblance to the ox than to the buffalo or bison, inhabits the jungles in the north of India, where it is seen in small herds of fifteen or twenty. It has the character of being excessively fierce, and is looked on by the native inhabitants of the country with feelings of superstitious dread.

The Yak, or grunting ox of Thibet, inhabits the Altai mountains, the higher parts of the Himalaya, and the other mountain ranges of the Thibetian tableland. In a wild state, and ranging at will amid its native fastnesses, it is a savage and dangerous animal. In a domesticated state, it is employed by the various tribes of Thibet and Chinese Tartary as a beast of burden, and is also kept for the sake of its milk. The white silky tail of the yak is valuable as an article of traffic with India, where it is used as a fan, to keep away flies. Among the Tartars of the Thibetian table-land is also found a hybrid between the yak and cow: the male animal being called in their language the dso, or bull, and the female the dso-mo, or cow. "The dso is used for the plow, being much more tractable than the yak, and the dso-mo yields more milk than the yak cow, and of a much richer quality."

Our domestic oxen often show traces of their native fierceness, and are sometimes even dangerous. Still, like almost all the brute creation, they are capable of being affected by kind treatment, and under proper training show a high degree of intelligence and docility. It is impossible not to perceive this, wherever oxen are used as beasts of burden. The draught ox usually shows great good temper and patience, and is quick to understand the voice of its driver. In the Basque provinces of France and Spain a small, but strongly built breed of oxen are

used for draught, and it is interesting to see the facility with which the drivers turn them in whatever direction they wish, merely by pointing a long rod or wand over the heads of the cattle to the right hand or to the left.

The most remarkable instance, however, of docility, afforded by this genus, is to be found among the large, long-horned cattle of South Africa. It is the custom of some of the Caffer tribes to train a certain number of these animals to war, and when they have received this sort of education they are called Backleys. But it is not only for warlike purposes that these backleys are employed. They also act the part of guardians to the flocks and herds, and of protectors to the kraal or village against robbers. The affection and fidelity they show to their masters are very remarkable. They are said to know every inhabitant of the kraal to which they belong, and never on any occasion to molest them. But should a stranger venture to approach any kraal thus guarded, unaccompanied by one of the inhabitants, he would be in extreme danger from the attacks of these warlike brutes.

The cow, in our own country, is usually gentle, but when her calf is with her, she should be approached with caution, for her anxiety for the safety of her offspring often causes her to show great fury toward any one she is not well acquainted with. The manner of a cow's attack is different from that of the male of the species; for while the latter makes threatening gestures, tearing the ground with his horns, and stamping with his fore-feet, the cow usually runs straight at the object of her anger, without any previous demonstration of hostility, so taking her enemy at an unfair advantage.

The following anecdote, taken from "Bell's British Quadrupeds," gives an amusing instance of good-temper and forbearance in a cow, under trying circumstances:

"A cow, which was feeding tranquilly in a pasture, the gate of which was near the road, was much annoyed by a mischievous boy, who amused himself by throwing stones at the peaceful animal; who, after bearing with his impertinence for some time, at length went up to him, hooked the end of her horn into his clothes, and lifting him from the ground, carried him out of the field, and laid him down on the road. She then returned calmly to her pasture, leaving him quiet for a severe fright and torn garments."

The ox has a wider geographical range than any other animal whose milk is used for food, being found to thrive under a tropical sun, as well as in countries of a very high latitude. Very large herds of oxen are kept, both for their flesh and milk, by the various tribes of tropical Africa. Some of the East African nations are remarkable for extreme cruelty and thirst for blood; and we find this wicked ferocity displayed not only to their fellow-men, but also in their relations with the brute creation. It is known to be no uncommon thing among the Gallas, when on a journey, and finding a difficulty in carrying dead provision, to cut away daily, from the living ox, a sufficient quantity of flesh for the day's food, and to continue this revolting cruelty as long as the poor animal's strength will bear the torture, or until it is no longer necessary for their own convenience.

It is pleasant to turn from such barbarities to the contemplation of the rural sights and sounds, and the ideas of peace and plenty, associated in our own country with these useful animals.

How pleasing is the sight of the clean and well-fed cows, with fragrant breath and mild eyes, driven home at milking time, all taking the well-known path to the farm-yard, where they are to be relieved of their rich burden.

How pleasant in the spring, when the grass is yellow with buttercups, and the hedges, and hedgerow trees, covered with their first tender green, when the violet puts forth its purple blossom, and every bank is adorned with tufts of fair primroses, to see the cattle, in some sunny meadow, quietly cropping the rich herbage, or lying at their ease to chew the cud, with what we might almost think an expression of peaceful content in their quiet faces.

The contemplation of the beauty and perfection of all God's creatures, of the abundant provision for the wants of all, of the evident fitness of every one for the station it holds in creation, must fill the heart with gratitude and the lips with praise. And while part of the function of some is to minister to the wants of man, or of other living creatures, let us not forget the more glorious ministry all have to perform, the declaring of the glory of God, and the showing of his handiwork.

THE SMITH OF RAGENBACH.

IN the Principality of Hohenlohe, Laugenburg, is a village called Ragenbach, where about twenty years ago the following heart-rending but heroic event took place. One afternoon in the early spring or autumn, my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbors, I know not what; all at once the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down and his eyes bloodshot, his red-colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed with a horrid voice, "Good Heavens, the dog is mad!"

Then rose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a

resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with Divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

"Back all!" thundered he, with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the beast but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help!" cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the door.

O, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously upon every side in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute until all had escaped—till all, all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But O! merciful God, what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him, who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me," he said; "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "it's done," after silently and solemnly completing his work. "Now you are secure, I am inoffensive. As long as I live, bring me my food. The

rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit." Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died; but truly, he died only to awake to a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to die like Winkelreid or Martius Curtius, the high-spirited Roman youth, but to go to the sacrifice with the certainty of death, and, moreover, being obliged to wait a death so awful, during long, fearful hours and days, that is to die not once, but a thousand times. And such a death was that of the smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the smith of Ragenbach made in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred.

A NEW KIND OF BABY.

NOT a newly-born infant, but a really new baby, or, to speak as a naturalist, a new *species* of baby. How this strange phenomenon came into my possession I shall presently relate: I now wish to give the public, and particularly the better half of it, some account of the baby itself, its appearance and habits. I know not the little innocent's age; it may have been a few days, or a few weeks, or even months old when I first obtained it. The only guide to its age is, that it had not a tooth in its head. Two days afterward, however, it cut its two lower teeth, and it was exactly a month more before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt, its age may be speculated on by those learned in such matters; but, as I am a bachelor, and am not a doctor, I have not myself the most remote conception. It must always be remembered, too, that as this is a new baby, it is not to be supposed that it cut its teeth at the same time, and in the same manner, as common babies.

For the same reason, its size can be no proof of age. I have a suspicion, however, that it is a baby of the smallest size, being not quite a foot and a half long; but

then, as it has very short legs, its body is larger in proportion, and its arms are as much too long as its legs are too short. In color it is a dirty brown; something of the color one may imagine to be produced by a mixture of all the races existing upon the earth, which makes me think it must be a descendant of some very primitive people. Its hands and feet, and mouth and eyes, are, however, much paler, and very much like those of any other baby; but its greatest peculiarity is its long red hair, remarkably long for so young an infant, which has a propensity to stand out on end like that of an electrified doll, making the little creature look always frightened, which I am sure it is not, as it is a sweet-tempered baby, and very seldom cries but when it wants to be cleaned or fed.

I hardly know how to describe the personal appearance of the infant prodigy, so as to give a proper idea of its numerous peculiarities, without making it appear less pleasing and pretty than it really is; but the attempt must be made. The general appearance of its head is very much the same as that of other infants, except the red hair, which is certainly a rare phenomenon. Its face, however, is remarkable for a very large mouth and a very small nose, rather more depressed than in the little children of the Earthmen tribe, the Aztecs, exhibited in New-York a few years since. Its arms, as before mentioned, are very long; as are also its fingers, which, however, in other respects, present nothing peculiar. Its little short legs have a strange facility of motion; they are either held aloft in the air, or bent back against the sides of the body, or its toes are put into its mouth for want of something else to suck; but I believe other infants besides this do the same thing. Its feet, however, are most remarkable in having very long toes, and a little thumb to them instead of a great toe. The skin of its neck, breast, and stomach is quite smooth; but, strange to say, all its back and the outside of its arms and legs are covered with long, soft red hair.

"Why," exclaims the reader, "the creature must be a monkey!" But I beg leave entirely to repudiate the suggestion. The baby in question has no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eat-

ing its soft rice, you would scorn the insinuation as much as I do.

Another peculiarity which this interesting infant possesses is an appearance of extreme old age. To look at it, you can hardly believe that it is only just cutting its teeth, and is quite incapable of going alone, or of eating anything but what is put into its mouth by other people. The little wrinkles about its mouth and eyes give it an air of precocious wisdom, and the workings of its countenance express so many feelings and passions, as seem quite incompatible with a state of helpless infancy. Still more extraordinary is its possession alike of strength and weakness to an unparalleled degree. It cannot turn itself over on the ground; it is incapable of moving an inch; and yet the most active sailor could not hold on to a rope with so much tenacity, and for so long a time. It will sometimes hang so for an hour together, and seem quite contented; and I generally give it some exercise of this sort once a day to keep it in health. Its little, long fingers are bent at the ends, and even its nails turn inward, as if formed expressly for hanging on to something, which it is always wanting to do. It sleeps with its hands tight clutched, or sometimes grasping its own hair. There is nothing, in fact, it likes to catch hold of so much as hair. It has a very passion for hair; and if, while feeding it, I inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasps hold of my whiskers as if it would tear them out by the roots; and when, after some difficulty, and many twinges, I have made my escape, it generally sets up a scream, which can only be stopped by immediately administering a mouthful of rice.

Another thing that would lead one to think it must have come of decent parents, is its love of being clean. If I hear a scream at any time other than eating-time, I am sure the poor creature is dirty, and wants to be washed. And how it enjoys its washing, and being rubbed dry, and having its hair brushed! It never screams or kicks, as do many naughty children under the wholesome operation, but lies perfectly still, however long it may take, and seems rather sorry when it is over.

In my bachelor establishment I was, of course, put to some shifts to provide for such an unexpected visitor. I contrived

a pap-bottle with a wide-mouthed phial, till I found the baby would eat out of a spoon. A small box did duty for a cradle; but as I was obliged to be out a good deal in the day, and the nights were rather chilly, I purchased a little monkey, to be a companion to my abnormal infant, and to keep it warm at night. It might not have been quite proper, but necessity has no law, and I am glad to say the baby was much pleased with little Jacko, and they became excellent friends. The baby, however, was a little exacting, and would try to keep Jacko always with it, seizing hold of his hair and grasping his tail; and when all was of no avail, and the monkey, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping, screaming violently with rage. Still, however, they got on very well together, and after the baby had been fed, Jacko would always come and sit upon its stomach, and pick off any little bits of rice that were left about its mouth, or even put in his hand and pull out whatever baby had not quite swallowed.

But, alas! milk was not to be procured, and a diet of rice and water was not sufficiently nourishing for so small an infant. It pined away, and suffered from a complication of diseases, from diarrhea or dropsy. I once gave it a little castor-oil, after which it recovered for a time; but a relapse again occurred, and, after lingering some weeks, death terminated its sufferings.

I had indulged hopes of sending this infant prodigy to your city, where it might have rivaled in popularity the ape-like Aztecs, and the public would have been enabled to judge of the accuracy of my statements. Such hopes, however, being now entirely frustrated, and it being highly probable that neither I nor any one else will ever look upon its like again, I shall simply narrate the circumstances of its discovery, and leave every one to form his own opinion.

I was walking in search of game in one of those vast primeval forests which clothe so large a portion of the tropics; no human habitation or sign of culture was near; parasitical plants swarmed upon the trees, and twisted climbers hung in festoons from their loftiest branches, or, trailing on the ground, helped, with prickly canes, to form impenetrable barriers. All was somber and silent. No birds fluttered on the branches, and but rarely an insect's

wing glittered in a stray gleam of sunshine. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the topmost branches of a lofty tree. I gazed upward, and for some time could not discover its cause; but after moving right and left, so as to see in succession every part of the tree, I discovered a large red animal walking along a branch in a semi-erect posture. Without losing a moment, I fired a ball, which apparently only served to make the creature move more rapidly. It passed along till the branch became so slender as to bend beneath its weight, when its long arms enabled it to seize the adjacent bough of another tree. This with great strength it pulled toward it, till it had hold of a portion sufficiently thick to bear its weight, when it swung itself across with surprising agility, and continued its journey to the opposite branches, where it succeeded in passing on to a third tree in the same manner. I now fired again, and with decisive effect, for in a sudden attempt to escape more rapidly it lost its hold, and fell with a crash to the earth. I of course imagined that it was dead; but what was my surprise, before I could reach it, to see it rise from the ground, and grasping with its large hands a small tree close to it, begin to ascend again with great rapidity. It had reached a considerable height before I could fire again, when it again fell to the ground, this time mortally wounded, and soon breathed its last. It was then that I discovered, close to where it had first fallen, the singular infant whose eventful history I have here recorded, lying half buried in a sand-hole, to which my attention was drawn by a half-stifled little scream. Some water being near, I washed the mud out of its mouth and eyes, and discovered a marvelously baby-like looking and innocent little creature, apparently quite unhurt by its fall, and which clung to me with most amazing tenacity. I had killed the mother, so I determined, if possible, to save her offspring; with what success has been already seen.

Some natives of the country brought the dead body to the place where I was living. It was three feet six inches high, and its outstretched arms were six feet across. The natives called it a "mias," but the Malays say it is an "orang-outang," which means "man of the forest."

THE PLANETS.

IF we pass from the central orb to the planets of the solar system, the first thing that strikes us is their complication of movement. The Sun has one motion only—that on his axis. The planets have each a motion on its own axis, and another motion around the Sun. As the basis of both of these, science recognizes a necessity which it yet cannot interpret, the necessity for an original projectile force. Mere attraction would simply have drawn such a body as our Earth to the Sun, and fixed it there, supposing it to have come within his range. Its rotation can be accounted for, only on the principle of an original impetus communicated to it, independently of the Sun. But an original impetus, sufficient to produce that velocity of rotation which it now has, might, according to its direction, have sent the Earth either right into the Sun, or indefinitely beyond his influence, to wander in boundless space. To originate a motion around the Sun, two things required to be calculated and exactly adjusted: the *force* of the impetus, in other words, the amount of the velocity, and the *direction* of the impetus. The Earth projected into space, (science does not, cannot explain how or when,) in order to acquire that motion which it actually now has around the Sun, must have been so projected, with a *certain* amount of force and no other, and in one *precise* direction and no other. Thus it must also have been, in like manner, with all the planets. In the case of each, to originate the self-rotation and the vaster circuit around the Sun, the projectile force must have been mathematically precise in its *amount* and in its *direction*. Here, as everywhere, we find ourselves in a region of almost pure thought. We are conversing with matters of nice calculation, with the palpable products of reason, with Divine ideas, with a work which was first ideal and then real, and which has no meaning and no explication, except in connection with profound thought.

But there is a still greater complication of planetary movement, which must be noticed. Besides the self-rotation and the course around the Sun which belong to the primary planets, there are many secondary spheres, the satellites, that have a third movement around the orbs with which they are severally connected. Besides the

original projectile force, its amount and its direction, besides the complication of movements that has been named, there are several other important elements that enter into the calculation, and that bear immensely on the result—the magnitudes of the planets, primary and secondary, their distances from the Sun and their relative distances from one another, their position, whether in the same or in different planes, their movements, whether in the same or in different directions. It must not be overlooked, that not only are all the planets attracted by the Sun, but they are also attracted by one another. Each attracts and is attracted by the others. With these actions and reactions, these various magnitudes and velocities, it was required to originate a system that should be uniform and permanent. Why, we may ask, are all the planets nearly circular in form? Why, in each case, is the shortest axis that which is chosen as the axis of rotation? Why do they all move, whether on their own axis or around the Sun, in one direction from west to east, as the Sun himself moves? Why do they all move nearly, though not quite, in one plane, forming by their orbits a series of nearly concentric circles? The variations in the case of the minor planets, situated between Mars and Jupiter, need not here be named. With this exception, the orbits of Mercury, Venus, and the other larger planets, are so many concentric circles, the outermost of which is the mighty orbit of Neptune, at a distance of two thousand nine hundred millions of miles from the center.

It has been triumphantly shown that the existing arrangement possesses the highest advantages over every other that could have been selected. It has been shown, that even a slight deviation in a single case from the actual form of the planets, their magnitudes, their relative distances, their axis of rotation, their velocities, the direction or the plane of their movement, must have given rise to causes which had certainly ended in the derangement and utter destruction of the whole. By the existing arrangement, a system overwhelmingly grand is constituted, which, while its harmony is of surpassing beauty, seems at the same time to be indestructible.

Two mighty laws lie at the foundation of the solar system, and secure its harmony and its permanence—the law of attraction and the law of repulsion. The latter is

connected with that primitive projectile force, with which it may be conceived the planets were at first launched into space. This force originates self-rotation, in other words, the tendency of the separate parts of a compressible sphere to fly off, modified by the antagonist tendency to cohere, producing, according to the amount of velocity, an expansion of the equatorial circumference and a flattening around the poles of the axis of motion. On the other hand, and in the same way, this force originates the tendency in the body as a whole to resist and repel every influence that would draw it aside from the direct onward line of motion into which it has been projected. Let us now suppose the Earth, or any other of the planets, speeding its onward course in obedience to the original force that launched it into space, at length suddenly coming within the range of the Sun. His enormous attractive power would tend to draw it completely in to himself. But it is already endowed with a tendency to move right onward in a straight line and to fly off from him. There are thus two forces acting upon the planet, and it is the proportion and balance of these that give it its movement around the Sun, which might, according to circumstances, have been circular, or elliptical, or any one of the numberless possible combinations of these. The actual fact of our system is, that the two forces, the one centripetal or attractive, the other centrifugal or repulsive, are so proportioned, that the motion of the planets around the Sun is nearly circular. Each planet is thus, as it were, supported by the combined action of two antagonistic forces, the one drawing it into the Sun, the other urging it every instant to strike off at a tangent, both together keeping it at nearly a uniform distance from the center. A planet in this view involves profound and intricate calculation; it is a mighty idea realized, a distinct, articulate utterance of thought.

Of the two laws, on whose adjusted antagonism the harmony and permanence of the solar system depend, an immense amount of influence belongs to attraction or gravitation. This may be said to be the one pervading and reigning force in the material universe. It is the same in our Earth, and in each of the planets, and in the Sun himself—the same in the atom and in the sphere. Every single particle of matter attracts, and is attracted, by

every other. Every combination of particles, small or large, and of whatever form, attracts, and is attracted by, every other combination. One law reigns in a drop of water, the fragment of a rock, and the revolutions of the spheres. The force of gravitation acts according to a determinate rule, and its amount is always and everywhere mathematically exact. It is greatest when bodies are immediately near to one another, and diminishes in proportion as their distance increases—diminishes in a fixed and invariable proportion, the proportion of the squares of the distances. The solar system is governed by this mathematically precise law, and all the magnitudes, distances, orbits, planes, and forms of the planets, are adapted to it with critical exactness. So much is this the case, that La Grange has shown that, but for the very ratio in which the law of gravitation acts, the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances, by a deviation ever so slight, fatal derangement was inevitable. But it is not meant to be conveyed that there are no apparent imperfections and irregularities in the existing planetary system. It is certain, on the contrary, that changes have occurred, and are occurring; for example, in the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit, in the velocity of the Moon's motion, and in the obliquity of the ecliptic, which may be conceived to affect the permanence of the economy. The question is perfectly legitimate: Is there no likelihood that these or other changes may yet prove fatal? Whewell says:

"It was shown by La Grange and La Place, that the arrangements of the solar system are stable, that in the long run the orbits and motions remain unchanged, and that the changes in the orbits which take place in shorter periods never transgress certain very moderate limits. Each orbit undergoes deviations on this side and on that of its average state; but these deviations are never very great, and it finally recovers from them, so that the average is preserved. The planets produce perpetual perturbations in each other's motions, but these perturbations are not indefinitely progressive: they are periodical, they reach a maximum value, and then diminish. The periods which this restoration requires are, for the most part, enormous; not less than thousands, and in some instances millions of years, and hence it is that some of these apparent derangements have been going on in the same direction since the beginning of the history of the world. But the restoration is in the sequel as complete as the derangement, and in the meantime the disturbance never attains a sufficient amount seriously to alter the adaptations of the system."

SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

"MUNICH!" exclaimed old Mr. G., as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, "ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up! It was there that life—that is, the life of cities—first broke upon me in all its brilliant hollowness; and yet what do I know? Is there more real honesty beside the plow or in the vineyard? Well, no matter, man is man all the world over, but it was not at Munich that I first learned all the treachery of which man is capable. It was there that I passed some of my happiest hours, and there, too, that I died."

"Died!" I exclaimed, doubtful whether I heard aright.

"Yes, died," replied the old gentleman in a calm, matter-of-fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had dyed his whiskers there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own decease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was doting.

"I suppose you speak metaphorically?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, and unqualified, at least—but, not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning.

"It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was *attaché* to the embassy of the most popular, because the most amiable and liveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps, ever known.

"It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and was growing rapidly ill. For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living; and every hour brought me lower. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterward told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger. I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so down-stricken, that I could not hope to survive.

"Toward night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand

stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing that I recognized was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Caesar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, by that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and love.

"I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Caesar.

" 'I am dying, Karl,' I said. 'I know I cannot live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. And—and when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all.'

"I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me.

"The man bent over me, and wept like a child amid his promises.

"Then came the awful thoughts of death. From what a life of careless worldliness was I passing into eternity. I had been gay, indifferent, thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin, which I had once thought trivial, now reproached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the awful judgment threatened, how vain, how wicked did all my life seem. Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray; I could only dread; and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer. My memory passed; I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick; I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was—dead.

"What I felt when feeling returned, I will tell you. At first it was an icy coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but a complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet.

My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that, too, of will as well as of muscle. I lay; I was conscious of existence; but there was no thought in my mind, no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious. But that was all. I might have been dead. This might have been the grave. I knew not. All thought, all memory was gone.

"Then little by little my feeling grew sharper. I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shriveled up.

"I know not how long I endured this, but it seemed to rouse my dormant will, and as that returned, the use of my other senses returned likewise. My eyes were closed, but I knew that I could see, for I perceived a weight of darkness above the shut lids. Presently, too, I grew aware that there was something in my right hand, and as my senses grew keener and keener, and the agony of cold and weakness became still more unbearable, my will grew stronger, my thought returned dimly, though my memory was utterly gone, and I determined to make an effort to move. I had no idea that I was dead, for I had no memory that I had ever been alive, but I was conscious of existence, and instinct, I suppose, prompted self-preservation.

"My first attempt was to open my eyes, and in this I at length succeeded. But I saw nothing. All was dark. Only when I had lain for some time, gazing upward, did I know that there was a space of dark air above, and that I was not shut in close.

"My next effort was to feel what was in my hand. Whatever it might be, I knew that it was smooth, and somewhat warmer than the icy flesh that held it. Then I strove to raise this arm. But in vain. Again and again I tried, till suddenly with an unexpected jerk it bounded up, the muscles not being wholly under my will, and as it did so, I felt some hot drops fall on my face.

"It was this that saved me; this, as it were, that awoke me. These drops brought the blood more quickly through my ice-bound veins and thawed me into life. Then I knew at once that I held a bottle in my hand, and in my frightful, gnawing hunger,

instinct guided it to my mouth. I poured half the contents down into my throat, and O! how fearfully they burned, yet how completely they restored me.

"It was brandy, and my memory returned sufficiently for me to know that it was so. Yet I guessed nothing from that. My mind could not do more than perceive. I was too powerless to draw an inference.

"But now the pain was lessened, my blood was warmed, I felt that my heart beat. I was conscious that I was alive. And now, too, though I was still unable to move, I could feel that I was shut up in some narrow casing. My feet touched something upright below them. My arms were laid close to my sides, and my fingers and elbows found something upright and wooden on each side. I was frightfully cramped, and this was a new pain, and a source, too, of a vague fear. I felt my strength returning, and longed to be free. Yet I could not move. I felt as if imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse than the rest.

"I raised my arm again with an effort, and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim, gray light, as of the morning twilight, stealing upon the darkness.

"Presently I could move my arms; I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brass buttons, and the smooth cloth of a coat, and the smoother satin of a large embroidered waistcoat. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural, but that was all. I remembered nothing at all.

"Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casing that held me, and when I had succeeded, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning memory told me was ribbons.

"I asked myself what all this meant, whether I was alive or dead, dreaming or awake. In vain I tried to remember anything about myself: my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms, raised myself into a sitting posture.

"O! how dreadful was the scene. I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and corpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—sham flowers, made of crape

or muslin, and gay ribbons—corpses in marriage garments.

"I knew not what it meant. For some minutes I gazed in simple unconsciousness. Next to me was an old man with white hair, his cheeks sunken in on both sides, his jaw broken down, as it were, from his face; and he was in the blue and red uniform of a general, and a star—mockery!—upon his breast, and around his coffin, roses and tulips of every gaudy hue. His eyes were closed, but on his face was a look of pain.

"On the other side of me was a fair girl, of nineteen perhaps. She was in a ball dress of white; and O! how that brought my memory back. I remembered that I had often seen such a dress. I knew not where or on whom, but the memory seemed painful to me.

"This girl was lovely. Her face was still round; her white lips parted in a gentle, heavenly smile; her white shoulders still smooth, but the young bosom that had once, perhaps, throbbed with love, now cold, sunken, still. I looked long at the face. It was beautiful. It produced pleasure in me. I did not remember it, and yet as I gazed I thought I had seen it somewhere, in some dream. There were many other bodies, and I stared at them all; at least all that the dim light allowed me to see; but suddenly I shook, shuddered, and trembled. I had at last remembered that this must be death, and then I knew that I was really alive, and the thought of being alive amid the dead was awful.

"I made a desperate effort, raised myself on my sinking legs, and crawled from my coffin. Before me was a large glass door. I remembered it must be a door. I crawled to it in agony—fearful agony—the pain of longing to escape, and the impossibility of doing so from weakness. At last I reached it, and by another effort stood up and looked out, and in the gray moonlight—for such it was—I saw a vast graveyard. O! even that sight, all alone as I was, was cheerful compared with what was behind me—the dead. I sought to open the door. I felt and found a handle, but it was useless. I tried to scream, and my voice fell almost without sound back into my lungs. Yet even its slight sound terrified me. I feared lest it should wake some of those bodies behind me, and this terror lent an unnatural force to my weak, wasted limbs.

"I shook the door with all my might. I thrust my fist through the glass, and then I uttered a wild, piercing shriek.

"O! how terrible was that solitude. The sound echoed through the dead-house, and passed over the white, quiet tombstones, and there was no answer. I shrieked again and again, and then, utterly weakened, I clung almost senseless to the door.

"It seemed an age that I hung there, shrinking close up to escape the horror behind me—an age of agony.

"At last a light gleamed close by.

"O! how it cheered me. I called for help, and no longer feared my own voice. Still there was no answer; but in a moment or two, a figure advanced slowly and cautiously, and I thought it was the figure of a dead man; so white, so full of dread was the face. It advanced, step by step, holding the light before it high up with a trembling hand. I cried, but still it answered not. I cried, 'For God's sake, let me out. Are you a man or a corpse?'

"He answered not, but came on slowly, and I could see him tremble. At last he came almost close up, but stopped and turned the light full upon my face. For some minutes, at least, he stood thus, and not knowing who or what he was, whether dead or alive, I could only cling to the door and gaze at him madly.

"Presently I heard a jingling as of iron, next a grating in the lock of the door, and then the door was opened, and I fell insensible upon my face.

"When I revived, it was with a feeling of pleasure about me. I was very warm and comfortable. Somebody was rubbing my feet—somebody else chafing my hands. Some time this lasted, and then I sat up.

"I was in a small room with a fire and a lighted candle, and the man of the lantern, whom I gradually recognized, was rubbing my feet, while another man, whom at last I recognized too as my own doctor, was standing beside me, clapping the palms of my hands violently.

"'Thank God!' I heard him exclaim, and the sound of his voice cheered me.

"At length I was alive again. They gave me food, which I devoured ravenously; they gave me a warm drink, which made me feel fresh and hearty, and after an hour's time or so, I was sitting up talking almost sensibly to the doctor.

"It was then for the first time that I

discovered that I was dressed in full diplomatic costume. What absurdity!

"And now you will be asking what all this means, and I will give you the key of the wonder, to set your mind at rest.

"Of course you have guessed that I had been in a kind of trance; fortunately, however, of a slight kind, and one which only lasted two days. You must know, then, that at Munich and at many other Continental towns, the plague was once a terrible guest. In consequence of this, it is imperative to convey every dead body, an hour or two after death, to a public dead-house, where they lie in their coffins till all is ready for their interment. But as trances occasionally happen, and people have been known to come to life again, the friends dress them up in their clothes of state and surround them with flowers, in order that, should they awake, they may not be shocked to death again by finding themselves in a grave-cloth and a hard coffin. It is a pretty idea, to make death look so gay; for, after all, is not death a wedding, a marriage of the soul to its Maker, which brings us into the blessedness of eternal life? So, then, they deck them for a wedding, and they place in the hand of each a bottle or a flask of brandy, that they may not die of exhaustion.

"Of late years they have had recourse to another expedient, which unfortunately for me was unknown in my day. They attach to the fingers of the dead body a ring, to which is fastened the wire of a bell which hangs in the room of the guardian of the cemetery. The slightest movement of the limbs suffices to ring this bell, and the watcher, prepared with cordials and restoratives, rushes to the place, and rescues the wretched creature from the awful position. But in my day the instances of trance had been very few; the watcher had never known one before, which accounted for the alarm he was in.

"Is it strange or not that my first thought, when I recovered my memory sufficiently to know that I had thus awoke up from death, was thankfulness for this return to life, and a horror of death, an awful dread of dying again? The fact was, that my memory went no further. Up to this time I had remembered nothing that had taken place before the trance. All my past life was a blank, and I only remembered with a shudder the scene of death that I had lately gazed upon."

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Or extracts worthy of preservation, "Spice Islands passed in the Sea of Reading," as the editor of the *Home Journal* calls them, we give the first place this month to

A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE.

We find it in *Krummacher's Suffering Saviour*, where it is given as illustrative of the mockery before Herod's tribunal in the last tragedy of the "Saviour's Sorrows."

Adam was a king gloriously arrayed, and ordained to reign. But sin cast him down from his lofty throne, and caused him the loss of his purple robe, his diadem and scepter. But after his eyes were opened to perceive how much he had lost, and when his looks were anxiously directed to the earth in search of it, he saw thorns and thistles spring up on the spot where the crown fell from his head; the scepter changed, as if to mock the fallen monarch, into a fragrant reed; and instead of the purple robe, his deceived hand took up a robe of mockery from the dust. The poor, disappointed being hung down his head with grief, when a voice exclaimed, "Look up!" He did so, and lo! what an astonishing vision presented itself to his eye! Before him stood a dignified and mysterious man, who had gathered up the piercing thorns from the ground, and wound them round his head for a crown; he had wrapped himself in the robe of mockery, and taken the reed, the emblem of weakness, into his own hand. "Who art thou, wondrous being?" inquired the progenitor of the human race, astonished, and received the heart-cheering reply, "I am the King of Kings, who, acting as thy representative, am restoring to thee the paradisiacal jewels thou hast lost!" Our delighted first father then bowed himself gratefully and reverentially in the dust; and after being clothed with the skin of the sacrificed animal, fathomed the depths of the words of Jehovah, "Adam is become like one of us."

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

SOME fair one, writing from the far-off shores of the Pacific, whither she had wandered, impelled by duty or interest, or perhaps by both, for there is no reason why they should be dissociated, says some pleasant and beautiful things about home and its memories:

Many and dear are the memories which cluster around that little old cottage—the far-away home of my sunny childhood. As I sit here, I can close my eyes, and the long gone past comes rustling back, and in imagination I once more see my cottage home peeping from the shading trees, and the vines and roses which climb and clamber over the lattice work, and up the pillars of the piazza, and peep in at the tallest window, and tap so gently on the pane. That dear old home! I seem to be a child again, and stroll carelessly up the walk, and pause a moment as I step on the piazza to enjoy the delicious coolness, and toss my curls to the breeze as it floats lazily by, and take a merry romp with Uncle William, while he pulls my hair and pinches my ears and cheeks till they are redder than June roses, and tickles my plump, fat neck and shoul-

ders till I fairly scream with laughter, and then I pull away from him, and smooth my hair and pull down my rumpled apron, gravely telling him all the while that I never will go near him again; and it all ends in a rougher romp than ever. Ah! that dear uncle, it was a light spring morning that he kissed me for the last time, and passed into the silent evening land.

The smile is gone from my lip! I tread with noiseless step as memories dear and sacred come thronging by! It was in this little parlor where the "blessed sunlight" so loves to stray that sweet Sister Mary became a bride, and in all her bridal beauty—amid tears and blessings went from our number—and here, in one little month from that day, she lay so still and cold, and received our caresses with never an answering one. With white hands folded over the snowy robe, and up-turned face, she rested there; beautiful in life, she was still more so in death. A fitting mark was that fair sister for the spoiler. It was our first grief, and when the green cloths hid her from us, we turned away, feeling that our home circle was broken—earth had one less tie!

There, too, our eldest brother bade us farewell, and went forth to seek his fortune in other lands. Tidings often reached us of the wanderer; yet still he turns to that old home, "as a sacred thing forever." And ever shall its memory be cherished by us; though time may thread our tresses with gray—though all things else fail, the memory of that dear old home shall be a joy forever.

THE BIBLE ALIVE—THE CHURCH DEAD.

FROM a volume entitled "The Earnest Minister," being selections from the Posthumous and other writings of Rev. Benjamin Parsons, we take the following:

Revelation is a vast field of every description of moral and spiritual truth that can touch the sensibilities of the soul; and reading through a Scripture history, prophecy, gospel, or epistle, is like perambulating the famed Gardens of Hesperides, wandering through the vales of Tempe, or climbing the heights of Parnassus, Tabor, Pisgah, Sinai, Olivet, or Lebanon. Doubtless Palestine was chosen as the father-land of the prophets, that men whose minds were nursed in the midst of the loveliest and grandest natural scenery, might be able, from their earliest associations, to clothe Divine truth in all the beauty and majesty of earth and heaven. Hence there is nothing dull or lifeless in the Scriptures. Even its genealogies have a biographic and poetic charm. There is, in fact, freshness and verdure everywhere, from Moses to John the Divine. And yet we shall not err if we say that not one of ten thousand in the Christian world is alive to these enchanting beauties. We have contrived by Sectarianism, Dissection, and System, to destroy life and loveliness. You cannot play the anatomist and preserve the vitality of your subject. Death and dissection generally go together. A collection of dry bones, of withered muscles and nerves, would be but a sorry representation of Adam and Eve in their original beauty and dignity. Our bodies of Divinity and Systematic Theology are very much of this character. They are mere skeletons, and stink of the sepulcher. Graves in more senses than one, are associated with churches and chapels. Too often you have as many dead above as below the turf. You have corpses in gowns and bands as well as in coffins, and the suppliance may not be a bad emblem of the winding-sheet. The president, tutor, and preacher, are sometimes dead while they live, and stiff and cold, by way of anti-

pating dissolation. All is dark, and damp, and chilling. You have not only skeletons of sermons, but skeleton-sermons, and the sanctuary is made a mental and spiritual charnel-house. The priest is dead, and the hearers are dead, for the divinity is dead.

NO PRAISE WHERE JESUS IS NOT KNOWN.

AN able writer furnishes a series of articles on "Christian Missions" for the London *Wesleyan Magazine*. From the number for November last we take the following eloquent and truthful passage:

There is no praise in the world where the name of Jesus is not known. Ancient and modern heathen nations have erected splendid temples in honor of their gods, and established a numerous priesthood, with manifold rites and ceremonies; but whatever their forms of worship, however multiplied their prayers, oblations, and strains of music, *there is no praise.* Satan, with all his arts of delusion, could not imitate, within the precincts of heathenism, those praises which he and his fallen angels once knew in heaven. "Thanksgiving and the voice of melody" none ever heard in a pagan temple from generation to generation. And poor, superstitious Africa, whatever may be the diversified sounds heard in her dreary deserts, or her villages and kraals, from the wild war-cry to the weary, monotonous sounds of the festive dance, never furnishes one note of praise. The Mohammedan ascends his mosque, or enters its portals, leaving his sandals at the door, that he may reverently bow to say his prayers; but Mohammedanism is silent as death in regard to praise. The Jews, indeed, retain the ancient forms of praise; but, until they believe in Jesus, though they "chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David," (Amos vi, 5,) it is only like chanting among the dreary mansions of the dead. Thus, if the whole world were without Jesus, praise would utterly forsake the earth. Praise increases as his kingdom extends; and the people then "confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father," when they "sing forth the honor of his name," and "make his praise glorious." Psalm lxxvi, 2.

MUDDINESS MISTAKEN FOR DEPTH.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, in his preface to an edition of "Bacon's Essays," has some very sensible remarks on the proneness of the multitude to mistake muddiness for depth.

One may often hear writers of this class spoken of as possessing wonderful *power*, even by those who regret that this power is not better employed. "It is a pity," we sometimes hear it said, "that such and such an author does not express in simple, intelligible, unaffected English such admirable matter as his." They little think that it is the *strangeness and obscurity* of the style that make the power displayed seem far greater than it is; and that much of what they now admire as originality and profound wisdom, would appear, if translated into common language, to be mere common-place matter. Many a work of this description may remind one of the supposed ancient shield which had been found by the antiquary, Martinus Scriblerus, and which he highly prized, incrustated as it was with venerable rust. He mused on the splendid appearance it must have had in its bright newness; till, one day, an over-sedulous housemaid having scoured off the rust, it turned out to be merely an old pot-lid.

It is chiefly in such foggy forms that the metaphysics and theology of Germany, for instance, are exercising a greater influence every day on popular literature. It has been zealously instilled into the minds of many, that Germany has something far more profound to supply than anything hitherto extant in our native literature; though what that profound something is, seems not to be well understood by its admirers. They are, most of them, willing to take it for granted, with an implicit faith, that what seems such *hard* thinking must be very accurate and original thinking also. What is abstruse and recondite they suppose must be abstruse and recondite wisdom; though, perhaps, it is what, if stated in plain English, they would throw aside as partly trifling truisms, and partly stark folly.

It is a remark that I have heard highly applauded, that a *clear* idea is generally a *little* idea; for there are not a few persons who estimate the depth of thought as an unskillful eye would estimate the depth of water. Muddy water is apt to be supposed deeper than it is, because you cannot see to the bottom; very clear water, on the contrary, will always seem less deep than it is, both from the well-known law of refraction, and also because it is so thoroughly penetrated by the sight. Men fancy that an idea must have been always obvious to every one, when they find it so plainly presented to the mind that every one can easily take it in. An explanation that is perfectly clear, satisfactory, and simple, often causes the unreflecting to forget that they had needed any explanation at all.

EXTREME SKEPTICISM LEADS TO CREDULITY.

THE same author, in a charge delivered to the Dublin clergy, thus accounts for an occurrence which has of late become somewhat common in Great Britain:

It is a remarkable fact that of the persons who have gone over to the Church of Rome, a large proportion are of a character the very opposite of that for which most would have anticipated such a result. They are persons not distinguished by extreme self-distrust, or a tendency to excessive and unreasonable deference and submissiveness, and a readiness on slight grounds to acquiesce in what is said; but in all respects the very opposite of all this, arrogant, self-confident, wilful, indocile, disdainful of any one who opposes their views, and inclined to demand stronger proof of anything they are called on to believe than the case admits of or a reasonable man would require. Yet such persons are found yielding to one of the worst supported claims that ever was set up, and assenting to a long list of paradoxical propositions, every one of which has a vast mass of evidence against it, and hardly anything that can be called an argument in its favor.

"The case seems to be that a reaction takes place in a mind of this description, and the individual rushes, with a vehemence which is quite characteristic, from one extreme to the opposite. He is weary of inquiring, discussing, investigating, answering objections, and forming a judgment on many separate points, and so resolves to cut short at once all this disquieting fatigue by accepting implicitly the decisions on all points of an authority which demands submission, not on the ground of a conviction of the understanding, but as an act of the *will*, commanding us to stifle doubt, to shun inquiry, and set evidence completely at defiance.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL

ARE thus contrasted, and a lesson taught thereby, in a paper from an author whose name has escaped us:

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity itself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the Pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into the dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freely in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if the light of any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to its work something of its own immortality.

COCKBURN'S ELOQUENCE.

A WRITER in the *British Quarterly* for October thus relates a characteristic tribute which was paid to Cockburn's eloquence by the learned and excellent, though somewhat eccentric, Dr. Charles Stuart:

On one occasion, after listening to one of Cockburn's thrilling appeals to a jury, he was overheard muttering to himself, "O! that man! Would that God would renew his heart and make him a preacher of the Gospel, for surely with such a theme there would be no resisting him." We happened once to repeat this anecdote in the presence of a worthy citizen who had often, as a jurymen, been brought under the spell of Cockburn's elocution, upon which he exclaimed, "Deed he might weel say that. O! sir! Hairray Cockburn tells a lee far mair solemnly and wi' far mair persuasiveness than maist ministers preach God's truth!"

As a barrister, Cockburn was noted for his tact in eliciting the truth from witnesses. He never browbeat them; nor did he try to confound them by sharpness and sophistry; nor did he lay traps for them so as to catch them and have them at his mercy; but he had a way of quietly worming himself into their confidence, and getting them to talk to him as if they were in the confessional. With rustic witnesses especially he was utterly irresistible. He broke through the triple brass of caution and reserve in which Scotch rustics usually incase themselves on such occasions, and drew them out as if they were talking to a confidential friend. There was something in that honest look of his, and something in that kindly Scottish tongue addressing them in their own undiluted Doric, that fairly captivated them, and made them feel as if

reserve with such a man would be utterly ungenerous. In this respect his advantage over his friend Jeffrey was immense. With his quickness, his scholarly language, and, above all, his Anglified pronunciation, his "clippit English," as the people called it, Jeffrey put himself fairly out of communication with a witness from among the peasantry.

We have often heard a story illustrative of the respective methods of the two in dealing with such a witness and their relative success. Both were retained on the same side in a case where an attempt was made to invalidate a will, on the ground that the testator was incompetent, from mental imbecility, to make one. They were on the side of the prosecution, and among other witnesses whom they had to examine was a peasant from the town of Auchtermuchty, in which the testator had lived. Jeffrey rose to conduct the examination. After a few routine questions, the following dialogue ensued:

"I suppose you were well enough acquainted with the defunct?"

"Eh! sir; what's your wull?"

"O! I want to know if you knew Mr. So-and-so?"

"Ou, ay; I kent him brawly."

"Well, in what estimation was he commonly held in your neighborhood? was he reputed *compos mentis*?"

"Weel, sir, I'll no be saying."

"What! can't you answer a simple question like that?"

"I'm no very sure, sir."

On this, Jeffrey turned round to his associate, and said, "I can make nothing of this fellow; will you try him?" Cockburn assented, and began:

"Weel, John, you belong to Auchtermuchty?"

"Ou, ay, sir, me and my father before me, for the last sixty years."

"Weel, John, it's no a very big toon; ye'll ken maist o' the folk there?"

"That I do, sir! a'boddy kens a'boddy there."

"Then, of course, as ye say ye kent Mr. So-and-so brawly, ye'll be able to tell us what the folks thoocht o' him?"

"Deed, sir, no vera muckle."

"Then ye did na think there was muckle in him?"

"In him, sir! Fient a thing was in him binnas what the spume pit in."

This was sufficient, and the witness was dismissed; and Cockburn rejoiced not only over the eliciting of a valuable testimony for his client, but over the gain of a good story, which he valued hardly less.

SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.

THE following remarks by Goethe contain important practical suggestions, and ought to be read at least once by every one before he attempts to write for the benefit or instruction of the public:

The grand secret of good writing seems to be in this very simple maxim: Be sure you have an idea before you attempt to express it. If you clearly comprehend in your own mind what you wish to communicate, nature and reason, together with a little practice, will most certainly teach you to say it in an appropriate manner.

A single idea is fully sufficient for one mind to manage at one time. And it may be added, that if the idea is of much importance, it would be the most dignified by being honored with a private carriage.

"Divide and conquer," is as valuable a rule in liter-

ary as in military tactics. The more extensive the theme which the writer proposes to himself to discuss, the less, usually, he has to say upon it. Some subjects can be managed with ease by descending from generals to particulars, and treating of the subjects in their individual parts.

There is nothing more popular, especially with young writers, than brilliancy of style. This manner of writing is certainly excellent in its proper place, but there are many topics which do not require this quality, and many are much injured by it. The language of every dissertation should be that which is best calculated to express the thoughts in the happiest manner.

As the rays of the sun will not kindle a blaze, unless brought to a focus, so the thoughts of the writer will not set the hearts of his readers on fire, unless all are made to converge to a single point.

Some writers seem unable to express themselves in a cool, rational manner on any subject. With them every virtue is godlike, every fault villainous, every breeze a tempest, every molehill a mountain. They appear to think their manner of writing is sublimity; but their judicious readers (if they have any such) call it turgidity and absurdity.

The design of language is to give expression to thought; that style of writing, therefore, must necessarily be the best which most perfectly conveys to the reader's mind what the writer intended he should understand.

SATIRICAL.

THACKERAY is a little the sharpest in his satirical touches of any writer of the present age. Here is a specimen that will appeal for its truthfulness to a few at least of those who are happily mated. It is from "Rebecca and Rowena," a most humorous continuation of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." The great magician closes with the marriage of Sir Wilfrid and Rowena, leaving the forsaken Rebecca to be disposed of by the reader's imagination. Mr. Thackeray professes to give the sequel of the story:

Did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome or more love-worthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say with mighty magnanimity to the Jewish maiden, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh*, (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the crusader was familiar,) or fudge in plain Saxon; and retired with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid, (as the Saxon lady chose to term it); nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them. In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swineherd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verdurer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar

in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say: "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute these poor pigs; you know your friends, the Jews, can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the unbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim: "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! hadn't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always* such favorites of yours," or words to that effect.

MANLY SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

FROM a memoir of an English manufacturer, G. B. Thornycraft, of Wolverhampton, we take this touching incident, which occurred when the workmen who had been employed by the deceased gathered round his coffin, just before it was borne to its last resting-place:

One of them, a tall, robust, muscular man—shaved, and in his Sunday clothes for the occasion—marched straight up to the bier, fixed his glistening eyes upon the familiar face of the dead; without a word or motion, stood rooted on the spot for several minutes, as if lost in astonished contemplation of the wasted wreck of the fine manly form of what had been his master, when my informant suddenly asking him, "Are you an old workman?" "Who, me?" he roughly answered, and then suddenly recognizing in the querist one of the family, instantly changed his tones into the respectful words: "Sir, I mean—I've worked for him (pointing to the corpse) two and twenty years;" and then, as if the mention of their long fellowship had opened out the sluice of pent-up affection, he fondly took his dead master's hand into his own, gently pressed it, then, with a touching miscellany of reverence, and grief, and awe, put his hand upon the forehead of the corpse, passed down his thin-worn cheeks, and finally pressing his hand again, the whole in the deepest silence and obvious sorrow, he backed out of the room, with a natural and affecting grace, as one who had never turned his back upon "the master" before, and would not do so now he was dead; and then,

We let him go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last tended their light on him.

Such men don't weep; they have little of the "small change" of sentiment about them; but instead of a few tears that cost them nothing, and which the widow and orphan are not short of, their manlier sympathy would express itself, if it were needed, in a week's work for a friend's family, or in sending a widow half a batch out of their Saturday's big loaves, loaves as big as their hearts, and as honest as the bread they have eaten all their lives! It is out of such solid, rich material, the national character is socially manufactured, that character which unites and combines us into one great political amalgam, tough as our best iron, sharp as our finest steel, unequaled as our commerce, and sterling as our circulating gold!

THE STORK AND THE RUBY.

OUR esteemed contributor, R. H. STODDART, Esq., has recently published a volume of Poems, from which we take the following well-told tale:

A certain prince—I have forgot his name—
Playing one morning at the archer's game,
Within a garden where his palace stood,
Shot at a stork, and spill'd the creature's blood
For very wantonness and cruelty.
Thrice had he pierced the target in the eye
At fifty paces; twice deflower'd a rose,
Striking each time the very leaf he chose;
Then he set up his dagger in a hedge,
And split an arrow on its glittering edge.
What next to hit he knew not. Looking round,
He saw a stork just lighted on the ground,
To rest itself after its leagues of flight:
The dewy walk in which it stood was bright,
So white its plumage, and so clear its eyes,
Twinkling with innocence and sweet surprise.

"I'll shoot the silly bird," the prince exclaim'd:
And bending his strong bow, he straightway aim'd
His keenest arrow at its panting heart.
The lucky arrow miss'd a vital part,
(Or was it some kind wind that push'd it by?)
And only struck and broke the creature's thigh.
The poor thing tumbled in a lily bed,
And its blood ran, and made the lilies red.
It mark'd the changing color of the flowers,
The winding garden walks, the bloomy bowers,
And last the cruel prince, who laugh'd with glee—
Fixing the picture in its memory;
This done, it struggled up, and flew away,
Leaving the prince amazed and in dismay.

Beyond the city walls, a league or more,
A little maid was spinning at her door,
Singing old songs to cheer the long day's work:
Her name was Heracles. The fainting stork
Dropp'd at her feet, and with its ebony bill
Show'd her its thigh, broken, and bleeding still:
She fetch'd it water from a neighboring spring,
And while it drank and wash'd each dabbled wing,
She set the fractured bones with pious care,
And bound them with the fillet of her hair.
Eased of its pain, again it flew away,
Leaving the maiden happier all the day.

That night the prince, as usual, went to bed,
His royal wine a little in his head:
Beside him stood a casket full of gems,
The spoil of conquer'd monarchs' diadems:
Great pearls, milk-white, and shining like the moon;
Emeralds, grass-green; sapphires, like skies of June;
Brilliantas that threw their light upon the wall;
And one great ruby that outshone them all,
Large as a pigeon's egg, and red as wine
When held before the sun—a gem divine!
Through these he ran his fingers carelessly,
Like one who dips a handful of the sea,
To sun his eyes with dripping stars of brine;
At last he slumber'd in the pale moonshine.
Meantime the watchful stork was in his bowers;
Again it saw its blood upon the flowers,
And saw the walks, the fountain's shaft in air,
But not the cruel prince; no prince was there:
So up and down the spacious courts it flew,
And ever nearer to the palace drew.

Passing the lighted windows, row by row,
It saw the prince, and saw the ruby's glow:
Hopping into the chamber, grave and still,
It seized the precious ruby with its bill,
And spreading then its rapid wings in flight,
Flew out, and vanish'd in the yawning night.
Night slowly pass'd, and morning broke again:
There came a light tap on the window pane
Of Heracles: it woke her; she arose,
And, slipping on in haste her peasant clothes,
Open'd the door to see who knock'd, and lo!
In walk'd the stork again, as white as snow,
And in its bill the ruby, whose red ray
Flamed in her face, anticipating day!
Again the creature pointed to its thigh,
And something human brighten'd in its eye,
A look that said, "I thank you!" plain as words.
The virgin's look was brighter than the bird's,
So glad was she to see it was not dead:
She stretch'd her hand to sleek its bowing head,
But ere she could, it made a sudden stand,
And thrust the priceless ruby in her hand,
And sailing swiftly through the cottage door,
Mounted the morning sky, and came no more!

THE DEAD CHILD.

THE following lines will bear repeated perusals. Indeed, you will find them grow upon you in their simple truth and unaffected sorrow. They are from a volume recently published by Gerald Massey:

And there our Darling lay in coffin'd calm;
Dress'd for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flow'd the white, eternal peace,
The breathing miracle into silence pass'd:
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile,
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night;
Our little hindering thing forever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toll on.
All dim the living lusters motion makes!
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!
Naught there of our poor "Splendid" but her brow.
A young Immortal came to us disguised,
And in the joy-dance dropp'd her mask, and fled.

The world went lightly by and heeded not
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun;
The hearts that ached within; the measureless lost;
The Idol broken; our first tryst with Death.
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil!
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery seem,
When we awake in death and tell our Dream.
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx!
We had a little gold Love garner'd up,
To bravely robe our Babe: the Mother's half
Was turn'd to mourning raiment for her dead:
Mine bought the first land we call'd ours—Her grave.

We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,
When lo! a death's head on a sudden stare'd.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf:
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world;
Her faint dawn whiten'd in the perfect day.
Our early wede away went back to God,
Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it—two
Our names! Ah! may they plead for us in heaven!

The National Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WILLIAM RODERIC LAWRENCE, to whom our readers are indebted for several poetic contributions, has gone to tune his harp to nobler strains in a better world. He died, after a lingering illness, borne with Christian patience and a lovely submission to the will of God. During his last sickness he wrote several poems, which we may hereafter give to our readers. In the meantime, here are two, among the last stanzas he ever wrote, entitled

LIFE IS SHORT.

Life is short, and art is long,
So the poet truly said;
While his richest, sweetest song
Sounds still sweeter when he's dead.

So with all the pen, the sword,
And the sculptor's chisel too,
Like a volume richly stored,
Seeming richer when read through!

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.—There has been, recently, much discussion in England on the subject of a new translation of the sacred Scriptures. The subject has been debated, to some extent, in the British House of Commons, and several publications, pamphlets, and bound volumes have been issued on both sides of the question. The Rev. W. Harness appears prominently among the advocates for an entire revision, contending that the errors and mistranslations of our present version are exceedingly numerous and grave, that the obsolete phrases tend to perplex and mislead, and that in the present advanced state of Biblical knowledge it is perfectly feasible to prepare a translation that shall be nearly, if not absolutely faultless. We give his summary of objections on the score of obsolete phrases:

"What," he asks, "was the opinion of Selden, a high authority on such a subject, at the time of its last revision? 'There is no book,' says that learned man, 'so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, and not into French-English. *"Il fait froid."* I say, "It is cold;" not "It makes cold;" but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebrewisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept; which is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord, what gear do they make of it! Most extraordinary, indeed, is the gear they make of it! And none but those, who may have had the curiosity to turn occasionally into some of our country conventicles, in which the neighboring tailor, or the journeyman cobbler, officiates as the expositor of the Sacred Text, can imagine the miserable misapprehensions to which this peculiar, literal, word for word mode of rendering the Scriptures has given rise. It may, perhaps, be worth while to cite a few instances of the Hebrew phrases to which Selden alluded, and which, as literally translated, bewilder the understanding of the reader: 'A covenant of salt,' means 'a friendly contract'; 'they are crushed in the gate,' means 'they are found guilty in a court of justice'; 'branch and rush,' means 'the highest and lowest'; 'the calves of our lips,' means 'praises and thanksgivings'; 'rising early,' means 'acting with alacrity'; 'I have given you cleanness of teeth,' means 'extreme scarcity.' Such are the sort of Hebrewisms which have been retained; and, as Selden says, 'What

gear do the common people make of them!' But is it fair to the devotional feelings of the less educated classes of our countrymen that the Bible should be placed before them in so ambiguous a form without any explanatory notice, and that at the same time any one should be allowed, whether qualified or unqualified, to interpret it to them as he will?

"Language, like all other things of this world, is given to change. Its fashion passeth away. Though the language of the Bible has remained stationary, the language of society has kept moving on. Words and expressions which bore one sense in the days of Swift, have now become obsolete in that sense, and acquired another. Scriptural phrases, which were sufficiently clear to our great-grandfathers, have gradually but imperceptibly changed their meaning, and become altogether unintelligible to their descendants. For instance, CARRIAGE, in the Bible, signifies *the things carried*, such as baggage, with us means *the vehicle*. PRESENT, in the Bible, signifies *to help by anticipation*; with us it means *to hinder*. TO LET, in the Bible, often signifies *to obstruct*; with us it means *to permit*. PRITIVUL, in the Bible, signifies *full of pity*; with us it means *contemptible*. MEAT, in the Bible, signifies *food*; with us it means *the flesh of animals*. BY, in the Bible, sometimes signifies *against*; with us it has no such meaning. OR, to the confusion of many a passage, and the bewilderment of many a reader, is continually used as synonymous with *by*; a sense which it has so entirely lost that Gifford has a note upon it in his 'Massinger.' AFTER no longer means *according to*, as it did of old, but is restricted to the sense of *behind*, whether referring to time or place, or person. Perhaps the differences which have taken place in the use of these smaller words may be more injurious than any others, as they tend to give a vagueness to the meaning of the Sacred Text, and thus occasion fanatical feelings and mystical interpretations.

"In the Sermon on the Mount we find, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' To take thought formerly implied 'to be anxious or distressed.' The phrase is so used by Shakspeare in 'Julius Caesar.' And in the age in which our translation was made it very correctly expressed the sense of the original text. But at present, in consequence of the changes that have occurred in our language, it has not only ceased to convey our Saviour's precept, but inculcates a carelessness of life which is incompatible with the Christian grace of prudence.

In the cases mentioned above the words still remain with us, though their acceptation has been altered; but there are many words retaining their place in our version of the Scriptures which are no longer current among the people, and of which the signification is only known to the literary antiquarian. How many of us are there who have any notion of what is meant by 'ouches,' 'tuches,' 'habergeon,' 'brigandine,' 'knops,' 'messings,' 'mufflers,' 'scimpeas,' 'tabring,' or a number of other obsolete terms, which nobody, among the ordinary class of readers, is ever likely to meet with, except in the pages of the Bible?"

On the other side of this question are arrayed an equal, perhaps a greater number of learned divines, foremost among whom, somewhat to our surprise, we find the rather erratic Dr. Cumming. He argues that the present version is, on the whole, admirably executed, and although he is willing to admit the desirableness of certain emendations, he declares his conviction that any attempt to carry into action "the most moderate corrections" would unsettle much more than it would establish, and entirely fail to counterbalance by its good the mischief it would originate. Moreover, he contends that no fifty-four men of the present day would be unanimous in proposing corrections, and denies that their version would be so universally received as the present. On this latter point, cut up as the religious world is into so many opposing, if not absolutely hostile sects, there can be no room for doubt. The High Churchman and the Presbyterian will be slow in coming to an agreement as to the most appropriate rendering of sundry passages in Paul's epistles. Any alteration of the

great apostle's present English dress will be thought by one party or another to make him lean too much or too little toward Calvinism. What would suit the immersionist would be by no means, satisfactory to those he denominates the baby sprinklers. In fact, while the Bible as it is acts as a bond of union among sects of very different opinions, the first alteration in its pages would at once be the signal for strife and controversy. At present the words of the English Bible are in the mouth of all, even of those who hate one another for the love of God; if it were altered, the religion of the lips, that is, the familiar use of the Bible, which even in words only exercises a great influence among the people, and therefore much religion of the heart too, would vanish; and the end of it would be that, "in seeking to obtain a few rectified expressions of comparatively small importance, the public at large would lose a great treasure, and the few scholars in the land have gained nothing."

In the beautiful language of an eminent Biblical scholar, speaking of our present authorized version: "It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

SPURGEON.—Some time since we had occasion to notice a volume of the sermons of this young Baptist, who is at present the most popular preacher in London. A writer in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* went to hear him, and gives the following descriptive and critical analysis of his powers:

"Mr. C. H. Spurgeon did not receive a collegiate education, but it does not follow, as has been remarked, that he is an uneducated man. On the contrary, his life—not a long one—until he became a London minister, was, from his infancy, passed at school; for some years as an usher at Newmarket, and afterward at Cambridge. He preached the Gospel to a small congregation in a rural village of Cambridgeshire, that no time might be lost. A deacon of New Park-street Church, in London, attended one or more services in this country place of meeting. The church in town to which he belonged was vacant, and he had discrimination to see that this young man might fill it. Such, we believe, is the history of his appointment to a London church, when he must have been little more than nineteen years of age.

"New Park-street Chapel became soon incapable of containing the audiences who wished to hear its juvenile preacher; and two years since the congregation had taken Exeter Hall, while their own building was being altered to suit their changed circumstances. At that time we succeeded one morning in getting into the hall. The appearance of the audience was very remarkable. The usual proportions were reversed,

for two-thirds were males, and a great portion were young men.

"The preacher did not appear so young as the registry of his birth infers. His appearance did not promise that talent which he possesses. We should scarcely have expected that he was a very intellectual man from his cast of countenance. His services were conducted in the usual order of dissenting places of worship. He read a portion of Scripture very impressively. It was clear that he had learned to read the English language, and that is more knowledge than all his cotemporaries take time to acquire. He read the passage as it stands in the text first, and then proceeded with his commentary or notes, verse by verse.

"He had selected the first chapter of Peter's first epistle; and he paused before proceeding to read, and said that if any Arminians were present, they had better put off their Arminianism at once, because they must do so, after he had finished the passage. The announcement resembled an insinuation that they had never previously read the first epistle of Peter. We mention the circumstance, because it appeared to us more out of the common path than anything else done or said during the service. His discourse was not that of an orator. It was not very eloquent in any particular. It did not display great genius, except in an occasional aptitude of expression, in the quaint style of the early English divines, whose works we presume that he has read. It did display great earnestness. It was difficult to suppose that he who spoke did not also believe. His influence rests much on the basis of earnestness. His hearers conclude that he is anxious to accomplish all that he says. He usually deals with truths as they merit, and as if they were what they are, dread solemnities. Then he abounds with illustrations, or with passages not easily forgotten. Many hearers, we are confident, accuse themselves of 'forgetting the sermon.' They have not been supplied with the means of retaining it. The general argument employed by this preacher remains in our mind still, because it was enforced by a series of illustrative anecdotes, or pointed peculiarities of expression. Perhaps, then, these means should not be peculiarities. If the object of argument, of explanation, of persuasion, requires that they should be remembered, lawful means, we presume, should be employed for that purpose. Once or twice, perhaps three, some of these expressions or illustrations provoked a smile, or a repressed titter among his congregation; but they were all applied skillfully, and this erratic tendency was hushed to deep silence by the solemnity of the application. In a few passages the preacher seemed to us a little egotistical; but perhaps the style pursued, so much in the form of appeals in the first person singular, brought out these feelings. We have never heard him since, not because we disliked his services, but from other engagements; for we believed then, as we believe now, that he is capable of doing much good, and that he strained his capacity in his labors.

"He has been compared to a successful actor; but all comparisons are odious, and that is groundless. An actor plays a part, and recites the language of another. A preacher always or often addressing the same persons, must first construct, before he can deliver a discourse; and once delivered, the construction is lost, and he must build again.

"Mr. Spurgeon has been contrasted with Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, with no better reason than that they both speak in public, if Mr. Gough, perpetually repeating the same stories, can be said to speak, in the intellectual meaning of the word. So far as we observed, the preacher exhibited none of the miserable contortions of limb and body employed by the lecturer, and was entirely free from the rant that disfigures the orations from the West.

"Mr. Spurgeon has been charged with a rash employment of expressions, that should be avoided, and in turning over some publications on the subject, we see evidence of the statement, according to our view of these expressions. It is quite possible that others have a different opinion, but if blemishes of style should be corrected, those of expression, that must offend weak-minded persons, 'little ones,' do more harm than they can possibly balance by good.

"When we heard Mr. Spurgeon he spoke of his adversaries, and of efforts made to prevent persons from attending his ministry. The existence of his enemies appeared to us doubtful at the time. We could see no reason for enmity to him in particular. A perusal of his discourses explains the feeling. In one sermon he says:

"Last Sabbath I went into a place where the minister gave us the vilest stuff that ever was browed. I

am sure I wished that I was back here, that I might preach a little godliness, or else hear it. Poor Wesleyan thing! He preached works from beginning to end."

"We do not continue the quotation, but obviously 'a poor Wesleyan master or parent' might have some objection to his child or servant hearing this censure. Our experience leads us to believe that a good many persons preach works neither at the beginning nor the end. One party neglects the root of works, and another overlooks the fruit of faith. Connected, they would do well-separated, they both fail."

POVERTY OF AMERICAN INVENTION.—The names by which places are designated in all parts of this country have often been a subject of ridicule. A writer for the "Household Words" regards the national nomenclature as a permanent proof that we Americans are at once a remarkably imitative and unimaginative people. In the immense catalogue of the names of counties, towns, and cities, there is hardly one we can claim as our own invention. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns is, without joke, "confusion worse confounded." The writer says:

"There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States called Washington. There are five Londons, one New London, and I don't know how many Londonderrys. Six towns called Paris; three Dresdens, four Viennas, fourteen Berlins, twenty-four Hanovers. There are twenty odd Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, about a score of Brightons, nine Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, as many Somersets, a dozen Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks and New Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, double as many Concordes, (but no Melody;) thirteen Freedoms, forty-four Liberties, (and plenty of Slavery.) Twenty-one Columbias, seven Columbuses, and seventy-eight Unions. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the color Green, twenty-four Browns, twenty-six Oranges, and five Vermillions—all the hues of an autumnal forest; but they shrink from calling any of them Black, though they sometimes would make white appear so, especially in the Repudiating States. Fifteen Goshens, eleven Canaans, thirty Salems, eleven Bethlehems, testify to the respect in which Scriptural names are held; while homage has been done to classic lands in sundry log-hut villages, some of them fast swelling in population and prosperity. 'Hlum fuit' is belied by the existence of sixteen Troys. There are twelve Romes, and eight Athenes; but only one Romulus—and I have not had the good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians.

"Many great writers have been honored in these national baptisms. There are several Homers, Virgils, Drydens, and Addisones, a couple of Byrons, but not yet (nor likely to be in any sense) a Shakespeare. There are, however, five Avons, three Stratfords, a Romeo, a Juliet; besides, doying classification, four Scipios, six Sheffields, twelve Manchesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New somethings, and only six Old anythings. The most desperate effort at invention is to be found in repetitions of Springfields, Bloomfields, and Greenfields. All the cities of the East are multiplied many times, with the exception of Constantinople, which does not figure in the list at all; but, in revenge, there is one Constantine. There are very few attempts at giving to Yankee humor a local habitation and a name. But I have discovered the funny title of Jim Henry attached to a *moi-dit* town in Miller County, State of Missouri; and I am sorry to perceive the stupid name of Snailpox fastened (not firmly, I hope) on one in Jo Daviess County, Illinois.

"The comparative popularity of public men may or may not be inferred from the number of times their names may be found on the maps. It is remarkable that there are ninety-one Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, sixty-nine Jeffersons, thirty-four Lafayettes, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Madisones, fifty-nine Parrys, thirty-two Harrisones, twenty-seven Clintons, twenty-one Clays, sixteen Van Burens, fourteen Bentons; but there are only three Websters.

The indigenous fruits, shrubs, and trees, give titles

to many of the streets in cities and towns, but to few of the towns themselves. There is one Willow, a few Oaks, (out of forty odd varieties of the forest king,) and not one Persimmon, nor, as far as I can learn, a Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of American trees."

WHAT IS FAME?—A gentleman who recently made a tour through England and Wales, found himself in the neighborhood where Wordsworth spent so many years of his long life. As was natural, he was curious and inquisitive:

"We came up to a respectably dressed man, and he falls in, tells us he is going to Bowness to worship; becomes simply conversant, and thinks we are from London. Assured of the fact, he goes on to say that thirty years ago he was a visitor there also, for almost a day. 'But, bless ye, I could no more stand that rattle, than I could stand to have my head cut off. I wasn't made for it in any way. I went in with a flock of sheep and came out in a hay-cart. O dear, no. You see I was born at Bowness. I know every inch of ground from Bowness to Keswick. I have lived at Bowness this five-and-fifty year, and I expect to die somewhere hereabouts.' What a blessing it is, how consoling, for a man to feel pretty sure of the spot where he is likely to earth. 'As you appear to know all about this neighborhood'—'Every inch of ground, sir'—'Perhaps you know Ambleside, and Rydal Mount, and Grassmere?' 'Know them all well.' 'I believe Harriet Martineau lives at Ambleside, does she not?' 'That's a name I never heard afore; that don't belong to us down here, I'm sure.' 'Well, then, you must have known, or, at least, often have heard of Wordsworth—William Wordsworth, the poet, who has made your lovely lakes the subjects of universal admiration?' 'I cannot say I ever heard that name either. Wordsworth, Wordsworth? No. There is a man hereabouts who does a little poetry, but his name is Hendersen; I never knew a Wordsworth.' But the civil man knows all the poetical points of the broad, bright, glowing panorama, that stretches out to hazy distance, like the Lake Avernus, of Turner. And he leads us where all the pictures lie; not by the road, but over the meadows, and through the lanes, till Bowness is at our feet, on the border of Windermere, which stretches away out of sight. It is a little nest of pretty villas, smothered all over with ivy, and honeysuckle, and flower gardens; with a small harbor of gay, but silent boats; and a church, as ancient as the parish it presides over; Saxon if you will."

COMMON THINGS.—The *Times* observes that the young gentleman is no more taught common things than the young plowman. If he knows the name of a tree, a shrub, or a flower; if he knows seedtime and harvest; if he knows the name of a star, or can point out a planet, and has the least inkling of its movements; if he knows the map of England, or of his own county; if he knows more than by sensation the chemical qualities of the food that he eats; if he knows how mysteriously and wonderfully his own physical frame is made; if he knows the laws of motion and the application of the mechanical powers, the composition of a watch, or the nature of any one substance he can put his hands upon, he must have picked it up precariously, irregularly, and almost stealthily out of school; for school teaches him none of these things, any more than it does English literature or the history of his own country.

FAMILY NAMES are rather a curious study. The English "Registrar General," lately published, shows that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are fifty-three thousand families bearing the name of Smith, and fifty-one thousand bearing the name of Jones. The Smith and Joneses alone are sup-

posed to include about half a million of the population. "In an average, it seems that one person in seventy-three is a Smith, one in seventy-six a Jones, one in one hundred and fifteen a Williams, one in one hundred and forty-eight a Taylor, one in one hundred and sixty-two a Davies, and one in one hundred and seventy-four a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given, we note the following: Affection, Alabaster, Allbones, Awkward, Baby, Bolster, Bowel, Brains, By, (the shortest English name,) Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowls, Fussey, Gin, Hogsflesh, Idle, Jelly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quince, Rabbit, Sanctuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.

THE DULLNESS OF GREAT MEN.—Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society; so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he never was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation; not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others.

NEW-YORK OMNIBUS DRIVERS.—The special correspondent of the *London Times*, in this country, in giving a description of our omnibuses and city railroads, thus describes the New-York omnibus driver, with the feeling of a philanthropist:

"To pass again to the rival vehicle, no philanthropist ought to withhold his pity from the driver of a New-York omnibus; he would gain considerably by being included in the act that protects his animals. It may be doubted whether any negro in the hardest worked gang of a Southern plantation has to undergo such toil. There is no conductor; he has to look out for hailing passengers, to stop at the will of twelve insides, to open and shut the door for them, to take the fares and give change, sometimes for dollar notes, seldom to be accepted without inspection, for they may be real notes of a defunct bank or the counterfeit of one existing, in either case worthless. He has to do all this, driving the while up and down a street, three miles of which is as crowded as Ludgate-hill at noon. He has some ingenious arrangements to aid him; he is connected

with the door by a strap, and holds it closed; by the same strap he is pulled or tugged as a signal to stop; and behind him is a hole in the roof, like a miniature prompter's box, through which he receives the money; he has to manage whip, reins, and horses with one hand, give and take cash with the other, control the door with his leg, and thus, with hardly a limb unemployed, has to reckon cents, divide, subtract, and work perpetual sums in arithmetic. There are many busy avocations, but that of the omnibus driver must be the most harassing of out-door employments. Mrs. Stowe might give him a niche in her next tale without digressing from the theme of slavery."

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.—Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amid rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amid all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

THE WOLF.—In his "Fur Hunters of the Far West," Mr. Alexander Ross gives us the following account of the artifice and stratagem employed by the wolf in making an attack upon the horse:

"If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind-quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a slyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; it is in right good earnest. The former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim the same instant, one to the throat, the other to the flank; and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold until the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defense. The wolf before then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless; the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop, but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged; then they take their turn unmolested. The wolves, however, do not always kill to eat; like wasteful hunters, they often kill for the pleasure of killing, and leave the carcases untouched."

After this, who shall say that "Little Red Riding Hood" itself is not a veracious history? We must henceforth credit the wolf with no small measure of that sagacity and cunning which has hitherto been monopolized by his vulpine cousin the fox.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The last number of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* contains advertisements from a large number of curates who want employment. They represent all sorts of shades of religious opinion and social states, such as "sound," "moderate," "not extreme," "thorough church," "rubrical," "coincident with the Bishop of Lincoln," "single," "married," "a strong voice," "knowledge of music," "independent means," "energetic habits," "considerable experience"—while one gentleman offers to serve for board and lodging, and a trifling stipend. The rector of Oldswinford, Worcestershire, wants a curate, but seems difficult to please. He requires "a curate, young, unmarried, in priest's orders, not an extempore preacher, nor Irish, nor Tractarian, nor Evangelical."

A CLERICAL EXQUISITE.—The following appears in the *Churchman*:

DEAR SIR:

"When I can read my title *cl-ah*,
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to every *fo-ah*
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watts's celebrated hymn was recently delivered from the deeply recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which, some time since, so solemnly announced that the "sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the approach of *wint-ah*," and who, from the pulpit, is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pill* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"O, *sinnah*!
The judgment is *ne-ah*!
Life is but a *va-pah*!"

Are these the *lab-ahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated that year after year, the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful services of the Church desecrated, and the momentous truths of revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?

Is it not allowable to exclaim, in the words of the Roman orator, "How long wilt thou abuse our patience?"

SELF-CULTURE.—"It is," says Burke, "our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is im-

practicable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy."

SECRET SOCIETIES are not, it seems, peculiar to white folks in civilized lands. Mr. Wilson, in his late work, on the "History, Condition, and Prospects of Western Africa," speaks of the curious secret associations of the men of Southern Guinea as follows:

"One of the most prominent among them is the association called *Nda*, and is confined to the adult male population. It is headed by a spirit of this name, who dwells in the woods, and appears only when summoned by some unusual event, at the death of a person connected with the order, at the birth of twins, or at the inauguration of some one into office. His voice is never heard except at night, and after the people have retired to rest. He enters the village from the wood side, and is so bundled up in dried plantain leaves that no one would suspect him of belonging to the human species. He is always accompanied by a train of young men, and the party dance to a peculiar and somewhat plaintive air on a flute-like instrument as they parade the streets. As soon as it is known that he has entered the village the women and children hurry away to their rooms to hide themselves. If they should have the misfortune to see *Nda*, or should be discovered peeping at him through the cracks of the houses, they would be thrashed almost to death. Perhaps no woman has ever had the temerity to cast eyes upon this mysterious being."

The women also have their mysterious societies, with rules, fees, etc., the proceedings of which are kept a profound secret. They consider it an honor to belong to the Order, and no one can be admitted without the payment of an initiation fee, which is very considerable. The ceremony of initiation requires several weeks, and girls of the age of ten or twelve years may be admitted if their parents will bear the expense of it. During the process of initiation all the women belonging to the Order paint their bodies in the most fantastic colors. The face, arms, breast, and legs are covered over with red and white spots, arranged in circles, and at other times in straight lines. They march in regular file from the village to the woods, where all their ceremonies are performed, accompanied by music on a crescent-formed drum. The party spend whole nights in the woods, and sometimes exposed to the heaviest showers of rain. A sort of vestal-fire is used in celebration of these ceremonies, and it is never allowed to go out until they are all over.

SOUTHERN VIEW OF THANKSGIVING.—The *Carolina Times*, alluding to a paper published in Baltimore, which had taken the liberty to suggest a suitable day which the states further South might set apart for Thanksgiving, thus eloquently depicts the condition of the population at the North, in which category it will be seen the Monumental City is included. We hope our Baltimore friends will bear the infliction meekly:

"We are impressed that the governors of the states south of Maryland are all at home and competent to decide for themselves when it will be proper to fix upon a day to offer thanks to the Almighty for past blessings. The movement on the part of Northern

executives is no criterion for Southern men. We are subject to law, common and divine, and need

"No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
No hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
To wash the diabolical stain away."

"It is meet and proper that the miserable, sin-stricken, polluted, and ungodly population of the North should beg pardon for their black sins recorded, committed against God, their country, and fellow-men. As a generation of vipers, they ought to be warned to flee the wrath to come; yet we believe that the waters of Jordan, Abana, and Pharpar, would fall to wash them and heal their leprosy, even though they were to dip seventy times seven. They have much to be forgiven, and we would advise them to pray often, pray long, and pray loud. Baltimore, especially, ought to be covered with sackcloth and ashes."

SMALL CHANGE.

GRACE, BEFORE AND AFTER.—Sister Blank had a large tea-party, at which were present most of the prominent members of the Church, including the pastor, who, unfortunately, was a little hard of hearing.

When they were all comfortably seated, the lady of the house at the head of the table, and the clergyman at the other end, facing her, she said in her blandest whisper:

"Brother, will you be so good as to ask a blessing?"

The good man, supposing the question referred to quite another subject, replied in a loud voice, to the great injury of the gravity of the company:

"I take milk, ma'am, but no sugar!"

On the other hand, it is said that one day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised!"

But neither of these is so bad as the story told of a Western cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life. He was benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him, it proved to be the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and what was especially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a second invitation he laid hold of what he could reach. "Stop, stop!" said the good man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat." This hint to wait till the blessing was asked, the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered: "Go ahead, say what you like, you can't turn my stomach now."

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of

her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs without uttering a word. A day or two after, the good woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade.

Snap went the tongs.

Another volley. Snap.

Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap.

"Speak," said she. Snap.

"Do speak; I shall split, if you don't speak!" and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

A NEW DISEASE.—"A friend of ours," says the *Knickerbocker*, "was visiting the White Hills, in the Granite State, last year; and one day, while passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a very dangerous plaything, namely, a chisel; and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. 'Madam,' said he, 'are you aware that your child has got the chisel?' 'Why, the mercy on me!' exclaimed the mother. 'Well, I knew something was the matter, for the child has been ailing a long time.' The child was probably 'going it full chisel' at the very moment. What a dire disease! 'the CHISEL!'"

CHILDREN'S NAMES.—We have all heard of the good old couple who named their four sons, successively, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John; and, when a fifth made his appearance, had him christened Acts; but a recent paper tells us of a family, in the town of Detroit, whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, etc. The three elder children of a family near home, says an English periodical, were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should any more children have been born, they would have been named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. The parents of another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it were their last; but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX.—Lord Cockburn, in his memorials, relates several anecdotes of judges upon the bench, wherein this rhetorical figure is strikingly exemplified. Speaking of one of these worthies, he says:

"I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offense thus: 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's!'"

"In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the

cath, Eskgrove gave her the exposition of her duty: 'Young woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'

"When a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Lord!' he exclaimed, 'ye've little to complain o': ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her.'"

POETIC.—The writer of the following has a decided taste for literature, et cetera!

"Angell beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine, for lo! I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and et ceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better has!"

It was the same gentleman, we believe, who, on a visit to his lady love, had what might be called a break down. "My dear Amelia," said he, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed—" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed—" and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia; "go on with the pretty talk."

DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.—Snooks rushed to the doctor's with terror depicted on his visage in unmistakable character. He looked pale, his nostrils were dilated, and there was an uneasy look in his eyes. The doctor noticed it instantly, and inquired, with as little exhibition of excitement as the cause admitted of:

"Why, what's the matter, Snooks?"

Snooks dropped into a chair in all-gone active-ness peculiarly touching.

"I do no," he said, "I b'lieve I'm going to have the small-pox. I've got the first symptoms, sure."

"Why," said the doctor, "how do you feel?"

"O, do no hardly," replied he, "but I feel a great reluctance to doing anything."

The fellow had been reading Gunn's Domestic Medicine.

The doctor inquired how long he had had the symptoms.

"Well, I've always had 'em," said poor Snooks.

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions or financially busted.

EXPLOSIONS.—A Philadelphia paper publishes a letter from a correspondent at Toledo, which gives us a pretty fair idea of how Western railroad conductors transact business. Here is an extract which shows how to cure fever and ague:

"The conductor went out kinder slow and telled the engineer to go to the west end of the side track and switch off, but afore they got there they met us, and then warn't there some fun! Joe Smashup says to me, 'What's them fellers tryin' to do? Ain't they on our time? Yes,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'the track belongs to us, and I'm goin' to let her rip—sure's you live.' 'What,' says I, 'you goin' to run these trains together?' 'Look here,' says he, 'I'm runnin' on my own time; the track belongs to me, and I don't see any signals—so I ain't to blame if there's a smash. At the same time, between you and I, we'd always orber be ready to jump when we get near the depot—and he gin me a wink, as if to say, 'Look out for yourself! Now it's a mighty straight track across the coun-

try of Pileup, and we struck a pretty good gait. Joe had his hands on the irons, but he kept a lookin' mighty sharp. 'By George!' says he, 'we shall head 'em off. Get ready to jump! No, you needn't—it won't be a killer, for they've stopped, and are crawling off the other way! I'm afraid we shall run into them, though!' I did jump, though before she struck, but Joe stuck to the machine. He's used to it, and knew how hard they'd hit to a pound. The damage wasn't no great. The Lion, 'tother locomotive, was smashed up considerable, and one baggage car, and one passenger weren't no good afterward. Then all the couplings and platforms in both trains were smashed up. We lost our cow-catcher and lantern, but the old bully machine run just as well as ever that mornin'. Well, the passengers screamed—one man's ankle was smashed, one shoulder put out o' joint, and one passenger had his leg crushed all to pieces. We took him to the depot, and a young surgeon cut off his leg at the thigh. It's probable he will die. The young doctor has got to hangin' round Pileup station every night for the train. I believe he's cut off four legs there in two months. I heard him tell Bill Robinson that he was ahead yet, and as I heard a jaw between the conductors yesterday, I reckon on a job this morning. Now, Bob, come out here and get on a train with a gritty set of conductors and engineers, and you'll have a heap of fun—sure's you live. I haven't had the ager since, and I'll guarantee if you'll come out here, you'll get cured afore you run into half a dozen trains."

Speaking of fever and ague, reminds us of a few lines written by one who beheld a friend suffering severely from that shaking malady. He entitled his poem "The Hardest Case on Record." Here it is:

"He took the ague badly,
And it shook him, shook him sorely;
Shook his boots off, and his toe-nails;
Shook his teeth out, and his hair off;
Shook his coat all into tatters,
And his shirt all into ribbons;
Shirtless, coatless, hairless, toothless,
Minus boots, and minus toe-nails,
Still it shook him—shook him till it
Made him yellow, gaunt, and bony;
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;
Shook him till it shuffled for him
Off his mortal coil, and then it
Having made him cold as could be,
Shook the earth still down upon him,
And he lies 'neath his grave stone,
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking."

FAST.—A cotemporary says that the word *fast* is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The North River is *fast* when the ice is immovable, and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for it was loose. A clock is called *fast* when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

In keeping with the above, is the following specimen of the grammar in which the Rev. M. Smithson, a Western divine, described the departure of a saint:

"When I *arrone* at the house of my *deceased* friend, he was *perspiring* his last. I stood by his bedside, and said, as he was too far gone to talk, 'Brother, if you feel happy now, *jist* squeeze my hand,' and he *squeeze* it."

Mrs. Prewett, editress of the Yazoo City (Mississippi) *Banner*, gives a correspondent information concerning the fighting editor:

"Some misapprehension seems to exist about our editor, Mr. Smith. We are constantly receiving letters addressed to him. He is only the fighting editor, and has nothing to do whatever with the money matters of this concern. Challenges may be addressed to him as heretofore, and other warlike missiles, insults,

denunciations, etc. We have no objections to having the *drama* included in the category, as we regard *drama* as *personal*, and particularly offensive. Persons having business with this office will please address Mr. Smith, the fighting editor."

We find this in the *National Intelligencer* as having been written by Brantz Mayer, Esq., on finishing the perusal of Dr. Kane's interesting account of his Exploring Expeditions:

"From the dawn of creation the name of old Cain
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying*;
But glory awaits in our age on the *Kane*
Who *slays* not, though famous for *slighting*;
So fill up the cup to the *Kane* of the *Pole*,
Whose marvelous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown
Our *Kane* in reality's *Able*."

The following Pat-riotic epigram is from one of our city papers:

"Two honest Pats, (this phraseology
Borders, I rather think, upon tautology,
For who e'er knew a Pat or Biddy even,
But was as honest as the sun in heaven?
Two Irishmen (will't suit) in Broadway meet,
One does the other thus right friendly greet:
'Musha, then, Teagus, how's each six foot of you?'
But answered with, 'You take me for another,'
Gravely responds, 'An' pon my soul I do,
I thought 'twas you, but see you are your brother.'"

But this seems to be only a poetic version of an older, if not a better story: "I met Pat Murphey this morning, and sez I, 'How d'ye do, Pat Murphey?'"

"'Purty well, Teague O'Brien,' sez he. 'Faith,' sez I, 'ye've made a mistake. My name is not Teague O'Brien.' 'And my name is not Pat Murphey,' sez he. And sure enough it was neither the one nor the tother of us."

An advertisement in one of the morning papers says: "Wanted—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character mean those that are well-soled.

"Have you read my *last* speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "No," replied the person addressed, with a shrug, "I wish to goodness I *had*."

A doctor advertises in a country paper that "Whoever uses the Vegetable-Compound-Universal-Anti-purging-Aromatic Pills once will not have to use them again." Who doubts the doctor?

Recent Publications.

The Life of Rev. John Clark. By REV. B. M. HALL. With an Introduction by Bishop Morris. (Carlton & Porter.) We had the pleasure of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the good man of whom Mr. Hall has here given a brief biographical sketch, chastely written, and as full as the circumstances of the case would permit. It is a volume that will commend itself to all who love the Lord Jesus, and specially to those who, like the subject of the memoir, have responded to the Master's call as laborers in his vineyard.

It seldom falls to our lot to notice a more perfect specimen of the bookmaker's art than is afforded by a volume from the press of *O. Scribner* of this city. It is *A Book of Public Prayer* compiled from the authorized *Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church*, as prepared by the Reformers, Calvin, Knox, Bucer, and others. It is designed to furnish ministers, and laymen who may be called upon to conduct religious exercises, with models of public devotion, and to provide a liturgy for such of the Churches as may think proper to use it. The liturgy prepared by Calvin is made the basis for the order of worship and the administration of the sacraments, and there is appended a collection of prayers and collects for ordinary and special occasions.

The arguments on both sides of the question which separates the Baptists from other branches of the Christian Church have been pretty nearly exhausted. We have ceased to look for anything new upon the subject, yet it is possible to present the argument in different

lights and with varying illustrations. The REV. DR. ARMSTRONG, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk, Virginia, has done this in a volume entitled, *The Doctrine of Baptism. Scriptural Examination of the Questions respecting the Translation of Baptizo, the Mode of Baptism, and the Subjects of Baptism.* The discussion is arranged under three heads; first, "purely Scriptural;" second, as "adapted to the present state of the controversy in the Christian Church;" and thirdly, "Popular." If little may be expected in the way of converting to the author's sentiments those who differ from him, they will be constrained to admit that he has presented the strength of his case and fairly brought out his arguments. (12mo., pp. 320. Scribner, New York.)

New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes. By ISAAC F. HOLTON, M. A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Middlebury College. (8vo., pp. 600. Harper & Brothers.) Of scarcely any part of the inhabited world have we so little reliable information as of that northwest corner of South America known as New Granada, "one of the most liberal and free nations on the face of the globe." Hence, this volume, prepared by an accurate and painstaking traveler, will be a real acquisition to every respectable library. The author's style is lively and gossiping, abounding in anecdotes and incidents, grave and ludicrous, which he met with during his journeyings, interspersed with observations on the geography, religion, and religious ceremonies, government, amusements, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the people. The volume is illustrated

by maps and pictures, and has a most valuable appendix containing a glossary of peninsular Spanish words and phrases, a geographical index, an alphabetical list of places in New Granada, a chronological table, and other matters of permanent interest.

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by DR. ROBERTSON, has been for more than half a century a standard English classic. *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, of Boston, than whom few publishers exhibit more taste and good judgment in catering for the literary world, have issued a superb edition of the work in three octavo volumes. Its distinguishing feature, however, is *An Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication*, by that chief of American historical writers, WILLIAM H. PIERCE, who, having had access to the Spanish archives, with which Dr. Robertson was unacquainted, has been enabled to show us the monarch in his retreat, not only alive to the world, but acting a very important part in the control of its affairs. It is needless to say that this portion of the work, occupying nearly one half of the third volume, is well done, and equally unnecessary to commend a history without which no respectable library can be deemed complete.

André: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. W. LORD. (*Scribner*.) The author, although his poem is in the form of a play, with stage directions, did not intend it, he tells us, for theatrical representation. It is, in his own words, "An attempt to contribute something to our legitimate American and national literature," and the only stage on which he contemplates the representation of his drama is the mind of the reader. We copy part of the scene between Tallmadge and André, an hour previous to the execution of the latter, as a favorable specimen of the author's poetic powers:

"ANDRÉ.

"Ah! I feel wondrous calm: 'tis said, in drowning,
That, at a certain point, the distressed life
Gives up the struggle, and the full, deep quiet
Of death sets in, while one yet lives; and thus
It seems with me.

"TALLMADGE.

"Nature is merciful;
'Tis the unwilling soul that makes death painful.

"ANDRÉ.

"O, but not that alone! It is the love
Resisting death, the unwillingness of others.
I had a dream last night, my last, at least
My last one with a waking interval.
I was in England: all was as of old,
Too fresh-imagined to seem less than real,
Yet for reality too fair; and I,
Glad to be rid of all the cumbrous show
And wild excitement of unresting war,
Walked homeward through the quiet villages,
And praised the blissful and soft face of peace,
Unscarred by fire and sword. Joy was full-blown,
And like a rose within me; and sweet fancies
Hovered around and fed upon the flower.
So I passed on, until the blooming pines
Of home embraced me, and the very air
Whispered low welcomes to the wanderer.
I saw them, all together, and unchanged,
Sisters and mother, and the one I loved.
They smiled, and all seem'd happy, and I said,
Ere I could hear them, Now they speak of me!

I entered full of gladness. My fond greeting
They did not answer, but gazed strangely on me:
I took the hands of her who was my love,
Each in a hand of mine: she shrank from me,
And pale, and shuddering, sank down like snow.
My sisters turned to stone: only my mother
Came slowly toward me, and in such soft tones
As I in childhood heard, and with such sad
And questioning eyes, she said to me, My son!
What ails my son? what have they done to thee?
And then I knew it all, and horror waked me!"

DR. STRONG, of Flushing, is the author of an *Epitome of Greek Grammar*, with which, and by the help of a good teacher, the rudiments of the language may be readily acquired. The professor has done his work admirably. The practical value of his manual has been thoroughly tested in a class of junior ministers, who, under his own supervision, have made great progress in the language in an incredibly short time.

The Laws of Health; or, Sequel to the House I live in. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*) Taking into the account the subject-matter of this volume, and the style in which it is written, we incline to give it a very high place among the really valuable publications of the day. The subject is one that concerns us all, health of body; and the author's aim is, first, to teach us how to keep what health we already have, and, secondly, how to increase and prolong it. These things he does, in language at once precise and plain, so that even a child cannot misunderstand him. The book is designed not only for families, but for schools, for which latter purpose it is admirably adapted, being furnished with questions upon the text at the foot of the page. Certain it is that in this country at least the laws of health are very generally violated, because they are to a great extent unknown; and we trust the day is not far distant when they will become a branch of study, not only in the academy, but the common school.

In a neatly printed pamphlet, entitled, *Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory*, we have Governor HUNT's eulogy upon the late Charles E. Dudley, from whom the institution derives its name; a discourse on the uses of Astronomy by EDWARD EVERETT; and a poem by ALFRED B. STREET, written for the occasion, but not delivered; together with the remarks made by other gentlemen on the occasion referred to, the whole forming a pleasing memorial of that interesting inauguration.

Modern Atheism under the Forms of Pantheism, Materialism, Secularism, Development, and Natural Laws. By JAMES BUCHANAN, D. D., LL. D. (*Boston: Gould & Lincoln*.) Dr. Buchanan is known to the reading public by a volume on the office and work of the Holy Spirit. He is one of the most distinguished divines of the Free Church of Scotland, and is now the Divinity professor in the new college, Edinburgh. The present publication contains about half of a volume originally published by the author with the title, "Faith in God and Modern Atheism compared." It is, however, complete in itself, and the publishers indicate an intention to issue the remainder of the work. Dr. Buchanan's style is easy, and the reader is

borne along pleasantly to the close of the book with a feeling of satisfaction with the strength of the argument and the graceful manner in which it is presented.

Doré. By A STROLLER IN EUROPE. (*Harper & Brothers.*) And what is Doré? The stroller may tell you:

"Doré means simply the difference between the inside and outside of things, and as this difference has always struck the author more than anything else in Europe, he has adopted that title more as a fit emblem of the position of the Old World than as a representation of the general tone of this work, which is merely a book of travels, as little in the style of the guide-books as possible."

The book is a series of letters, written during a year's residence in Europe, and sent to the printer, without re-writing or re-reading. They would have been none the worse for it if they had undergone both these re's, and yet they are piquant, occasionally humorous, and intensely American throughout. The stroller sees a great deal of humbug and sham in all parts of the Old World; and whatever may be bad in the United States he is sure to find something worse in Europe. Occasionally he philosophizes, as in his first letter:

"That man was a poor judge who said a ship is the best place to betray one's true character. The only things that can be seen better at sea than on land are salt water and baked potatoes. A baked potato, at sea, has more character than a dozen innumerate passengers. It is really lovable, and seems to have as much affinity for a landsman as a pea-jacket for a midshipman. But more characterless things than a steamer full of passengers are not to be found except in James's novels; they differ only by nationalities. Frenchmen talk all day, and do nothing; Englishmen eat all day, and say nothing; Spaniards eat nothing, and say nothing; they are the atabillous favorites of Neptune; Americans drink and smoke all day."

He gives his countrymen some advice on the supposition that an eminent Italian play actress may visit our shores:

"If Ristori does go to America, pray do not let a few persons connect her with the humbug that greets nearly every great artist going to that country. The lessons of the past should teach the American public to greet coldly every *Barnumized* artist, and the evil will cease. These lessons, too, should check that spontaneity and cordiality with which the American people have been accustomed to welcome every great name, whether in literature or art. You are laughed at for it both by the objects of it as well as by the people of other countries. Don't make fools of yourselves by drawing Elsters in carriages, carrying Dickens on your shoulders, or paying for a chair near a Rachel as many dollars as can be placed on it at one time without falling off. No one admires you for it; on the contrary, the beneficiaries of it all laugh at you over their wine on your own soil, and ridicule you before the world on their return to their homes."

His bitterness against John Bull is intense. Here is an anecdote which he picked up somewhere at which John himself might laugh:

"An Englishman, full as a nut of the English phlegm of an Englishman, was traveling on a certain railway, when a sudden halt and loud report informed the passengers that some accident had happened. Every one rushed out, of course, to see what was the matter, except Mr. Phlegm, who sat tranquilly, as if not at all interested in anything beyond the halo of his own thoughts. Presently a person came up and informed him that the engine had burst its boiler."

"A-awe!"

"Then came another, saying that there were fifteen persons killed."

"The Englishman still sat unmoved, and granted out another

"A-awe!"

"But, finally, a third messenger ran up in great haste, and said,

"My dear sir, your valet has been blown into a hundred pieces!"

"A-awe! Just bring me the piece that contains the key to my portmanteau!"

And then he lectures Great Britain, after abusing her a little, on this wise:

"What has England gained by a war commenced in hypocrisy and ended in shame? She has strengthened the arm of the very nation she wished to humble; the blow struck has recoiled on her own head. Russia never stood before the world with such proud dimensions as at present. By showing a power she was believed unpossessed of, she has gained a power she never possessed. She has gained an experience worth more to her than the men she has lost, (for she cares but little for men;) and, lastly, she has gained in moral strength what she has lost in physical, while her physical losses will soon be repaired. *She is not idle.* Russia now stands like a terrible giant, not threatening the liberties of Europe, perhaps, but promising a growth and force which will in future laugh balance-of-power diplomacy to scorn."

"But consider your ways, John Bull, and repent. Look at your great body stretched most indecently across the whole earth, your head on England, your left hand on Gibraltar, your elbow on Aden, and your enormous abdomen on India, a spot you had the good sense to select for that portion of your body, partly because it was of a suitable size, and partly because four capacious pockets would be forever secure just where they could be most conveniently filled. Your right arm is stretched toward America, with a thumb on Jamaica and Belize, and four fingers on Canada, thus spanning the United States, and having your hand in a most convenient position to tighten Jonathan's cravat if necessary. Your great feet rest, one on the Falkland Isles and the other on Australia. You feel a twinge of the gout, and all China cracks; you grunt, and all India quakes with fear. The whole world cries "*Quosque tandem*," which means, it will not endure much more from you."

Occasionally, he had the peculiar institution of our Southern States thrown into his teeth by Europeans; but he met the subject manfully, having lived in the South himself "a good many years." We quote, for what it may be worth, the "stroller's" summing up of this great question, with the italics and note of admiration just as we find them:

"However great a crime slavery may be, however sinful it might have been at first to bring these creatures from Africa, still I think that, in the year 2056 the world will say that the greatest blessing that ever happened to Africa was the slavery of a portion of her people in the United States!"

The New York Almanac and Weather Book for 1857, from the press of *Mason Brothers*, is a condensation of an almost endless variety of useful statistics and information, neatly arranged and compactly printed. It is a small-sized bound volume of two hundred and twenty-six pages, and sold for twenty-five cents.

The new volume of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, under the editorial management of Dr. WHEDON, opens with an ornate eulogy of Sir William Hamilton. It is full of classical quotations, and abounds in sentences that may pass for fine writing. "The quality of the article," the editor tells us, "would have done no discredit to the pen of Sir William himself," which is not high praise, seeing, as the critic tells us, that Sir William's style had "great blemishes," and that he "affected peculiar phraseology." We have the promise of another paper from the same pen, to be devoted to a more special esti-

mate of the Hamiltonian philosophy. In the second article, President Collins, taking for his text "Post's Skeptical Era of Modern History," ably discusses the relative bearings of Protestantism and Popery. This is followed by an article on English Methodism, in which the writer, a Wesleyan minister in London, says that "for more than six years past" it (English Methodism) "has undergone a trial greater, perhaps, than any Church of Christ of equal extent has ever sustained; a trial, which, besides inflicting a loss of nearly one hundred thousand members, produced in a large proportion of the residue a sort of spiritual paralysis, unfitting them for action, or rendering their efforts for good feeble and fruitless." A better state of things, however, is now apparent, and the writer is full of hopefulness for the future. Then we have a condensed narrative of the doings of the celebrated Council of Trent, by J. K. Johnston, of Chicago; an appreciative critique of Dr. Peck's Central Idea, by the Rev. W. Kenney; and a paper on Christian Missions, from the facile pen of Dr. Strickland, founded upon the well-known article in the *Westminster Review* upon that subject. We may seem captious, but we must protest against the use of the word *caption*, as employed by the critic when he speaks of the "caption of the article." This is followed by a notice of Hibbard on the Psalms, from the pen of Dr. McClintock, the former editor. Fully endorsing the sentiment and concurring in the hope expressed, we copy the closing paragraph of an article to which we could wish that so "brief a limit" had not been "allotted:"

"We close by commending this book to the attention not merely of all theological students and ministers, but of all intelligent readers of the Scriptures, as a manual of rare excellence. Dr. Hibbard hints, in his Preface, that he may hereafter elucidate the Hebrew prophets in the same way. We sincerely hope that this intention may be carried out. No man can render a greater service to the Church than to put the word of God, or any portion of it, before the people in such a shape as to give new facilities or new attractions to its perusal. And this is what Dr. Hibbard has already accomplished for the Psalms; we wish him God speed in his further labors!"

There is also a letter from the former editor, in which he protests against the charge of an evil *animus* on the part of Dr. Schaff, in his exhibition of American Methodism, which, the *animus* aforesaid, was more than hinted in an article published in the *Quarterly* a year ago. The doctor's picture, we are told, "was wrought out with rapid strokes; his colors, hastily put on, were new and then put on too strongly, and the result was in some cases anything but a portrait." But this is very different from ascribing to him the *intention* to make a caricature." Very true. But then people *will* judge of a man's intentions by his performances.

Able as all these articles are, and varying in their literary merit, we have been most pleased with the departments which are mainly filled by the pen of the editor. His "Synopsis of the Quarterlies," including the foreign and American, is executed in a masterly style; and his "Book Table" indicates a sound judgment, and gives utterance to pithy and pointed critiques, untrammelled by partiality or prejudice. We copy a part of his "Editorial" article as indicating his specific aim and object, in the

assured conviction that the proposed problem will be wrought out successfully:

"There can be no great change expected or made in the staple character of our *Quarterly*. To change its character would be to change its position, and how can it change position without trenching upon the premises of some of its neighbors? The ground of popular magazine literature is arrogated by the *National*; feminine taste is to be supplied by the *Repository*; while the broad field of the popular and perpetual is filled by the *Advocates*, rolling off their leaves as countless as the leaves of Vallambrosa. What is left for the *Quarterly*? The grave and permanent essay, the deeper and more thoughtful discussion, the critical review, the philological disquisition, the metaphysical analysis, the theological argument, the Biblical exegesis, the various forms of higher thought and classic style, which we wish to bind in fixed volume, and assign a place on our library shelves. The demand for the brief and sketchy class of articles can be carried too far. The demand for attention to home and current matters may be excessive. For articles of that special class, that class of tastes must go to their proper periodical. Yet our writers must learn the art to make solid thought attractive. The avoidance of prolixity, the freedom from the redundant, the pithy, spirited condensation, the happy turn of phrase and combination of idea may be brought into play upon the profoundest topics. To blend the felicitous diction with the precious thought, is the very problem of the able writer. To work this problem is the task of our contributors; and the attainment of the solution will be the success of our work."

The *English Quarterlies* continue to be reprinted with accuracy and great regularity by Leonard Scott & Co. of this city. They are (1) *The Edinburgh Review*, the exponent and advocate of the principles of the whig party of Great Britain; (2) *The (London) Quarterly Review*, Tory in principle, and the able antagonist of the *Edinburgh*; (3) *The Westminster Review*, patronized and supported by the ultra-liberals; and (4) *The North British*, founded by the late Dr. Chalmers, evangelical in sentiment, but literary rather than theological in character. In addition, the same publishers issue *Blackwood's Magazine*, in a style fully equaling the *Edinburgh* original. Ten dollars per annum will pay for a copy of each of these five periodicals, and they are delivered in all the principal cities free of postage. The same works cost in Great Britain about thirty dollars a year.

The *Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1856* are published by Carlton & Porter, in a pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages. They show an aggregate increase of eight hundred and ninety-six members for the year. In twenty-two of the conferences there has been a decrease. Baltimore has lost 1,258; Philadelphia 1,680; Providence 1,247; Black River 1,163; New York East 1,754. The largest increase was in New Jersey, 1,606; and in East Maine 1,567. There is recorded the death of forty ministers during the year, being thirteen less than in the year preceding. The average age at the time of death was about fifty years. Ten of them were not over forty-five, and seven had scarcely reached their fortieth year. The total number of effective traveling preachers is 5,161; and of local preachers 6,718. The amount raised for missionary purposes, as reported by the several conferences, is \$200,970, being about three thousand dollars more than in the year 1855. For some unexplained reason there is no account of the missionary funds raised by

the Providence Conference, which may balance a similar omission by the Ohio Conference in 1855.

We have received Part III. of HERZOG's *Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia*, of which, having already made favorable mention, we need only repeat our first impressions, that it will be a work of incalculable value, and, as a theological dictionary, far superior to any heretofore published. It is translated by Dr. Bomberger, with the aid of distinguished theologians of different denominations, and published by *Lindsay & Blakiston* of Philadelphia, in numbers at fifty cents each. When completed it will make two super-royal octavo volumes. We commend it heartily to all Biblical and theological students.

Derby & Jackson have issued a new edition of *The Puddleford Pupers; or, Humors of the West*. By H. H. RILEY. We noticed this medley of fun and humor at the time of its publication. It deals somewhat in caricature, and occasionally descends to broad farce. Those who have had the misfortune to be members of school committees will appreciate the ordeal through which the examiners put a fiery-headed youth, who made application for the vacancy at Puddleford.

"He 'wanted a school, 'cause he had nothing else to do in the winter months."

"He was accordingly introduced to our School Inspectors; the only one of whom I knew was Bates. The other two were rather more frightened at the presentation than the applicant himself.

"Bates proposed first to try the gentleman in geography and history. 'Where's Bunker Hill?' Inquired Bates, authoritatively.

"'Wal, 'bout that," said Strickett, our applicant called his name Isabel Strickett, 'bout that, why, it's where the battle was fit, warn't it?"

"'Jes so," replied Bates; "and where was that?"

"'Down at the east'ard."

"'Who did the fighting there?"

"'Gin'ral Washington fit all the revolution."

"'Where's Spain?"

"'Where?' repeated Strickett; 'Spain? where is it?"

"'Yes! where?"

"'Wal now," exclaimed Strickett, looking steadily on the floor, 'if that ere haint just slipped my mind."

"'Where's Turkey?"

"'O yes," said Strickett, 'Turkey—the place they call Turkey; if you'd asked me in the street, I'd told you right off, but I've got so frustered I don't know nothin', and thinking a moment, he exclaimed, 'It's where the Turks live. I thought I know'd."

"'How many States are there in the Union?"

"'Tween twenty-five and thirty—throwin' out Canady."

"Bates then attempted an examination in reading and spelling. 'Spell hos!' said Bates.

"'H—o—s."

The Living Way; or, Suggestions and Counsels concerning some of the Privileges and Duties of the Christian Life. By REV. JOHN ATKINSON. In plain and simple style, Mr. Atkinson has here brought together some of the more prominent consolations and promises of the Bible. His aim, evidently, is to do good, and all such attempts deserve encouragement. The volume is inscribed to Christians of every sect, and is for sale by *Carlton & Porter*.

OF THE JUVENILE BOOKS received during the last month we have a special charge from the young gentleman who does most of our reading in that line to say our very best for:

(1.) *Old Whitey's Christmas Trot*, a story for the holidays, by A. OAKLEY HALL. He, the critic aforesaid, pronounces it, and we never had occasion to question his judgment in such matters, among the greatest books he has ever seen. It has sixteen original and admirably-executed illustrations. (*Harpers*.)

(2.) *The Play-Day Book* is a collection of short stories for little folks, from the versatile pen of FANNY FERN. It is beautifully finished and embellished. (*Mason Brothers*.)

(3.) For the older children there is another volume of ABBOTT's historical series, entitled *History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre*, just from the press of the *Harpers*. It is, as have been all the previous volumes of the series, tersely and graphically written. A few of the author's closing remarks are worth quoting:

"There is one great truth which this narrative enforces: it is the doctrine of freedom of conscience. It was the denial of this simple truth which deluged France in blood and woe. Let us take warning. We need it.

"Let us emblazon upon our banner the noble words, *Tolerance—perfect civil and religious toleration*. But toleration is not a slave. It is a spirit of light and of liberty. It has much to give, but it has just as much to demand. It bears the olive branch in one hand and the gleaming sword in the other. I grant to you, it says, perfect liberty of opinion and of expression, and I demand of you the same.

"Let us then inscribe upon the arch which spans our glorious Union, making us one in its celestial embrace, *Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and Free Men*.

"The human mind is now so roused that it will have this liberty; and if there are any institutions of religion or of civil law which cannot stand this scrutiny, they are doomed to die. The human mind will move with untrammelled sweep through the whole range of religious doctrine, and around the whole circumference and into the very center of all political assumptions."

(4.) *Bright Pictures from Child Life* is a translation from the German by Cousin Fannie. It will be a universal favorite with the little folks, more especially for the sake of the pictures, which in beauty exceed anything we have yet examined. (*Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*)

(5.) From the same publishers, and translated by the same fair lady, are *Red Beard's Stories for Children*, with many unique and striking illustrations.

(6.) From *Brown, Buzin, & Co.*, of Boston, we have a pretty little volume, entitled *Now or Never; or, The Adventures of Bobby Bright*. It is a well-told story, with a good moral. It would have pleased us more if the author had omitted the frequent repetition of phrases, which add nothing to the interest of the conversations, and sound very much like swearing, such as, By jolly, By gracious, and the like.

(7.) *Daisy; or, The Fairy Spectacles*. By the author of *Violet*. An allegorical tale, evincing love for the good and the true, and written in a pure and simple style, is from the press of *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, to whom we are also indebted for

(8.) *Worth, not Wealth, and other Tales*, by Cousin Angie, than which, for a good little girl, we do not know a more desirable volume.

(9.) From the same publishers, *The Last of the Huggermuggers*; and

(10.) *Kobboltzo*, a sequel to the *Last of the Huggermuggers*. Two wildly-constructed stories about dwarfs and giants. They are beautifully illustrated, and faultless in typography.

Literary Record.

THE new volume about to be issued by the New York Historical Society will be of unusual interest. It will contain, 1. A translation of the Voyages of De Vries, from Holland to America, 1632-1643, executed with care and success by Mr. Henry C. Murphy, who, since his retirement from Congress, has devoted himself with renewed earnestness to American history and bibliography. After Hudson, De Vries was the only one of the Dutch navigators and travelers, as far as is known, who published a journal or narrative of voyages to the New Netherlands during the period in which this country was occupied by their nation. 2. A revised translation of Megaplenensis's tract on the Mohawk Indians, with an introductory sketch of the author, by John Romeyn Brodhead. 3. The Jacques Papers, translated and arranged, with an interesting memoir, by John G. Shea. 4. Broad Advice to the New Netherland Provinces, translated by Henry C. Murphy. 5. An extract from Castell's Discourse on America: 1644. 6. An extract from Wagenaar, relating to the colony of New Amstel, on the Delaware, translated by John R. Brodhead. 7. The Seven Articles from the Church of Leyden, 1617, with an introductory letter, by George Bancroft. 8. An account of the negotiations between New England and Canada, in 1660, embracing the journal of Father Drulletes, etc. 9. The journal of the Proceedings of the first Assembly of Virginia, in 1619. This journal has long been regarded as irretrievably lost; indeed, some of the historians have declared there was never any such assembly in America. Of its general interest, as a record of the proceedings of the first legislative body convened on this continent, and especially its interest to Virginians, as the beginning of their documentary history, there can be no doubt. The volume is to be completed by an index to all the previous publications of the society, now amounting to fifteen.

The publication of the "Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York" is going on rapidly under the directions of the Regents of the University, to whom the general authority over the matter was transferred by an act of the Legislature at its last session. The work is edited by E. B. O'Callaghan, LL.D., whose zeal and ability in illustrating the history of New York have for many years been well known among historical students. Volumes III., IV., V., VI., VII., and IX. have already been published, and volumes I. and VIII. are nearly ready.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has ordered the printing of an octavo volume of important manuscript documents, illustrating the history of that State.

Mr. Buckingham Smith, our Secretary of Legation in Madrid, is making an extensive collection of documents illustrating the history of the Spanish dominion in territory now subject to the United States. A royal order has been issued to the keepers of the archives through-

out the kingdom to allow Mr. Smith to make copies of all such papers as he may need, wherever found.

Mr. J. Wingate Thornton, of Boston, is preparing a new edition of "Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts," with copious notes and illustrations. All the editions of this work are now scarce and expensive.

The Value of Learning.—The Chinese book-sellers have an odd way of selling their volumes. They are disposed of not according to their value, at a fixed price, but according to weight! If, on weighing them, they are too light, the seller coolly tears some leaves from another book, and throws them into the scale.

A few of the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society have for some time had under consideration a project for starting a monthly journal, devoted entirely to historical matters, and to be an organ for all the historical societies in the United States, and a medium of intercommunication for our historical students. Mr. C. B. Richardson has decided to undertake the editorship of such a periodical, and will fill its pages chiefly with condensed reports of the proceedings of the historical societies, biographical and historical essays, notes and queries, etc., etc. It will be a monthly, in small quarto, like the *London Notes and Queries*.

Mr. Ballestier, an old Singapore merchant, has in preparation a volume on Cochin China and Eastern Asia, which it is believed will contain much information, of peculiar importance to the mercantile community trading with that part of the world.

There are few countries more interesting to the people of the United States, from a social, political, religious, or commercial point of view, than Brazil, and the nearly simultaneous appearance of three considerable works on the subject shows that the only empire of our hemisphere is now receiving no small share of curious attention. "Life in Brazil, or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm," by Mr. Ewbank, formerly Commissioner of Patents, is an able and careful production, and it has to Protestant republicans an air of as much strangeness in some of its details as the travels of Marco Polo. The Historical and Statistical Society of Rio Janeiro, we learn by the last advices from that city, have appointed a committee, to refute some of the propositions of Mr. Ewbank, which are deemed erroneous. Perhaps they might as well occupy themselves with the correction of the evils he discloses.

The last number of the *North American Review* contains a sharp article on biographical dictionaries, in which the recently published *Cyclopedia of Biography*, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, is made to suffer. Another and much larger work of this kind is about to be published by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Blake, of New Jersey, which promises to be more satisfactory. Dr. Blake is certainly a most indefatigable worker, and he has devoted several years almost exclusively to

the preparation of his American articles, which appear to be executed with singular exactness and judgment.

Dr. Pröhle, a much-esteemed German writer, has published a work entitled a "Monography of Gottfried August Bürger." It is a well-written and carefully-compiled life of the poet, and, besides, contains sixty poems which had never appeared in any previous edition of his works, and a letter of his to Frederic the Great.

The German journals announce that the "Schillerhaus" at Gohlis has been purchased, on the 11th of November, (Schiller's birthday,) for a sum of two thousand one hundred thalers, by the Leipzig Schillerverein. The "Schillerstube" has thus escaped the danger of falling into profane hands. When Goethe published (in 1828 and 1829) his Correspondence with Schiller, he resolved to suppress everything that might be unpleasant or offending to the feelings of any person living, an excellent resolution, which, however, has not been followed up throughout. Thus it happened that many letters were altogether laid aside; in others, certain passages were omitted; and most names were either changed or marked with initials, and even these were not always to be relied upon. A number of smaller notes were likewise put aside as of no importance, although they helped to throw a pleasant light on the friendly intercourse, social and poetical, of the two great men. The MS. letters were, after print, sealed up by Goethe's own hand, with the injunction,

that before the year 1850 the seal should not be broken, and no complete edition of the correspondence be contemplated. The breaking of the seal took place in the year named, in the presence of Schiller's and Goethe's heirs, but the publication was delayed, and only quite recently the complete correspondence has appeared, at Cotta's.

A new edition (the sixth) of M. Guizot's "History of Civilization in France and Europe" has just been brought out at Paris. In a preface the distinguished author says that he has not found it necessary to make any alterations in the work, though thirty years have elapsed since it was first published.

Henri Martin, the distinguished French historian, who lately received from the Académie Française the great Gobert prize for his "History of France," has just brought out a "Life of Joan of Arc," which is written from recently discovered documents that throw an entirely new light on the career of the heroine, representing it exactly as it was, without, on the one hand, the poetical or fantastic exaggerations of legendary narratives, or, on the other, the unseemly detraction of Voltaire and his disciples.

The Prefect of Paris has received seven large boxes of English books, presented to the Library of the Hotel de Ville by the Lord Mayor of London, in the name of the Corporation.

Arts and Sciences.

A MACHINE has been put in operation at Sheboygan Works, Cleveland, Ohio, for manufacturing ice. It is said that it can manufacture ice at a cost of less than five dollars per ton. The machine is exceedingly simple. Chemical mixtures are employed to reduce the temperature of the water to be frozen.

Automatic Whistle for Locomotives.—Mr. J. Harrison, of this city, has put in successful use a device for whistling, automatically, at every point required on any given railroad. The manner in which all the details of Mr. Harrison's invention are arranged so as to overcome the practical difficulties and provide for all possible contingencies, can hardly be too much admired. The motion is derived from one of the shafts of the truck. A strong worm or endless screw thereon gives a slow revolution to a stout wheel into which it meshes, and the motion of this is carried up to the top of the boiler by the aid of a shaft with universal joints and a strong sleeve-coupling, so as to allow for the bounding and working of the engine. It here results in giving a very slow rotation to a large screw, in the rectangular threads of which wedge-shaped stops or small cams are inserted so as to act on a lever and sound the whistle at a corresponding point in the track.

The track wheels never are tempted, like the driving wheels, to slip on the track, and being

made of hard iron, chilled on the tread, never sensibly change their diameter by use, so that the motion of the screw, if correctly arranged at the first, never changes its relation to the length of road until the wheels are changed; but provision is made for adapting the parts to a change at any time with little trouble, and the engineer has always within reach a small handle which allows him to set the screw forward or back, so as to give all the signals a little sooner or later, whenever he deems it advisable, or temporarily to disconnect it altogether, and sound or stop the whistle by the ordinary means. The invention is a perfectly practicable one throughout, and appears to be a great step toward perfecting the railroad system.

A number of machines for cutting down forest-trees in a more expeditious manner than it can be done with the ax, have recently been invented. Whether these inventions have been sufficiently tested to prove their usefulness is more than we can at present determine. A late number of the *Scientific American* noticed favorably a new cutter, by which trees are cut down with a concave saw, although it prefers the convex for such purposes. The machine is simple. There is a frame and trestle with its appendages, upon which is mounted the saw. This machine is designed for handwork. It

can be readily taken apart, and without inconvenience be carried from place to place, and can also be put up in a few minutes by any person accustomed to using it. The saw is easily adjusted, and any desired tension can be given to it, by a cross-bar attached to the frame. It is worked by two men. This is a disadvantage, and we here question its saving in time. A handy axman will cut down a tree in the period it will take to adjust the machine and cut down a tree of the same girth.

In a recent sitting of the Geographical Society of France, a letter from M. Brun-Rollet, who is now exploring the eastern part of the African continent, was read. It states that he had visited the countries watered by the Gazelles or the Misselat, which he takes to be part of the veritable Nile, and that in them it overflows its banks to such an extent as to form actual lakes. It also gives an account of his visit to some native tribes, and among them to the Niam-Niams. These people, he says, are cannibals, and make war for the purpose of capturing men, whom they roast at huge fires, while they sing and dance around. When they happen to have no prisoners they cook and eat the sick of their own people. They prefer human flesh to that of any other animal. Their king, who practices the art of sorcery, enjoys the honor of being roasted after his death, and having his grease collected, it being supposed to possess marvelous virtues; while his remains are solemnly buried with his pipe and a quantity of tobacco. Four prisoners taken in war are slain and buried with him; but, though dead, their legs are cut off to prevent them from running away. The Niam-Niams possess abundant mines of copper, and though cannibals, are hospitable to strangers.

From Odessa papers we learn that an extraordinary discovery in the village of Alexandropol has set all the antiquarians and archaeologists of the place in a state of the greatest excitement. M. Luzenko, the Director of the Museum at Kertch, and the well-known archaeologist Sueljeff, have discovered in a hill the catacombs of the Scythian kings. Countless treasures in works of art in gold, silver, bronze, iron, and fictile ware, have been brought to light. This decides the existence and fixes the locality of the "Gerros," the necropolis of the Scythian kings mentioned by Herodotus.

A contrivance has been invented to prevent pedestrians slipping on ice. It consists of a central slip of metal, to which two arms are pivoted. The surface of each is mounted with a point which enters the ice. The extremity of each strip is hooked, and the hooks serve as clamps to the heel of the boot, to which it can be readily and securely fastened, by the wearer, in a moment. When not in use, it may be folded in compact form and carried in the pocket. The invention is neat, cheap, and convenient.

To deaden the sound of the anvil, a very simple contrivance has been suggested and adopted by a blacksmith. By suspending a piece of iron chain to the horn of the anvil, the loud noise caused by the percussion of the

hammer on the anvil is sensibly diminished. Blacksmiths who adopt this simple plan will add very much to their convenience and comfort while working, and doubtless to the great relief of neighbors, whose ears have been rudely assaulted by the sharp and never-ceasing ring of their anvils.

According to the *Corrier della Dame* there are at Rome two hundred and forty-four painters of both sexes, one hundred and five sculptors, and one hundred and forty-four engravers, who were all born in that city, or have resided there for a long period. The number of foreign artists, the above journal declares, surpasses all belief.

A gentleman residing at Detroit has succeeded in making a beautiful white paper out of moss. It is spoken favorably of by the Michigan papers. We see no reason why paper cannot be made out of any vegetable substance that is reducible to pulp.

Consolatory Doctrine as to Comets.—M. Babinet, of the French Institute, in the course of remarks which he has published concerning the comet which is expected by astronomers in 1858, says:

"With regard to one of the questions to which this comet has given rise, I must protest against the idea that a comet possesses the power of imparting a perceptible mechanical shock. I can prove that the collision of a swallow, intent on suicide, and flying with full force against a train of a hundred carriages drawn by ten steam-engines, would be a thousand times more dangerous for the train in question than would be the simultaneous shock of all the known comets against the earth. What is a comet? It is a visible nothing."

Aluminum.—As everything that concerns the new metal, aluminum, is of interest, we may mention that recent experiments made in France prove that to unite it with other metals deprives it of some one or other of its peculiar qualities. Thus, copper or iron mixed with it in the proportion of one twentieth, deprives it of its malleability to such an extent, as to render it almost impossible to work it; a tenth of copper renders it as brittle as glass, and subject to get black in the air; and gold and silver have also a bad effect on it, though in less degree.

A gentleman of this city, the inventor of the Life-Preserving Seat, has recently patented a style of boat, it being metallic and collapsable, which is admirably adapted for ships carrying large numbers of passengers, and for the transportation of armies across intervening rivers, thereby facilitating their march without loss of life or time. The boat weighs from four to six hundred pounds, and is eighteen feet long and four wide. It can be folded and packed away in a small space. One weighing six hundred pounds can be folded into a thickness of twelve inches. The material is galvanized iron, securely fastened to oak frames of requisite strength. For military purposes several modifications can be made, so that boats of this class will form wagons, or when combined, pontoon bridges. The only boat yet completed under the patent, has been secured for the use of General Harney, as a service boat to be used in the Everglades of Florida.